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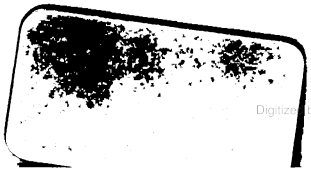
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THE CHURCH.

VOL. III.

"Built upon the foundation of the Apostles and Prophets, Jesus Christ himself being the chief corner-stone."—*Ephesians* ii. 20.

M.DCCC.XLIX.

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ADDRESS TO OUR READERS.

We suppose that, with the close of the year, our Readers look again for a few words from us as a preface to another volume, and as an annual recognition of our mutual good-will. From *very many* of them we have received truly encouraging and gratifying written expressions of their satisfaction with our efforts, and from *all* of them, the practical testimonial of sustaining our large circulation throughout the year.

Even a Penny Magazine is not always *easily* filled with matter suitable for usefulness; but the task has been made pleasant by the hope, that we were contributing to the spiritual welfare of a Denomination justly dear to us.

At the beginning of last year, we thought it possible that the sale might, as it had been in previous years, be nearly *doubled* again; the actual increase was, however, only about 1000, it now amounting to 18,000 monthly. This is, indeed, a vast number. Still, it may be fairly supposed, that in very many churches, little is done to promote its circulation. Our chief reliance must be, 1st, on our *ministerial* brethren. Even in small country churches, we have been informed of from 30 to 70 per month being sold! 2ndly, on some non-ministerial brother undertaking the task of ordering the numbers, and distributing them on the 1st day or 1st Sunday of the month.

"The Appeal" has now reached nearly 30,000, and once 35,000, during the month. We feel assured that our friends might increase immensely the circulation of this Monthly Tract. Correspondents who have encouraged its sale, write in the most cordial terms respecting it; but it is little known beyond the Baptist denomination. This arises from the *accident* of its printer having the publishing of no magazine of other denominations, and from the comparative costliness of advertising a *halfpenny* book. If our brethren will but introduce it urgently to tract distributors of other denominations, as it has never a line in it indicative of the denominational prepossessions of the writers, and as its short, pithy, and interesting articles so especially adapt it to circulation amongst the masses, we shall have to print many times our present number. Let our brethren try. A new year is the best time.

Our articles have been rather numerous in "The Church" this year on the subject of Baptism. The times have appeared to us to require them. It has partly been our object to furnish hints on the subject to such of our brethren as might find them useful,—partly to aid the young in giving a reason for their views,—but much more to put into the hands of our readers short pieces *suitable to shew to pious Pædobaptists*, and to introduce conversation on the subject. Our opinion deepens every year, that the eyes of all spiritually-minded men are rapidly opening to the *unevangelical* character of Infant Baptism,—that it is felt increasingly to be Jewish, un-biblical, hence anti-Protestant, and worthy only "to vanish away." We are conscious of being at the farthest possible remove from bigotry on the subject,—conscious that we do not *over*-estimate the importance of Believers' Baptism. But the noblest minds, alas, may retain traditional errors, which, though comparatively innoxious to the healthy piety of the *individual*, are yet fraught with boundless mischief to the church at large. Transubstantiation, and the infallibility of the Pope, injured but little the devotion of Fenelon, Pascal, or Thomas á Kempis; *State-church principles* have not marred the "Living Temple" of John Howe; yet all enlightened Pædobaptists deem these errors equally detestable and pernicious, and condemn them without measure. Our case is similar. We are confident, with Mr. Noel, "that all evangelical christians *must* come ultimately to Baptist views,"—confident that Popery, Puseyism, and State-churchism, can be attacked with *entire* consistency on Baptist grounds only; and hence we do think that Baptists cannot make too

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great efforts (of course in the kind and gentle spirit of their Master) to rescue their brethren from an error so injurious to the efficiency of the church at large. Should any christian brother think us, however, rather too denominational in our professedly *Baptist Magazine*, "THE APPEAL" will assure him that we can take equal interest, and labour with equal earnestness, in an effort in which we may defy any one to detect the denomination of the Editors. If we long to purify the church of Christ from what we deem to be the traditions of men, we long yet more to bring sinners into any part of his *true* church, however its views may differ from our own; and we do look to catholic-minded Pædobaptists to encourage us in so catholic an effort as "The Appeal."

With regard to the future, the past must be our principal pledge. We have, however, arranged for obtaining some help from abroad, which will in a month or two, we trust, be available. We may also add, that we have been furnished with a very interesting series of VILLAGE SERMONS by John Foster, the Notes of which were carefully taken down at the time, by one of his hearers. They bear much the same relation to Mr. Foster's more elaborate efforts, as Greenfield's Notes of Mr. Hall's sermons to his printed ones. They will interest every class of our readers.

The past year has been an eventful one; but we defer a brief notice of it till its completion.

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CONTENTS.

Original Articles.

	PAGE.
Some Things Essential to the Advancement of Religion, by the Rev. Jabez Burns, D.D.	1
Woman in the Church, by Mrs. C. L. Balfour	3
What is your Life?	7
The Design of the Bible	9
The Apostolic Origin of Infant Baptism	29
The Dissolution of the Body, by the Rev. J. J. Brown	33
The Heavenly Merchandise	37
Mistakes on Conversion, by the Rev. James Lister	39
Is it Peace? by the Rev. James Cubitt	57
Natural and Moral Ability and Inability, by the Rev. W. Crowe	60
Divine Care	63
The Illiberality of the Baptists	65
God's Wisdom in Man's Salvation, by the Rev. E. S. Pryce	67
Submission to Divine Dispensation, by the Rev. S. J. Davis	85
The Safeguard	87
Satan an Example to Christians	89
How can I limit my Pastor's Usefulness?	92
What is Conversion? by the Rev. Jas. Lister	93
Our Association Meetings	113
On Union among Christians, by the Rev. E. Davis	115
Twenty Good Reasons why Ministers should avoid contracting Debts	118
Twenty Good Reasons why Churches should Adequately Support, and Deacons Promptly and Punctually Pay, their Ministers	119
Broken Things, by the Rev. J. Jenkinson	141
Baptist Churches and the late Secessions from the Establishment	144
The Sons of God	145
The Bruised Reed and the Smoking Flax, by the Rev. W. H. Elliott	147
The Evening of Life, by Dr. F. A. G. Tholuck	169
The Gospel Testimony, by the Rev. J. S. Hughes	172
The Rising Ministry	176
The Woman that was "a Sinner"	177
The Outset in Life, by Dr. F. A. G. Tholuck	205
The Liberty of Marriage	208
The Christian's Daily Prayer	210
Using the Appointed Means	212
The Hebrew Youths Asserting Liberty of Conscience, by the Rev. J. P. Chown	214
Baptism of the Hon. and Rev. Baptist W. Noel, M.A.	233
Idolatrous Worship Continued	235
The Model Kingdom	238
The Difference between Faith and Presumption	241
The Cholera	261
"Fear not." A Word to the Fearful, by the Rev. Cornelius Elven	263
The Young in our Congregations, by the Rev. S. Green 265,	320
Our Enemies—Prayer for them	267
Notes of a Sermon by the Rev. John Foster	289
Spiritual Appetite, by the Rev. Cornelius Elven	291
The Philosophy of Prayer	293
Consolation to Mourners, by the Rev. W. H. Elliott, of London	295
Good Counsel	296
The Diversities of Death, by the Rev. J. J. Brown	317
The Silent Monitor	322

Poetry.

The New Year's Hymn	10
The Lord's Prayer	68
"Yet there is Room"	94
Baptism, by Mrs L. H. Sigourney	121
Nearer to God	148
A Baptismal Hymn	180
The Throne of Grace	269

Biblical.

Hours with my Bible Class, by the Rev. J. A. Baynes. No. 1 to 5 11, 41, 95, 149, 215	
The Baptismal Controversy.—Mr. Noel's Work	298
Origin of Infant Baptism	324

Tales and Sketches.

A Narrative of Death-Bed Conversion, by the Rev. J. P. Mursell	13
The Voyage	16
A Mother's Legacy	18
The Converted Soldier, from the Rev. James Smith	42
"The Lord hath need of him," by Mrs. F. L. Smith	44

Digitized by Google

	PAGE.
The Delaying Sabbath School Teacher	46
The Last Shilling Lost.—A True Narrative	69
A Dialogue between Priscilla and Phebe, on the Duty of the Members of Churches to Contribute towards the Support of their Pastor	71
The Voyage of "The Duff"	73
A Word in Season, by the Rev. J. Williams	96
The First Fruits	98
An Interesting Death-Bed, by the Rev. Baptist W. Noel, M.A.	99
The Lost Son Found	122
The Decision	124
Work while you have the Opportunity	126
The Persecutor Subdued	127
The Reclaimed Infidel	150
The Persecuted Christian and the Child	154
"One is Not"	157
The Connecticut Sailor Boy	157
The Christian and the Smugglers	181
The Infidel Convinced by a Child	182
Answering our own Prayers	185
Sundays Excepted	186
The Dying Request of the Infidel's Daughter	216
"Is your Faith as strong as that, Mother?"	221
The Christian Traveller's Temptations	222
Lilla Villare	242
"Cast thy bread upon the waters"	245
The Old Deist	246
The Power of the Word	247
The Joy of the Lord	248
Mary Jay: the Nervous Christian	270
Have I no Father?	272
John Gaspard Lavater and the Poor Widow	273
Willie Watson	275
The Poor Orphan.—A Narrative	301
Light in Darkness	303
Don't become Rich again, by Mrs. Sigourney	306
Old Peter	326
A Contrast	327
Gratitude begets Joy	328

Our Young Men.

Our Young Men—What are we doing for them?	19
A few Words to Young Men, by the Rev. C. M. Birrell	75
Weekly Half-holidays	130
Solicitude for the Young, by the Rev. J. J. Davies	223
The Uses and Advantages of Essay and Discussion Societies, by the Rev. John Birt	307, 329

Correspondence.

Infant Regeneration	22, 47
To the Evangelical Clergy of the English State-Church	24
A Word to the Teachers of Elder Sunday School Classes	76
Moral Inability	100, 128, 158
The Burden of Proof of the Baptismal Controversy	186

Our Servants.

The Spiritual Welfare of Servants	227
A Word for Servants	249
A Word to Servants	277

Notices of Books.

Clowes's Importance of Right Views on Baptism	24
Lectures to Young Men	24
Lectures on the Social and Physical Condition of the People	24
The Happy Home	25
Burns's None but Jesus	25
Bible Class Magazine	25
Sunday School Union Magazine	25
The Child's Own Book	25
Notes on Scripture Lessons	25
Dunn's Clericalism contrasted with Christianity	25
Pearce's Voice in Rama Hushed	25
Watts's Principles to Start with	25
Memoir of Sarah B. Judson	49
Political Monopoly, by a "Norwich Operative"	49
Green's Biblical and Theological Dictionary	49
Joys and Sorrows	49
Hobson's Domestic Piety	49
The Paragraph Bible	49
The Examiner Answered, by Francis Clowes	78
Turnbull's Pulpit Orators of France and Switzerland	78
Pike's Poor Man's Day	78
A Letter to the Hon. and Rev. Baptist W. Noel, M.A.	78
Cox's Idolatry	78
Young Men's Association Report	78
Elliott's Vital Christianity	79
Brewer's Mission of Christ	79
Stock's Confession of Faith	79
Aldis's Excellent Glory	102
Words of Comfort for the Afflicted	103
The Sacred History of the World	103
Burgess's Eminent Personal Religion the Want of the Times	103
Mimpriss's Harmony of the Four Gospels	104
Evans's Short Sketch of the German Reformation	104

Digitized by Google

	PAGE.
Anderson's Ruth the Moabitess	104
Stent's The Minister and his People	104
Agnes Clareville	105
Example; or, A Sequel to Agnes Clareville	105
Brewer's Repentance,—what is it, and for whom necessary?	105
The Family Friend	105
Underhill's The Independents not the First Assertors of Full Liberty of Conscience	131
Burgess's Truth or Orthodoxy	132
Spencer's Letter to the Hon. and Rev. B. W. Noel, M.A.	133
Grant's Review of Johnston's "Work of God," &c.	133
Statham's History of the Baptists	134
Kitto's The Court of Persia	134
An Appeal to Dissenters and others on behalf of the People's League	134
Memoir of Thomas Burchell	160
Beggs's Juvenile Depravity	161
Prize Essays by Working Men	161
Green's Addresses to Children	162
Giles's Popery a System of Priestly Power	162, 196
Innes's Present from Age to Youth	162
Robinson's History and Mystery of Good Friday	163
Cheever's The Pilgrim Fathers	197
Heaton's The Sunday School Teacher	197
New on the Connection between the Church and the Sunday School	197
Green's Biblical and Theological Dictionary	197
Lectures to Young Men	198
Grove's Divine Authority for the Capital Punishment of Murderers	198
Millard's The Christian Minister Portrayed	198
Scripture Sites and Scenes from Actual Survey	198
Haldane's Judaism and Christianity	228
Staples's The Soul's Errand	229
Bigwood's The Prosperity of Zion	229
Cox's Christian Experience	229
Cox's Converse with Conscience	229
Cox's Encouragement to Inquirers	229
The Mechanics' Organ	229
Layard's Nineveh and its Remains	250
A Manual of the Baptist Denomination	252
Tucker's Glance at British India	252
Timpson's Memoirs of Langton	279
Aveling's Recreations	279
Boaz's The Youths of India	279
Leifchild's The Christian Emigrant	279
Kitto's The People of Persia	279
Moase's Church Member's Monitor	279
Clark's "Read and you will know"	279
Murch's Sunday School Hymn Book	279
Canne's Necessity of Separation from the Church of England Proved	309
Aunt Mary; or, Make Happy and be Happy	310
Jessie Graham: or, Friends Dear, but Truth Dearer, by Aunt Kitty	310

A Page for the Young.

W. Henry Bond	50
Sketch of the Religious Experience of Mary Cooke Venimore	105
Memoir of Maria Brewster, of Great Heney, Essex	163
Sarah Allen	252
"Knock, and it shall be opened unto you"	280, 331

Obituary.

Mr. H. J. Collier, of Thrapstone	79
Maria Johnson, of Sheffield	134
Mrs. Rees, Braintree	199
The Rev. J. S. Hughes	200
Miss Lydia Turner	281
Brief Memoir of the Rev. Saml. Blyth	310
Mrs. Brooks, Newark	332
Mrs. Stock	333

Miscellaneous.

The Intrinsic Excellency of God's Word	25
The Saviour's Adaptation to the Sinner	26
Substitution	26
Hope and Fear	26
The Union of Church and State	53
A Good Sermon	53
Justification Illustrated	54
Important Counsel to Ministers	54
The Second Death	54
Scale of Morals	54
The Duty of Christians in Reference to the Union of Church and State	80
The Missionary's Farewell	81
It is well	81
Secret Backsliding	81
God our Guardian	82
God is Rich in Mercy	82
A Father's Love	82
Christ is All	83
Christianity a Tried Religion	108
Should Ministers Engage in Secular Employment?	108
The Family Rod	109
What is Affliction?	109
Charity	109
Affliction	109
Personal Religion and Personal Effort	136
A Word in Season	137
Faith and its Effects	137
"The Lord is the Portion of mine Inheritance"	137
The Danger of Associating with Infidel Companions	165
Advice to Christian Parents	166
Christ our Pattern	166
Disregard to Parental Authority signally Punished	200
The Revelation of Christ	201

Digitized by Google

	PAGE.
The Danger of endeavouring to efface early Religious Impressions	201
Our Tendency to Overlook Common Mercies	202
Things for which Salvation is Neglected	229
Self-denial	230
On the Duty of Christians to Insist on Points of Difference	230
The Fathers of our Denomination	254
Satan a Fisherman	254
Forgetting the Word	255
An Example for every Christian	255
The Women of India	282
"Thou shalt not be forgotten of Me"	283
The Divinity of Christianity	284
Christ	284
Scepticism and Christianity	313
How near is Heaven?	314
Prayer	314
Christian Union	333
The Folly of Persecution	334
Live for Something	334

Intelligence.

Events of 1848	26
The Rev. Baptist Noel's Secession from the Church of England	27
"The Baptist Magazine" and "The Baptist Record"	28
"The Nonconformist"	28
Bloomsbury Chapel	28
Spaldwick, Hunts	28
Baptist Foreign Missions..55, 83, 110, 231, 255	
The Hon. and Rev. B. W. Noel, M.A. What ought Dissenters to do?	55
Methodist Missionaries and Colonial Oppressions	55
The Primitive Church Magazine	56
Ryde	56
Beckington	56
Dawley, Shropshire	56
Westgate, Bradford	56
Bishop-Burton, Yorkshire	56
Ponty-Pool	56
Prize Essays on the Sabbath	83
The Rev. James Hervey and the Church of England	84
The English Cause on the Welsh Hills	84
Crickhowell	84
Towcester	84
Baptists the First Anti-State Churchmen	110
Imprisonment of the Rev. J. Shore	111
The Baptist Union	111, 168
The Hon. and Rev. Baptist W. Noel	111
Truro	112
Shadwell	112
Soho-Street, Liverpool	112
Stalybridge	112
Newport, Isle of White	112
Guernsey	112
Oakham	112
Driffield	112
Baptist Irish Society—Letter from the Rev. F. Trestrail	138
Neander on Infant Baptism	138
Portrait of the Hon. and Rev. Baptist W. Noel, M.A.	139
Another Secession from the Church of England	139
The Rev. James Shore	139
Remember the Fatherless and the Widow	140
The Anti-State-Church Association	140
Baptist Village Mission	140
Driffield	140
Derby	140
The Annual Meetings	167
The Archbishop of Canterbury and Tractarian Views	168
Lady Hewley's Charity	168
New Baptist Chapel, at Kirkstall	168
Whitchurch, Hants	168
The Baptist Mission	202
The Rev. G. Sample	203
The Christian Mutual Provident Society	203
Young Men's Missionary Association	203
Baptist Theological Education Society	204
Weekly Tract Society	204
The Regium Donum	204
Stepney Chapel, Lynn—Entire Extinction of Debt	204
Second Baptist Chapel, Leeds	204
The Mechanism of Labour	232
Removals	232
Baptism of the Hon. and Rev. Baptist W. Noel, M.A.	255
Baptismal Regeneration	258
The Conference Inquisition	259
Baptist Building Fund	259
Nottingham	260
Barnsley	260
Pembroke Dock	260
Conference Methodism Anti-Scriptural, and Hostile to Civil and Religious Liberty	284
Great Peace Congress at Paris	286
Baptists and Mr. Stuart Wortley's Marriage Bill	287
Work for Dissenters	288
Young Men's Missionary Association	288
Upton-on-Severn	288
Taxes on Knowledge	314
The Irish Church	315
Mr. Stuart Wortley's Marriage Bill	315
Conference Apologies	316
Christianity and the Age	316
John Street, Gray's Inn Lane	316
The Fly Sheets, and the President's Vindication of Conference	334
Mills Hill, Chadderton	336
New Baptist Chapel, Leeds	336
Sion Chapel, Bradford, Yorkshire	336

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THE CHURCH.

"Built upon the foundation of the Apostles and Prophets, Jesus Christ himself being the chief corner-stone."—Eph. ii. 20.

JANUARY, 1849.

SOME THINGS ESSENTIAL TO THE ADVANCEMENT OF RELIGION.

BY THE REV. JABEZ BURNS, D.D.

The present low and feeble state of most evangelical churches, both in this and other lands, has been a cause of great grief and much solicitude to those who are devoutly praying and labouring for the conversion of souls. Various are the reasons assigned for this distressing state of things. The fearful influence of worldliness is supposed greatly to have injured the mercantile and trading classes of society. Political agitation and severe depression of our commerce is considered to have told very unfavourably on the masses of our working people. I think both these statements, with their conclusions, to be true, and to deserve our grave consideration, in order that we may bring a counteracting influence to bear upon them. But I fear the main causes are *in*, and *with*, the church itself. Is the pulpit as effective as it ought to be, as it must be, if the world is to be converted? Is the church itself, in its great body of members, so organized, and so energetic and active, as it might be, and must be, before the triumphs of the Saviour will be consummated?

Now, let us look at these two points, in reference to the subject under our immediate consideration. We premise that we cannot expect conversions and revivals, unless the pure evangelical truths of the gospel are preached. There is no remedy for the depravity and guilt of human nature but what the cross has provided. No preaching but Christ and him crucified will ever convert men. But may not the true doctrines of the gospel be so preached, that their efficiency will but rarely be felt?

The gospel may be so *scholastically* preached, that there may be little for the plain uneducated hearer to understand or profit by. Learned disquisitions, and elaborate treatises, and critical essays, may do for the class-room of the academy, or for the pages of some literary periodical; but in general they are worse than useless, when presented in the form of sermons, to mixed popular assemblies.

The gospel may be preached so *tamely* as to produce no effect on those who hear it. If any message should be delivered with intense earnestness, it is surely that which is essentially connected with the eternal salvation of the hearers. A stiff, lifeless exhibition of the grand realities of our religion, seems a cruel mockery, if not an absurd caricature on the work of the ministry. Besides, holy ardour and glowing zeal are now

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thrown into every enterprise, and the man who is listless and apathetic is unfitted for the movements and spirit of the age in which we live.

Then, may the gospel not be preached *unbelievingly*, as well as heard in that spirit? Have there ever been instances of men preaching the gospel in the power of a strong faith, and failing in the work of converting souls? Had not this much to do with the work and success of Whitfield and the Wesleys, and the noble band of men who laboured in our country a century ago? They expected the gospel to save sinners, and they preached in the spirit of that expectation, and they were not disappointed. Under the constraining power of this faith, they preached with all earnestness, and simplicity, and holy anxiety, and spake as dying men to dying men, and the word of God was as a hammer breaking rocky hearts in pieces, and as a sword by which the slain of the Lord were very many.

If preaching is to be useful, it must be adapted to the mental state and moral character of our hearers; and they must see in us every sign of faith and sincerity, with regard to the momentous truths we deliver.

Now, if we look abroad in our own churches, as well as in those of other christian denominations, we shall generally see, that plain, earnest, devoted preaching is crowned with success. While merely learned, stiff, and elaborated or profound discourses, however acceptable to the few, are really valueless to the multitude. Hence some of our most efficient ministers are among those who have been self-educated, and whose most striking characteristic is love for souls, associated with untiring effort and unquenchable ardour for their salvation. And of what value are our natural talents or learned acquirements without this? Of what avail that we are learned, rhetorical, or eloquent, if we do not fulfil the great design of our work, in turning men from darkness to light, and from the power of Satan to God? We may win the applause of the few, and the general favour of many; but can these stand in the stead of winning souls? There must be fire in the pulpit as well as light, power as well as learning, earnestness as well as arrangement, if our hearers are to become interested in the great themes of life and salvation.

But if the pulpit may in some measure be at fault, is it not evident that the CHURCH, as a whole, is equally, if not more, chargeable, as the occasion of our present religious apathy and unconcern?

In the first place, are not the great majority of our church members utterly unconcerned about the matter? They appear as if they had been converted only to be passive members of the body, to have no useful place, nor working vocation. They wish to be instructed and edified, and enjoy religion; but they seem to have no idea of labouring for Christ, nor have they any deep devotional anxiety respecting the progress of the gospel.

Now, to say the least, such persons would require, if not to be re-converted, yet to be brought to feel deep concern for Zion's welfare.

Such drowsy souls must be awakened. Such loiterers and idlers must be quickened, and they must become fully acquainted with their individual responsibility to live and labour for Christ.

How few, indeed, make Christ's concerns theirs, his cause theirs! How rare it is to see more than a score or two of lively, devoted members even in churches which consist of hundreds! Ought these things so to be, with a rapidly increasing population, with the restless spirit of Romanism, and the hostile influences of scepticism, or mere rationalism, surrounding us?

Then are our *home* and *neighbourhood* influences piously and earnestly directed? Do we bring the lovely and attractive spirit of our heavenly

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religion to bear on our domestic spheres, on our children and servants? Is family worship conducted in a spiritual, edifying manner? Do religious books and periodicals have their full and fair share of room in our libraries and in our domestic readings? Do we endeavour to take to the house of God with us our thoughtless neighbours? and are we devoutly anxious to bring into our Sabbath schools the neglected children of our populous neighbourhoods? Do we ply well our crowded courts and alleys with well-adapted tracts, with "The Appeal," or similar cheap publications?

Is a sufficient degree of importance given to the prayer-meeting? or is hearing everything, and the Divine blessing disregarded or unsought for? How can religion prosper if the spirit of unconcern, formalism, and ease, pervades the church? And here again I appeal to facts, where is the church that does not prosper where the Divine means and appliances are earnestly carried on and out by the people? I know of no such case. Rely on it, wherever God's people honour him, by cherishing a spirit of holy activity and burning zeal for the prosperity of his kingdom, and cultivate with it a spirit of faith and devotion, depending on the Holy Spirit for success, that there the Divine blessing will descend, and to that church the Lord will send prosperity.

Let the church then awake to her solemn responsibility; let ministers preach and members live and work in the spirit of their Divine Head and Pattern, and be assured, the Lord will appear both to build up and beautify Zion. He will clothe his ministers with salvation, and his saints shall shout aloud for joy. He will bless her provision, and satisfy her poor with bread. He will arise and plead his own cause, and so pour out the plenitude of his Holy Spirit, that the church shall be as a well-watered garden, green and fruitful, yielding a gracious and rich return to the honour and glory of his name. Oh, may this day of spiritual activity and mighty energy dawn upon the church, and bless the world!

WOMAN IN THE CHURCH.

BY MRS. C. L. BALFOUR.

It is a melancholy fact, admitted by all pious thoughtful observers, that in the present day the world is encroaching on the church. That in numbers, in earnestness, and in spirituality, the church, instead of increasing, decreases. This statement, which is not a matter of opinion but of demonstration, cannot fail to be a subject of the deepest concern to all who desire the prosperity of Zion; but more particularly should it arouse the sympathies and awaken the energies of women, seeing that they constitute the majority in the church, and that, therefore, all charges of want of vital piety, of diminution of numbers, of stagnation of zeal, as they necessarily refer to the majority in the church, must forcibly apply to woman, as undoubtedly constituting that majority.

The world in the present day not only confesses the influence of woman on social, moral, and mental advancement, but displays some amount of anxiety that an engine manifestly so powerful should be carefully directed, so as to subserve the cause of human improvement. The church never denied either the spiritual or intellectual influence of woman. Christianity, in contradistinction from every other system of religious belief, recognizes the spiritual equality of the sexes; and by this means has elevated woman to a position of dignity, influence, and responsibility, never elsewhere conceded to her. But a great practical mistake has

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arisen from this circumstance, that woman herself has too often been either ignorant of, or indifferent to, her own responsibilities. Her susceptibility to religious impressions, the comparative tenderness of her conscience, and the fervour of her spiritual aspirations, have all been active instruments in fulfilling the beneficent will of her Creator, by conducing to her individual conversion, and bringing her sex in greatest numbers into the visible church. But when there, it is too often the case that woman believes that every end has been attained by her own personal salvation, and that very little relative duty rests upon her. She argues, that because men should labour as ministers, as deacons, as prayer-leaders, that the spiritual and secular concerns of the church, and consequently its extension, rest alone with them, and that woman, once in the church, may be at ease in Zion. These may not be the actually spoken opinions of the female members of the church; but it is too often the argument manifested by actions,—the sentiment embodied in the practice.

It surely is not too much to assert, that the church will never be triumphant until all its members feel the deep conviction that it is their duty to labour, as much as it is their privilege to enjoy. It is a great error to suppose that the extension of the cause of Christ rests only with those who fill public and official stations. The law manifest in the realm of nature and of art, applies with equal force to the operations of mind; that the efficiency of every instrumentality depends as much on the wise arrangement of subordinate agency, of careful detail, and elaborate minutia, as on the leading and more apparent powers employed. There are a multitude of minute springs connected with the machinery of the church, the working of which may either retard or promote its efficiency, as they are rightly or wrongly directed by woman.

The first of these is *domestic piety*. Pious homes are the store-houses of the church. There the materials are garnered up—the treasures are accumulated—that are to make Zion a praise in the earth. Over these homes woman is the presiding genius. In the apostolic phrase, she is "to guide the house." The pious matron, "who openeth her mouth with wisdom, and on whose tongue was the law of kindness," is there a teacher of divinity, both by precept and practice. Oh, happy for the church if every mother were like Hannah of old, resolved to consecrate her best beloved earthly treasure to the service of the Lord! If every mother, like Eunice and Lois, so taught her offspring, that it might be said of each of them, when arrived at maturity, "from a child thou hast known the scriptures!" Happy would it be for the church, if every mother, looking on her sons, remembered that the most faithful ministers, the most devoted missionaries, and the most conscientious teachers that the church has ever possessed, have been found among those who learned their divinity, who acquired their principles, and who gained their habits, from the precepts and practice of their mothers!

Domestic piety does not refer only to the training of children,—it comprehends dependents and servants. All enlightened persons in the present day must rejoice in the diffusion of knowledge. But knowledge without piety is only a partial good. It is the duty of pious women to endeavour to diffuse religious instruction to all within the circle of their influence. And here it must be remembered, that as she has not that hold on the affections, nor that natural sympathy with the objects of her superintendence, which she possesses in the maternal relation, there is a necessity for the utmost care and caution that her conduct be consistent, that her actions make christianity loveable, by shewing in her deportment that it is really lovely. If a mistress of a family, professing to be a christian, is exacting, harsh, unsympathizing, selfish,—if she is careless, indif-

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ferent, indolent, how can she recommend the gospel of Christ? Is she not a stumbling block, a hindrance? for it must ever be remembered, that the unconverted, the uninformed, will judge of christianity, not by its abstract principles, but by the conduct of those who profess it. O for the possession of that gentle charity that is not easily offended, that seeketh not her own, that, while firm in the maintenance of order and propriety, still ever strives to "overcome evil with good." A mistress imbued with this spirit, is surely likely to be instrumental in winning souls.

Domestic piety comprehends the duties of a christian wife. Happy, thrice happy, honoured, and useful, are those blest abodes where husband and wife are heirs together of the grace of life; their sorrows are lightened,—their joys enhanced,—their duties made delights, by participation. The manly reason gives direction and permanence to the feminine plans,—the womanly tenderness softens and refines the masculine rule,—piety throws its halo of light around them,—the church rejoices in their joy,—the world takes knowledge of them that they have been with Jesus.

But there are multitudes of christian wives whose nearest earthly connexion does not participate with them in the pure enjoyments of religion, and hence sorrows, difficulties, trials, persecutions, which tongue or pen can never describe. Yet droop not, gentle mourner, "be strong and of good courage," for blessed promises are yours. It may be that hope deferred has long made the heart sick; still continue earnest in prayer. The apostle says, "If any (husbands) obey not the word, they also may, without the word, be won by the conversation of the wives; while they behold your chaste conversation coupled with fear" (1 Peter iii. 1, 2). Surely, perverse as human nature is, it must be influenced by a consistent practice. Strive to maintain a cheerful demeanour, a serene temper. Religion, to be made attractive, must be free from gloom, repining, and complaint. A murmuring spirit must repel; a cheerful spirit can scarcely fail to allure.

Next to domestic piety, as an efficient means of promoting the extension of the church, there is *the intellectual and benevolent activity* of woman. Though home is the first and dearest sphere of woman's labours, society has its just claims on her time and talents. The *Sabbath school* demands her aid. Ah! when our gentle christian sisters behold some poor neglected child left destitute in the mud and slime of iniquity, ready to be destroyed by the swelling tide of profligacy, how can they refrain from thinking of those sweet words, "Take this child and nurse it for me, and I will give thee thy wages." The hopes of the church must rest on the young; not merely on the favoured youth who are growing up like goodly plants under wise domestic culture, but on the poor wildings who would probably thrive as vigourously if transplanted to the garden of the Lord. Who can tell which shall flourish, this or that? Though it is God alone who causeth to grow, it is the duty of the church to plant and water continually.

Woman's intimate acquaintance with childhood, her aptitude to teach, point her out as especially the educator of the young; but, in order to instruct efficiently, she must herself be instructed. The mind must imbibe, or it cannot impart. This is too much lost sight of by female teachers. There must be a systematic course of reading,—a careful preparation of lessons,—a habit of attention and punctuality,—a discipline of the mind, or there will be no efficient teaching. It is not always those who know the most who are the best teachers, but those who arrange what they know.

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Then *Tract distribution* is an important department of christian labour. It means something more than carrying round tracts one week and changing them the next. It requires friendliness of deportment, urbanity of manner. There must be no indifference to the feelings of the poor,—no neglect of the delicate attentions of christian courtesy,—none of that lofty, laboured condescension that wounds, offends, and estranges, those visited; but a most careful laying aside of all assumption, a constant remembrance that in the eyes of God "rich and poor meet together; the Lord is the maker of them all." Opportunities for conversation must be sought diligently and discreetly. There must not only be the word "*fitly* spoken;" but it must be spoken "*in season*." When to speak is as much a matter for anxious reflection as what to speak. And on all occasions there must be that law of kindness which is so powerful, that might of gentleness which is so irresistable.

Then there is *the visitation of the sick;* not those only of the household of faith, but the world. This is especially woman's office. As a christian she should not be content to delegate this to the Home Missionary only. It forms an important part of her mission in society to minister to the afflicted; what an opportunity of usefulness opens to her here! How her own spiritual gifts and graces will abound by the exercise of her devotional and benevolent feelings! How many a sick chamber would prove a vestibule to the church, if christian women would be earnest in their vocation as visitors of the sick! Not only the afflicted, but their friends, would feel constrained to yield to the appeal, "Come with us and we will do thee good." This department of duty, equally with the foregoing, requires the cultivation of the intellect. No christian should be content with present attainments, either of mind or soul. No age of the world's history has ever afforded such opportunities for intellectual improvement, and therefore in no age has so great a responsibility rested on christians. It is imperative that women, in order to be useful, should be able to "give a reason for the hope that is in them." They should study the word of God most diligently. They should, above all things, exercise themselves in prayer. Remembering that though the holy women of old were celebrated for a great diversity of gifts and graces, yet they all were alike in one particular—they were all women of prayer. Miriam the poet, Deborah the judge, Hannah the prophet, Esther the queen,—were all women of prayer. There is no such thing as a christian who cannot *think* and *feel* a prayer, and all should strive to be able at suitable times to utter with propriety and reverence what they think and feel. Prayer is the spiritual thermometer that tells the temperature of the soul. If this spiritual gift was the attribute of the heroines of the old dispensation, how much more was it the distinction of the women of the New Testament. The blessed Virgin,—the devout Elizabeth,—the holy Anne,—the careful Martha,—the contemplative Mary,—the faithful Magdalene,—the intelligent Priscilla,—the hospitable Lydia,—the benevolent Dorcas, were all women of prayer. The first assembly of christians after the ascension of the Redeemer, appears to have been a prayer-meeting (Acts i.), at which the mother of our Lord was present. The first European church was formed at a prayer-meeting, where a few women were assembled, and where Lydia was converted. Not a merely nominal place had the women of old in the church. They were active, earnest, intelligent. More than eighteen centuries have passed away. Christianity, like a mighty lever, has raised the kingdoms where it has been introduced, to splendid heights of civilization and intellectual greatness,—society too often ignorant or oblivious of the great moving power that has propelled it; and shall woman deem her work is ended, and that

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she may wrap herself in the mantle of indifference, and slumber while the world encroaches on the church? Oh, surely not! As of old,—aye, more than of old, for the exigency of the church is as great, and her opportunities now are greater,—she should feel it incumbent on her to be "faithful unto death."

There must always be members, female members, in every church, who, from circumstances they cannot control, are unable to engage in any of the departments of christian duty enumerated, and yet who may contribute to the prosperity and extension of the church by their conduct. It is too often the case that the idle members of a church are the discontented members. If they have not leisure for usefulness, they find leisure for murmuring. Now, if people can do nothing else for the cause of christianity, they can at least, if faithful to their duty, true to their profession, discipline their mind and subordinate their tempers, so that such an anomalous thing as an angry, a gloomy, an abrupt, a censorious christian, shall become obsolete in the church. Who can doubt that the church must soon powerfully influence the world, if its members, by their urbane demeanour, their mild forbearance, their charitable consideration, constrain observers to say, "Behold how these christians love?" The church should not only be the hallowed abode whence is obtained inward illumination, but the school of outward propriety, whose rules should

> "Lay the rough paths of peevish nature even,
> And open in each heart a little Heaven."

Thus, without in the slightest degree diverging from what all admit to be the recognized province of woman, we perceive that if she fulfilled her duty in and to the church, she could train the young, influence the dependent, instruct the ignorant, arouse the indifferent, minister to the afflicted, and produce in the church an atmosphere of light and love. Let none say, "Who is sufficient for these things?" without also remembering the words, "I can do all things through Christ that strengtheneth me."

WHAT IS YOUR LIFE?

"What is your life?"—*James* iv. 14.

If God ask a question, we should listen to it, think of it, and prepare an answer. Here the Lord puts a question to us; it refers to the brevity of our mortal existence; he asks each one of us, "What is your life?" We think much of it. We make great provision for it. We spend much *thought* upon it. We are very careful to preserve it. *But what is it?* Let us ponder this question. Let us give it the attention it deserves. It is especially suitable to us when shut up in our sick chamber, when afflicted and tried with losses and crosses, or at the commencement of a new year. Our sufferings may be great, our trials may be many, but they must be short, for *what is our life?* Let us look

At its duration. It is exceedingly brief. No one figure can set forth its brevity, or sufficiently affect our minds with it, and therefore many are employed. It is like a flower, which springs up under the influence of an eastern sun, which blossoms for an hour, and then fades and dies. It is like a shadow, which lessens and lessens until in a few minutes it is gone. It is like the shuttle which flies from the weaver's hand, and passes before the eye so swiftly, that one can but just see it and say, It is gone. It is like the wind which rushes by us; we hear it, we feel it, and it is no more. It is like the dried leaf, or the thistle down, which is made the

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sport of the breeze, and soon carried out of sight. In one passage in the book of Job, we have figures taken from three elements, to represent its rapid flight. It is swifter than a post, which travels with the greatest speed, and makes no delay. It is like the swift ships, with all their sails spread, which, with the canvass crowded, glide along the watery way. It is like the eagle hastening to its prey, compelled by hunger; with strong pinions it cuts the air, and is soon at the point where it would be (Job ix. 25, 26). What, then, is your life? "It is even a vapour, that appeareth for a little time, and then vanisheth away." What is it in *retrospect?* Look back over the past ten or twenty years; how swiftly they have passed away; and every year appears to pass more quickly than the last. What is it in *comparison?* What are your thirty, or forty, or even seventy years, if compared with the age of the antediluvian patriarchs,—Methuselah for instance? But what are they in comparison with eternity? Think of endless duration, of interminable ages; and while you think of them, ask, "What is my life?" Ah, what? No comparison can be drawn, but the thought may be improved. May the Lord help us to improve it.

This naturally leads us to enquire,

What is its design? Why was life given us? Why is it continued to us? It has reference to three parties. First, *to ourselves;* and the design is to prepare us for eternity. We must live for ever; but *how* depends upon the present. If we live in sin here, we must live in suffering for ever. If time is spent in folly, eternity will be spent in bitter, unavailing remorse and sorrow. If we believe in Jesus, exercise repentance toward God, are renewed in the spirit of our minds, and devote our lives to God's service, then eternity will to us be an endless existence in pleasure, satisfaction, and unspeakable delight. In reference *to God;* the design of our life is to glorify him, which we can only do by believing his promises, embracing his Son, observing his precepts, and consecrating our time and all our talents to his praise. Here we should live *for* God, and then in eternity we shall live *with* God. Here we should aim in all things to honour God, and then in eternity God will honour us. In reference *to our fellow-men;* the design of our life is to benefit and do them good. No one is created for himself. Each one is bound to his fellow, and every one should aim to benefit the whole. We should serve our generation by the will of God. And life is misapplied, it is squandered, it is wasted in folly, if we do not use it to secure our eternal salvation, to promote God's glory, and to advance the holiness and happiness of our fellow-men.

What is its character? Looking at its *natural* character, it is a gift conferred upon us by our beneficent Creator. A gift which, if rightly used, will prove invaluable; but which, if abused, will be an occasion of eternal regret. God gave us life; he placed us high in the scale of his creatures; he made us capable of serving, enjoying, and glorifying him for ever; he has given us also the means of grace, set before us the way of salvation, and promised his Holy Spirit unto them that ask him. Having given us life, he has crowned that life with loving kindness and tender mercies, and has pointed out the way by which we may obtain everlasting blessedness. But let us look at its *moral* character, what is our life in reference *to others?* Is it exemplary? Is it convincing? Is it useful? Is it likely to make a good impression? What is our life in reference *to ourselves?* Is it holy or profane? Is it godly or ungodly? Is it becoming an immortal being, one who *must* live for ever? This view of the subject is not sufficiently attended to by many. Is it by us?

What is the importance of our life? Ah, who shall say? Who can describe, what language can set forth, the importance of our present life? It is the bud of being; the flower will not open on this side the grave. It is

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the youth of existence; we shall not be full-grown in this world. It is the seed-time of eternity; what is sown now will be reaped in a changeless state. It is the introduction to immortality. What then is its importance? Ask the dying sinner, whose eyes are just opened, whose soul is just awakened to the solemnities of the eternal world. What reply will he give? Look at his death-struck countenance, mark the expression of his half-glazed eye, hear the accents of his tremulous voice; but he fails, he tries in vain to set forth the importance of the present life. He exclaims, "O that I had my time over again! O that I had one year, one month, one week, of the time I have squandered! But wishing is in vain. 'The harvest is past, the summer is ended, and I am not saved.' The importance of life I cannot describe. The value of time I can never declare." Ask the lost soul. The soul which, like the rich man, lifts up its eyes in hell, being in torments. Despair now rules over the immortal spirit. Agonies, beyond description, torture the never dying intellect. What is its estimate of the importance of life? But it would require a new language to describe, unearthly figures to illustrate, and a voice such as we have never heard, to set forth its estimate of the precious gift. Only in the depths of hell, or in the highest heavens, is the value of life really known. The glorified saint, while he tunes his golden harp, sings his never dying song, and drinks in pure and celestial pleasure, can estimate, but not fully describe, the importance of this present life.

Sinner, what is your life? Is it sin? Time spent in opposing God? Time squandered upon folly? Time dreamed away to no useful purpose? Is it trifling? Oh, how many trifle away their precious time! They despise their own souls. They live as if existence were bounded by time, and all beyond were annihilation. Is it folly? How many live fools! They provide for the body; but they neglect the soul. They live for time; but they lose sight of eternity. The accepted time passes away unheeded. The day of salvation is spent in sin. They only lay a foundation for everlasting self-condemnation, and open in their own hearts a source of never ceasing agony. Believer, what is your life? Is it Christ? Can you say with Paul, "For me to live is Christ?" Does Christ live in you? Are you spiritually minded, and do you find it life and peace? Is it a wise preparation for eternity? Are you living *now* as you will wish you had lived *by and bye*? Life is at best but short; let us improve it. Life is uncertain; let us make sure work for eternity. Life, if rightly viewed, is very solemn; let us spend it as intelligent and accountable creatures should. And when tempted to trifle, when inclined to squander away a day or an hour, let the question influence our decision, "What is your life?" If it is brief, should it be spent thus? And let the Saviour's question be seriously considered by all who make gain the end of life,—"What shall it profit a man if he shall gain the whole world, and lose his own soul? Or what shall a man give in exchange for his soul?" (Mark viii. 36, 37). Reader, the time is short, eternity is near, salvation is of infinite importance; let us therefore decide, and accept the Saviour's glorious invitation at once, and so shall we be saved for ever.

New-Park-Street, London. JAMES SMITH.

THE DESIGN OF THE BIBLE.

Suppose, dear reader, that you were invited by some mighty prince to visit his court in some distant, and, to you, unknown land, with the assurance that when there, he would confer upon you the highest honour, and supply you with every thing which could make you happy. Suppose that only one individual knew this country, and that on his return he

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had written a book, for your guidance in travelling to it. Suppose, further, that he had described the country in all its varied and enchanting beauty, the inhabitants in all the peculiarities of form and language which distinguish them, and the customs and employments which amuse their retirement or contribute to their individual and social pleasure. Moreover, that he had so clearly pointed out the way, that you could not miss it, and mentioned every danger, so that they might all be avoided; that he had told every thing you would need, and pointed out the various places where you might stop and obtain refreshment and repose. Once more, suppose that, to relieve all your doubts, and to inspire the fullest confidence, the king had stamped this volume with his own sanction, and assured you, by his chief minister, that it was correct. Would you not read it? Would not your days and nights be given to it without interruption, till you had mastered its contents? I think you would examine every part, mark every important or doubtful passage, and comply, if possible, with all its directions to the very letter. Would not your folly be great, in proportion to the object you were seeking, if you should neglect it? Should you put it in your trunk, or lay it aside, would it not indicate that you valued it but slightly, that you attached but little importance to the opinions of the writer, and only lightly esteemed the attestation of the monarch himself? Would mistake, failure, or ruin, in such a case surprise you? I think not.

Need I say, that the Bible is more than this. That it only shows us the pathway to heaven. It is the man of our council, and the guide of our feet. It is written for us, and it appeals to us; and not to read it, or only partially to follow it, is to extinguish the only light which shines in the world, and to grope our way in the thick darkness. No man, no nation, "can cast away the law of the Lord of Hosts, and despise the word of the Holy One of Israel," without danger of the most fearful kind. "Where no vision is the people perish."

Scarborough. B. EVANS.

THE NEW YEAR'S HYMN.

Psalm xxxiv. 3.

Whatsoever time may bring,
Whether weal or woe betide,
Gratitude requires we sing
Mercies past, and wants supplied—
Ye the new-born year who see,
Magnify the Lord with me!

We through dangers have been brought,
Seen and unseen, night and day;
Past deliverances wrought,
His parental care display—
Ye another year who see,
Magnify the Lord with me!

And shall not the eye of faith
See the future in the past?
Firm rely on all he saith,
Trust his promise to the last—
Ye another year who see,
Magnify the Lord with me!

Universal blessings pour'd,
With our several mercies came:
Let us then with one accord,
Joyfully exalt his name—
Ye the new-born year who see,
Magnify the Lord with me!

Christian Ladies' Diary.

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Biblical.

HOURS WITH MY BIBLE CLASS. No. 1.

BY THE REV. J. A. BAYNES, OF NOTTINGHAM.

There are to be seen, in many of the green nooks of this dear land of ours, little, quiet country churches, with their sharp spires, or old, grey, square towers, rising and pointing to the skies, with rude stone arches, piled up by hands that have been lying still for many an age beneath the green turf outside, and with low porches opening continually that the village families might enter and find peace on the holy day of rest. One can hardly have gone much into the byeways of our country without seeing often such venerable memorials of a former time. Inside many of them, and quite in keeping with all the rest about them, you may notice the old wooden reading desk, and the large strong chain that is fastened to it, and sometimes the treasure that it holds, though in many cases the chain is left, while the chained has been set free. If the old book, bound in real stout leather-covered boards be there,—there is a little church in Patterdale, near Ulswater, where the old book still lies a prisoner,—go up to it, look into its curious pages, spell out its old-fashioned and quaintly written words, and you will find that, after all, they are the very same that out of its plain little shilling volume every child in your Sabbath school class has been used to read and to learn. Time was, then, it would seem, when that book, now so cheap, was much scarcer and more valuable. It must be a strange book, too; for though often one age of men value very highly what the next put aside as useless, yet this book seems to keep its place. We remember, long ago, how King Edward would not tread upon it, because it was too good to be treated with such disrespect; and even now, when it has grown so common, we find that people esteem it just as much, and count it a better book still than all that have ever been made before or since. What a change in one respect, and what a sameness in another! The very book that they used to chain up so that everybody who would read it must go to the desk, and might not take it away, is now in everybody's own hands, and we may all have it and read it for ourselves; yet that very same book which was the most precious of all books then, is the most precious of all books now; and we could far better part with all the rest, than be without this one.

What is the old book? What is there in it? How did we get it? What adventures has it passed through? What changes has it seen since the long time back when it first was written? I know you call it the Bible, and say, "Why, of course, it is the Bible;" but that will not do for an answer. I want to know what is the Bible more than other books; and what is the history of this book you call the Bible? Questions like these are very natural, and we have all, perhaps, at some time or other, put them to ourselves, so we will put them once more now and here, and try to answer them simply, as best we may be able.

We have here in our hands the translation, in our own language, of a volume that we believe consists of messages from God, conveyed to us through the means of holy men, at different times, and in various places. The volume, of which this is a translation, is a collection of books in the Hebrew and Chaldee languages, and contains all the relics of the Hebrew-Chaldee literature up to a certain period. These books were accounted holy and inspired by the Jews and the ancient Christian church. It contains also, the genuine inspired writings of the early Christian times relating to the history and doctrine of the religion of Jesus. These were composed mostly in Greek by the apostles of Christ, their assistants, and pupils. It is a volume of very varied character in the nature and style of its contents. Fragmentary history from the very earliest time, national records of a peculiar people, lyric and dramatic poetry, praise, prophecy, and prayer, all are here; and this collection of holy writings we call THE BIBLE,—emphatically THE BOOK.

The BIBLE! That is a word which seems to speak to us of the antiquity of the book, for it recalls to us the memory of the days of old, when men had not as yet learned to weave the neat fabrics on which we seek to immortalize our thoughts. We remember that the BIBLOS is the inner bark of that broad-leafed reed that grows rankly in the sedgy marshes of the ancient Nile. *Papyrus*

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they called it sometimes, and they turned it to good account. From this did the Bible take its name; and the name that boasts so old a parentage, should belong to something venerable for age.

And this suggests to us, also, that men have not always been used to make and preserve volumes such as ours, and that these very words and thoughts which we have here recorded after our own fashion and style, were preserved by our fathers in the far-back time by ways of their own, and in modes peculiar to themselves. What were those ways, then, of registering thought that were known and employed when the earliest-felt necessity became, for the first time,the mother of invention? Let us pause a moment in our track, that we may glance at the old books of the "World's grey Fathers," before we turn again to handle our own.

I. ANTIQUE WRITING.

In asking of the earliest knowledge of creating and preserving a permanent memorial of thought, I find nearly the first traces of the art of writing in connexion with the Life and Works of Moses. It is true that there are hints and facts that lead us to believe that it was known still earlier. You see, for instance, in one or two places in the book of Genesis,* reference to names or signs graven on seals — "the signet of a man" as it is in the Hebrew,—which looks like the custom of which Niebuhr tells us, when he says that "in the East the Imaums, the Kadis, and other learned Arabs, usually write their names with letters interlacing each other in cyphers, in order that their signature may not be imitated. Those who cannot write, cause their names to be written by others, and then stamp their name or their device with ink at the bottom of the paper or on the back of it. But usually they have their name or their device engraved on a stone which they wear on their finger." † A custom abundantly illustrated by the habits of our own time and country.

As a proof also of the early origin of some record of thought, they tell us of the discovery at Babylon, of a memorial of observations on the stars, begun in the 85th year of Abraham; and we are reminded of "all the wisdom of the Egyptians," and of the great unlikelihood of the absence of every mode of writing from that large circle of their ancient lore.

Admitting the full force of all these hints, facts, and suggestions, it is still true, as De Wette says in his Archaiology, that "before Moses there is no trace of a written document. With Moses, we find the use of writing, in inscriptions, particularly on the Tables of the Law, on the ornaments of the High Priest, and on Mount Ebal," and still more emphatically in the heaven-taught writings that constitute so important a part of our sacred volume.

The progress of the art to its alphabetical position, would seem to have been through the stages of pictorial and hieroglyphical writing. The first natural notion appears to be to make what is called in Leviticus xxvi. 1, "a stone of picture." It was thus that the aboriginal warriors of Mexico, when the Spaniards landed on their shores, sent up the tidings to their king, at a distance, by forwarding to his barbarian majesty, a somewhat rude artistic sketch of the European invaders. The hieroglyphical style would be an abridgment of the pictorial, and an adoption of sundry symbolical signs, at first appropriate, and then, as in the alphabet, to a great degree arbitrary. The system of symbols was carried to great refinement by the Egyptians, and their signs gave rise to many Oriental metaphors:—take as an example, the prophetic utterance of the seer from Aram, on the mountain-heights of Peor: "There shall come a star out of Jacob, and a sceptre shall rise out of Israel."‡ The sceptre in symbolic language meant a king, and the star a God: the emblem thus mingled the ideas of royalty and divinity.

In passing on to enquire respecting the material employed for the preservation of ideas, we find that tables of stone were amongst the earliest and most common material used for that purpose. Moses seems to have been mainly a lithographer. We are too familiar with the pages of sacred story to need reminding of the fact that the commands of God to Israel were thus made permanent.‖ Joshua, too, "wrote there upon the stones a copy of the law of Moses, which he wrote in the presence of the children of Israel;"§ and Job, in the early

* Gen. xxxviii. 18—xli. 42; also Exod. xxviii. 21.
† Niebuhr p. 90, French Ed.
‡ Numbers xxiv. 17. ‖ Exod. xxiv. 12.—xxxi. 18.—xxxii. 19.—xxxiv. 1. § Joshua viii. 32.

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patriarchal times in which he lived, wishing earnestly that his words might be perpetuated, exclaims, "Oh, that they were graven with an iron pen and lead in the rock for ever!"*

Bricks were used, also, for the same purpose. They were written upon while wet, and then dried in the sun or baked in the furnace. Josephus speaks of a column of brick, on which the children of Seth wrote their inventions; and lately at Persepolis, and since at Babylon, there have been found bricks with inscriptions, joined together, not by mortar, but by the slime or bitumen, to which reference is made in the eleventh chapter of Genesis. These bricks are three inches thick, and twelve square; they have been brought home by the East India Company, and are now—some in the British Museum, and others stored up in the museum at the East India House. Wood was employed subsequently for writing upon,† and by the Greeks and Romans, wood, overlaid with wax, which was written on by a style, an instrument sharp at one end for writing, smooth at the other for erasing and restoring the wax. Such, probably, was the writing-table supplied to the dumb father of the Baptist that he might write the name of his son—"John."‡

The use of the bark of trees, and especially of the papyrus, has already been hinted at. This latter was the most common Egyptian material. The trunk of the papyrus which grows plentifully in the Nile, has several coatings, lying one on the other. These are taken off with a needle, spread on a moistened table, covered with a layer of paste, or the muddy, glutinous water of the Nile, and more leaves are then added, until the required thickness is secured, and it is thus made fit for use.

An after-invention still, was that of parchment. The kings of Egypt had stored up their large Papyrian library at Alexandria, and as they were anxious to secure to themselves a literary monopoly, they refused to supply the kings of Pergamus with their Egyptian reeds. Reduced by this necessity to become inventors, the Pergamian monarchs prepared for purposes of writing, the skins of animals, and these were named after the place where first they were employed—"Pergamena," whence our word, "parchment." This was about B.C. 200.

Time—the great and unsparing destroyer—has dealt ruthlessly with the older traces of our sacred records. They have perished long ago. The most ancient remains that are preserved to us, are some of the parchment copies of the original writings, and these not the earliest written. By all the means, however, to which we have here made reference, we doubt not that in succeeding ages these precious treasures have been perpetuated and handed down from one generation to another, until they have thus been delivered even to us. They have been watched and guarded in their journeying from age to age, so that they have never perished nor suffered material injury; but by God's good providence are here to speak to us the holy words they uttered to the mighty dead of buried centuries, and to guide us, like them, to a world of clearer vision, and of more full and glorious revelation.

Tales and Sketches.

A NARRATIVE OF DEATH-BED CONVERSION.

BY THE REV. J. P. MURSELL.

A few weeks since I was asked by a member of the church under my care, to visit a person in deep affliction, who had expressed a desire to see me. On calling on the patient, I was introduced to a young man about twenty-three years of age, previously a stranger to me, of pleasing appearance, of much natural shrewdness, and of gentle and amiable manners. Consumption had made such inroads on his health that there was evidently but little strength remaining, not enough to enable him to converse without great exertion. Death had marked him as his prey, and, so ill was the sufferer, that it seemed as though the grim monster had reluctantly granted him a brief respite from his silent dominions. After a remark or two, I said, "You entertain, I presume, no hope of recovery?" He answered, "No." "Are you happy," I enquired, "in the prospect of

* Job xix. 24. † Isaiah viii. 1, "A great roll." Heb. "A table of wood." Ezek. xxxvii. 16, "Take a stick and write," &c. ‡ Luke i. 63.

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the great change which is so soon to pass upon you?" In the most placid manner he said, "Yes! I have no fear of death; none of those miserable feelings of which some complain in prospect of it." "I am glad to find you so composed, if your composure be well founded. From what considerations do you derive the happiness of which you speak?" "Well, sir," the gasping patient said, "I have usually comforted myself with the thought, that if there is a God, he will take care of me." "It is late in the day," I said, "for you to talk suppositiously on subjects of the first moment to all, but especially, under the circumstances, to you; I am sorry to hear you say, 'If there is a God!'" "Oh, don't mistake me, sir," was the reply, "I believe in the existence of God; no thoughtful man can look on the wonders around him, or think about his own person, without being convinced that there is a great Omnipotent Being; but I do not think, Mr. Mursell," said he, with much emphasis, "that the Bible God is the true God,—there appears to me to be a good deal that is strange and foolish in the Bible." "Have you been accustomed," I asked, "to mix with the people calling themselves Socialists?" "No; I have never had anything to do with them, nor ever liked them." "Have you frequented public worship at all?" "Not a great deal; mostly, when I went anywhere, it was to the Unitarian place; but I have heard you of late, till I became too unwell, on Sunday nights."

I looked with deep concern on the interesting patient, and all the more so, from perceiving the perfect candour and simplicity of his spirit. I said, "You have been very frank, and I thank you for it; my time is gone; I will call again to morrow morning; possibly, however, you may be dead before then; you must, therefore, allow me to be candid and faithful too. It is, then, my firm and solemn belief, that if you die in your present state, you will be lost for ever. There is a way of escape. This is revealed in that Bible which you despise." I pointed him to the Saviour of sinners, and entreated him to think over what I had said by the morning, should we meet again.

I found him on the following day anxiously waiting for further conversation. "I gathered from my interview yesterday with you," I said, "that you believe in the existence of God." "O yes, sir, I do." "Have you any doubt as to a future state of being?" He said, "No; I think there is another world beyond this." "If there is another world, if men are to live for ever, do you think it likely that the blessed God would leave us in uncertainty about it? Is it not probable that he would place so momentous a question as this beyond all doubt?" "Well, I think it is." "Well, unaided reason could never ascertain it,—could go no further than conjecture respecting it; hence the necessity of revelation. This great doctrine of man's immortality is set at rest for ever in the Bible. If, then, you believe in the existence of God, and in the reality of a future state, what are your views as to your preparedness to enter into that state? Do you regard yourself as a sinner before God?" "Well, sir," he said, "that perplexes me. I have never fallen into the practices that some men live in: intemperance, and other vices, I have always avoided, and it has been my care to act morally and uprightly. I am perplexed when you ask me about sin." "I am glad," I said, "to hear you have avoided the open vices which so disgrace society; but you might have been withheld from these by aversion to low company, self-respect, friendship, worldly interest, and various similar motives, not from the fear of God, from love to Him, from a dread of his frown, and an appreciation of his favour. According to your own confession, you have not thought much about Him, or lived in communion with Him; you have lived without God in the world. You have lived in a sinful *state* you see, whatever might have been the complexion of your outward life." "Oh," said the listening man, "that's sin is it? Now I see. Oh, that's the sinner to be sure! Oh, I have lived without God! Oh, I wish I had my time again! Oh, that I had listened early to such advice!" Light seemed to stream in upon his mind, a sense of danger seized him while he felt for the first time the evil of sin. After a little pause, he thoughtfully said, "Do you really think then, sir, that all the people who have no Bible, Mahomedans, and heathens, and others, perish." "Those who are not blessed with revelation, will never be condemned for rejecting it. Those who are without law will be tried, and, if guilty, will perish without law. But you and I have the light of revelation, and if we reject it, our condemnation will be aggravated indeed. These questions, I admit, are important; but you

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have no time to spend upon them. You say you believe in the divine existence,—in the immortality of man, and acknowledge your sinful state?" "Yes, I do." "Is it then, in your opinion, at all likely that the ever blessed God should suffer you and me to live estranged from him, and in utter neglect of his authority and law, and not only you and me, but all mankind, and that through successive generations, without taking any notice of it; that he should, in fact, treat his sinful and rebellious creatures as though they were obedient and holy? Could you honour such a being as that?" He answered, "No." "Well, then, he has given us his revealed will to teach us our guilt and our danger, and to assure us that he will vindicate his own honour. But God is good as well as holy, merciful as well as just, he therefore resolves to save sinners, to pardon and to bless them. The Bible, which you have till so lately despised, tells us how God can be just, and yet justify the ungodly; how he can save the transgressor, and at the same time honour his law. And this is the invaluable book which you have neglected!" On these grounds I proceeded as plainly and faithfully as I could to set forth Christ crucified before the dying man, and recapitulating the heads of our conversation, implored him to reflect especially on the latter portion of it, and to look up in prayer to the Saviour for his gracious instruction and blessing; and I would, if he should live, see him the next day.

The following morning, though much weaker than I had found him before, he evinced a most anxious interest in the sole object of my visits. Entering on the conversation himself, he said, "You told me yesterday to pray to the Saviour for his direction and blessing. I have tried to do so;" and he added with perfect emphasis, "but, oh, it is hard work for a dying man to pray, who has never prayed before;" then, with marked and overwhelming emotion, lifting his feeble hands to heaven, said, "All I could say, sir, was—Lord Jesus, have mercy on my poor soul!" Desiring me to pray for him, we united in the exercise, at the close of which he burst forth in the language of fervent supplication, and with intense feeling implored the Saviour of sinners not to reject, but to receive him. From this time he appeared to have hope and to realize peace. His conversation was constantly about Christ, his love, his preciousness, his work. His spirit became calm, and his views of truth surprisingly clear. As I took leave of him, day after day, never expecting to see him again, he was resting his hopes upon the sacrifice of the Son of God, and rejoicing in expectation of his glory. In this frame of mind he continued, to the astonishment of many who surrounded his bed, till early on the following Sabbath morning, when he died, with the name and the praises of the Redeemer on his lips.

I do not deem it wise, as a general rule, to attach much importance to instances of such late repentance, much less to make them the subject of remark; but this case, as far as my experience has gone, is unique. The evidence of the genuine transition in the last hours of life, from darkness to light, was such as to bear the closest scrutiny, as to disarm suspicion, and to break down, in my breast, a cherished incredulity. Besides watching the interesting scene with all the care I could, with a view to the detection of fallacy or delusion, I enquired of those who were in constant attendance on the patient, whether by night or day, and found that but one theme, and that to him a totally new one, occupied his mind, and that but one solicitude filled his breast. To be found in Christ, and to go to him, constituted the new-born ambition of his soul.

I could not but reflect in leaving the dwelling of one whom in charity I must regard as a dying penitent,—1st. If this man had been a believer in Christ, and in the enjoyment of the hope which the gospel inspires, and I had gone and preached deism to him, is it possible to imagine him throwing away the one that he might accept the other? Did a true believer in Christ ever turn deist in his dying hours? 2nd. What is to be thought of that latitudinarian theology, which attaches no importance to positive belief, which looks upon all men as equally safe, whatever be their principles or their creed,—that holds it, for instance, of no importance, as to ultimate results, whether the atonement of Christ or human works form the basis of hope? 3rd. Though true religion had been neglected in this case till the time of death, and though the patient entered amidst its shadows with a "lie in his right hand," he once had a pious mother. Who can trace the connexion, in the profound economy of infinite wisdom and grace, between means and ends, between the anxieties of the praying parent, and the late-born faith and hope of her expiring son?

Leicester, Oct. 1848.

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THE VOYAGE.

There was a man who owned a little ship, and carried on in it a pretty little coasting trade. He used to creep from port to port, and bought or bartered such commodities as each supplied. And, being fond of knowledge and strange sights, he sometimes landed, and visited the interior, and noted down any curious thing he came upon (Eccles. i. 16, 17).

But being of a wistful and aspiring turn, he often longed to spread a bolder sail, and make some bolder land (Ps. lv. 6). He had heard the rumour of brighter climes; a whisper of spicy forests and dazzling wings; and rivers which run down gold (1 Cor. ii. 9). But the rumour was vague, and stirred no effort; and so our merchantman still cruised about from one dingy port to another of the little island where he was born.

Till one day, talking to a friend, and lamenting his joyless life, his labour without profit, and his success without satisfaction, he was surprised to learn that his friend had long felt the same. Nay, more; he had been making enquiry, and had resolved on forsaking his present line of life. He had learned that the Lord of that Better Land was a most kind and generous Prince, and made all strangers welcome, provided that, ere setting out, they secured a passport, which was freely supplied to all who chose. And he had gained some information regarding the country itself. The exact distance he could not tell. Some had reached it in a few weeks, and others had been at sea for several years. But he had procured a chart in which the course was clearly marked, and the grand port of arrival set down. And, for his own part, he was sick of this wretched coast, which yielded nothing except the lust of the flesh, and the lust of the eye, and the pride of life; and he was determined to lose no time in setting sail for Immanuel's Land.

Delighted with the information, and furnished with the chart, our voyager also resolved to steer for this better country. And, like one into whom a mighty purpose has entered, there was great alacrity in his movements, and much energy in his preparations. He might sometimes be seen for hours bending over the chart, and familiarizing himself with its landmarks. And, in his anxiety to be well informed on the subject, he got the narratives of some distinguished mariners who had performed the voyage lately; but after reading several, he found that they all agreed in extolling the minuteness and fidelity of the chart; and always ended by saying, that whosoever took heed to his track, according to its markings, could never go wrong (Ps. cxix. 9, 99).

At last he set sail. It was a bright and airy morning when his little vessel turned her head to sea. In the healthy flutter overhead he heard a promise of better things to come, and the thought, "Bound for the Better Land," put springs into his feet as he paced the exulting deck. The very clouds which scurried light and pure along the sky he hailed as friends and fellow-voyagers, for they, too, seemed to seek that brighter shore; and the faith and hope with which his whole nature swelled and thrilled at last melted into love and wonder, and with uplifted hands he cried, "Blessed be the God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, who, according to his abundant mercy, hath begotten me to a lively hope—to an inheritance incorruptible, and undefiled, and that fadeth not away;" and presently, on bended knees, he was pouring out the gratitude of his ravished heart to the glorious Lord of that land.

He was getting clear of the roads when he noticed a light-house rising up from the water, and looking to the chart, he found that it was erected over the Demas Sands (2 Tim. iv. 10). And just here a pilot-boat came alongside of him, bearing dispatches from the shore. One was a letter reminding him of his engagement to grace with his presence a splendid rout which was to come off next day, and reminding him that it was partly in honour of himself that it was given, and they would all be so dull without him. And the other was a letter from a near relation, telling him, that if he persisted in this ridiculous course, although he had intended to make him his heir, he would alter his will, and cut him off with a shilling. But just at that moment the peace of God was so keeping his mind that neither message disturbed him. He remembered, "Be not conformed to the world. Love not the world, neither the things that be of the world;" and having written two brief but decisive notes, he turned the vessel's head a point more to sea-ward, and cleared in safety the Demas Sands.

After this, the breeze abated, and towards noon it was nearly calm. Our voyager was in high spirits at the moral victory which

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he had just achieved, and was now pretty sure that he had not only set out in the right direction, but that at this rate nothing could hinder him from landing aright. A little self-complacency sprang up in his mind, and he thought less about the kindness of Him who had invited him to the goodly realm than about his own luck or wisdom in actually going. And whilst he was thus musing, he wondered, but he rather thought the ship was standing still. There could be no doubt of it. The sails were still a little set, and breaths of air were still moving about; but the ship was fast, and would not answer to the helm; and, looking over the side, he could see quite plainly the ridge of rock on which it had grounded. He was much amazed; for he had felt no shock nor jar, and had taken it as gently as if it had been a sunken cloud or a spell in the water. But there he was, fast and firm; and it was no use backing the sails, for he could not move, and to make the matter worse, the tide was ebbing. Just then, he noticed a sail near hand, and signalled her. She proved to be his old friend, who had first suggested the idea of this voyage, and who himself had newly put to sea.

Voyager. Well, here's an ugly trap. Do you know what they call this horrid reef?

Friend. Self-confidence. There is not a worse shoal in all the passage.

V. Why, then, is there no light nor beacon over it?

F. There are these buoys. And what is the use of your sounding-line? (Prov. xviii. 12; Rom. xi. 20; 2 Cor. xiii. 5).

V. But was it not curious that I should slide so softly on what you say is such a dangerous rock?

F. Well, it was just in the same way that the good ship Galatia was wrecked long ago. She had just parted with the best pilot who ever navigated these seas—the famous pilot, Paul; and the last glimpse he had of her she was running well. And when word was brought him that the hapless Galatia was fast aground on this treacherous reef, so strange and unaccountable did it seem, that he exclaimed, "O foolish Galatians, who hath bewitched you?" But it is time you were thinking what to do; for, if rough weather find you here, you must go all to pieces.

V. And what shall I do?

F. Look yonder.

And, as directed, the voyager looked aloft. And, though it was bright day, there shone in the clear firmament a broad and silvery star. The mariner knew that it was the Star of Bethlehem; and, as he intently eyed it, he felt his pinnace lifted off the reef, and soon the sails began to bulge, and, in gladness of release, the vessel bounded on her way (Phil. iii. 3, iv. 13; Ps. cxxiv. 7).

Humbled by this mismanagement, the voyager after this consulted his chart more carefully, and steered more exactly according to its minute directions. Sometimes he sailed in sunshine, sometimes in shade. At times, the currents were cross, or the gale was in the vessel's eye. And then, again, the wind, blowing where it listeth, would lift him fast along, and as one bright billow handed him to another, a joyous ditty would carol from the deck. Occasionally, he had a convoy from another seeking the same port, and often without a consort he pursued his solitary way.

At last, a storm arose. There was first a lull and a lurid calm. A dusky red, a bloody dimness, curtained the horizon, and enclosed the ship within its thickening pall. There felt like sulphur in the air, and the breath grew short, and the strength gave way, as when some fearful thing is coming. And when the angry sun was set, and nothing sparkled in the blotted firmament, and deep was calling unto deep—the moanings signals, in which the spirits of desolation seem to ask, If all be ready? it flashed—again—again; and the welkin was fire, and the sea was foam; and amid the splitting cracks, and the engulfing flame, and the rising hurricane, it felt as if the quivering skiff were a tiny morsel in Destruction's open jaws. "O my God, my soul is cast down within me. Deep calleth unto deep, at the noise of thy water-spouts; all thy waves and thy billows are gone over me." It was the hour of darkness, and of the prince of the power of the air, and strange whispers hissed through the gloom or gurgled up from the weltering flood. One of them suggested, "Cast away the beginning of your confidence." Another murmured, "Curse God and die." One yelled, "Hell is but a fable, and Heaven a poet's dream." And the ghastliest of all was a reptile croak, "There is no God." And the poor benighted soul began to wonder if it could be on the right track that all this riot of horrors went on, and feared that he must have got into some fiendish by-path, and almost wished, rather than hear those blasphemous

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voices, that the deep would swallow him quick. But from this belly of hell he cried again, and his brief but piercing prayer was ever the same, "Lord, save—or I perish." And through all the turmoil and din, that cry was heard; for what is yon pavilion of moving light—that sunny shrine which glides over the billows, and a glassy path spreads out before it? What is this presence from whose distant ray the phantoms of the pit have already retreated, and their foul accents died away? The Bright and Morning Star is already on board; and to the "Peace be still," which he spoke, the obsequious storm and the crouching waves have given instant answer. "It is I; be not afraid;" and, though still soaked in spray and cold with terror, the presence of his protector and deliverer restores the sinking soul. Assured that the Saviour himself has taken the helm, he drops into tranquil slumber, and, when he wakes, his drenched garments are dry, and the monsoon past, and those constant winds are entered, which will always blow the self-same way till he reaches the haven where he fain would be.

And as he glances along on the gentle waters, he takes out his log-book, and enters a whole account of the hurricane. "They that go down to the sea in ships, that do business in the great waters; these see the works of the Lord and his wonders in the deep. For he commandeth and raiseth the stormy wind, which lifteth up the waves thereof. They mount up to the heavens, they go down again to the depths; their soul is melted because of trouble: then they cry unto the Lord in their trouble, and he bringeth them out of their distresses. He maketh the storm a calm, so that the waves thereof are still. Then are they glad because they be quiet. Oh that man would praise the Lord for his goodness, and for his wonderful works to the children of men." And from that time forward he marks a happy change in the character of the voyage. There is more progress and less vicissitude. He has passed under deeper skies and got into steadier gales. And he has fewer adventures and perils to record. And he has a serene and prevailing hope of arriving safe at last. By and bye, he begins to notice fragments of sea-weed, and crosses whole banks of them; but though they somewhat hinder the ship and make its way more cumbrous, he does not grudge them, for they tell that land is near. And to tell it still more clearly, by and bye new shapes are seen—bright pinions and darting gems which have come from the hidden shore, and are going back again. And there it comes itself—the shore with its palm-tree waving, and its snowy temple gleaming; and already he inhales the fresh and balmy odour from distant forests and unseen flowers:—when some suspicious sail bounds towards him, some skulking corvette which prowls on its pirate outlook near the very harbour's mouth; and for a moment he marvels that such murderous robbers should be suffered to cruise along the very margin of Immanuel's Land. But a signal is made from shore, "Resist, and he will flee." And obedient to the timely signal, the ship puts on her fighting trim; and no sooner is the flag of defiance shaken out, than the dark sail veers about, and, as it sneaks away, a shout pursues it, "O Grave! where is thy victory? O Death! where is thy sting?" When the morrow dawned, it showed the anchor dropped and the canvass furled; but it was the Fair Haven of Immortality, and the voyager had got safe to land.—*The Happy Home.*

A MOTHER'S LEGACY.

One of the first circumstances impressed upon my childish recollection, was the death of a pious and benevolent lady, whose sudden illness commenced while she was visiting some near neighbours. Often afterwards, when roaming through the pleasure-grounds which were the scene of her last earthly enjoyment, I heard my mother and her friends converse upon the "mysterious Providence" which had bereaved a numerous young family of an invaluable parent, just at the period her care seemed most indispensable; and, in the prime of life, had called her from a sphere of public as well as private usefulness, so nicely adjusted, that the *claims* of the one never interfered with the *duties* of the other.

Years passed on; and faith in the oft-times inscrutable, but always unerring, wisdom of Jehovah, had dispelled my wonder at the apparent mystery so perplexing to my juvenile apprehension, when one evening I attended a "Church Meeting."

The cheerful-looking place of assembly was filled to overflowing; and the front benches were occupied by a long row of candidates for admission to the privileges of the Christian Church. My eye glanced

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with interest upon many a young disciple seated there; and aged pilgrims stood ready to proffer an affectionate congratulation on the important step before them, or to lend a helping hand in their onward course.

To the Pastor, it was a season of peculiar joy. For more than twenty years he had presided there. It was his first charge; and some of the band of faithful friends who had gathered round him at the opening of his ministerial career, were still at his side. Like himself, they had reached a graver period in life, and were now the experienced parents of a new generation. Some of these children were the candidates of this evening; they had grown up from infancy under their Pastor's eye; had shared his valuable private instructions; listened with affectionate confidence to his public addresses; and readily responded to any little duties with which he could entrust them.

But the engagements of the hour commenced. It was customary for the candidates for church-fellowship to retire, after joining in the devotional exercises which usually preceded business; and then announcements were made to the members of the society of such details respecting the character and experience of each, as evinced the reality of conversion; and were likely to afford encouragement or instruction to those who sought to win others to be partakers of like precious faith in the Gospel.

On the present occasion, various means were mentioned as having been blessed to the regeneration of immortal souls. The Pastor's sermons,—Sabbath-school instructions,—a casual remark from a Christian friend,—the hand of affliction—all illustrative of our Heavenly Father's watchfulness to fulfil His promise, and fructify "the good seed," however sown.

The last narrative was very touching. Bereavement—the early death of a pious mother—had been made the instrument of awakening her daughters to seek eternal life. I started, for the name was that of the lady whose sudden loss to the community had so often excited my childish wonder.

As the Pastor's voice ceased, his Deacon rose. He was the father of the youngest candidate. In a few simple words, with a faltering voice, he expressed his heartfelt gratitude to God, that the solemn event which had cast so deep a shadow over the greater part of his life, had thus been the source of his richest blessings; and that as each of his *eight* children had, one after another, risen up to take a place in the spiritual Jerusalem, they had referred to their mother's death as the circumstance which had been made instrumental in procuring life to their souls. Some remembered her prayers with them,—others, her remarks on the Scriptures, her tender appeals to their consciences, when under discipline; but in each case *her* influence had survived, and yielded an abundant harvest.

Christian parents! can you not trust to your Heavenly Father's faithfulness in His dealings with your children? This is only one, amongst innumerable proofs, that "He *forgetteth not* the cry of the humble."

Mothers! forget not to prepare a rich legacy of prayers for your offspring; for what availeth treasures of silver and gold? They must be dropped on the threshold of eternity. What influence will titled honours, or a nation's fame, produce in the courts of Heaven? The name inscribed in "the Lamb's book of life," will *alone* find entrance there. Then pray for your sons and daughters; even should they, as the prodigal in our Saviour's parable, "*spend all*," *your prayers* cannot be "*wasted*," being "treasure laid up, where neither moth nor rust doth corrupt, and where thieves do not break through nor steal."—*The British Mother's Magazine.*

Our Young Men.

OUR YOUNG MEN—WHAT ARE WE DOING FOR THEM?

With no desire to depreciate the exertions of the churches in different localities, on behalf of the young men committed to their charge, we cannot close our eyes to a general fact, and one that must be open to every observer, that the labours of the church bear no sort of proportion to the claims of this large and important class. Indeed, the responsibilities of the church in reference to them, seem wholly to have escaped observation; and we fear that the churches generally, are extremely forgetful

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of their obligations to the "lambs of the flock." It would seem as though good men, who have for half a century been "sitting under their own vine and fig tree," have, in the diligent cultivation of their "own vineyard," been inattentive to the march of events, and have forgotten what a different state of things exists now to what existed in the days of their youth. Hence we find, that in all the machinery of education and progress, very many of the churches of our land have been standing still amidst the general progression, and present, at this moment, but the same aspect as fifty years ago. This fact—and we believe it *is* a fact—is a painful one, the impression of which, on every christian possessing a right state of heart, must be of a humiliating character.

That it is the duty of the christian to study the characteristics of the age in which he lives, will not be questioned, especially when it is borne in mind that only by such study can the efforts of the church be properly directed, and the greatest possible amount of good conferred on the greatest number. Any man looking carefully into the present state of society, and the moral and religious aspect of the community, will not fail to be struck with the great change which has come over the aspect of things within the last half century. The establishment of Sunday schools in the villages and hamlets of our land, has gone far towards the diffusion of education among the middle and lower classes. By them and similar means, a taste for reading has been generally created, and a spirit of enquiry fostered. And thus we are brought face to face with the startling fact, that we have, by means of our Sunday and day schools, created that appetite which craves a literature of some kind to satisfy it. The masses have begun to read and enquire; and a popular literature has begun to be felt a real want by them, imperative as their daily bread. What have we done to supply the demand? We have set in motion the machinery; have we not left the supply of fuel to the dissolute and depraved? Infidels, Socialists, Communists, and the whole fraternity of designing and dangerous men, have entered into our labours, and are reaping their diabolical harvest from the soil we have broken up. The children in our schools have grown to be young men and young women; the period of elementary instruction has been passed, and that of mental enlightenment and improvement has been entered on; they have looked to their primary instructors to satisfy the cravings of an awakened and enquiring mind,—and have they been filled? We put it to the churches—How have you met their necessities? What have you done for their mental and moral regeneration?

It needs but the slightest and most cursory glance at the political and social state of society, to convince us that we are on the eve of great changes. The calmness of the ocean, which has, "like a monster asleep," laid the mariner in fancied security, as though its bosom should never again be ruffled but by the gentlest zephyrs, has begun to be disturbed; already there is a slight heaving, and the breeze freshens; the billows have arisen, and we have heard afar off the roarings of the storm. Things wear a foreboding and frightened look, and a strange conviction of terrible things to come has taken simultaneous hold on many minds. What these upheavings mean,—what scenes we may have to pass through, are seen but as "through a glass darkly,"—their forms are vague and misty; but, like the Scandinavian THOR, with form dilated on the mountain-tops, and thunder hammer in his hand, this mysterious PRESENCE is recognized by us, and we wait, in silent expectation, its nearer approach. The attitude in which we should await its further manifestations, forms a subject of enquiry that should occupy every devout mind. Certainly a struggle is approaching, and a state of preparation is desirable.

It is already evident that the distinctive principles of Dissent,—the Headship of Christ in his church,—and the entire question of State Establishments, will form prominent, perhaps the principal, elements in the grand struggle we may have to enter upon. Nonconformity will stand upon its trial,—Willinghood will assert its majesty and power. Shams, fictions, fallacies, set on foot and upheld for whatever purpose, will enter the furnace. All the chains that have been forged by superstition, to bind the consciences and souls of men, will be brought out to the light of day;—and, in fine, a moral revolution, more searching, destructive, and terrible, than any we have lately witnessed—but withal a glorious revolution—will shake heaven and earth; till confusion shall become the mother of order, and anarchy the parent of good government. In this jostling of principles, and antagonism of opposite opinions, who does not

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see that there will be earnest work to be done, and that earnest men will be required to do it? It will not do to leave our preparations till we have set out on our journey; we must not have our armour to seek after we have entered the fight. The young men of the present day, who will probably be the actors in that "sad and serious drama," must be well furnished for their work, ere it be too late.

And this work devolves on the churches of our land, who must be up and active, every where teaching, instructing, cultivating; assiduously "clearing the way," and forming the raw recruits into disciplined soldiers. Public opinion must be prepared and acted upon, by tongue and pen. The press must, for every single pestiferous sheet, send forth its myriad counter "Appeals;" for every demoralising periodical, a host of elevating, purifying, christianizing, publications. The pulpit, for every prosy, verbose, lifeless, theological essay, must thunder forth a hundred powerful and heart-stirring harangues, such as shall move and melt, subdue and strengthen, instruct and edify the world. The intellectual faculties must be stimulated to their noblest exertions; and, in a word, every nerve must be strained,—every muscle knit for action,—and "all that man can do," must be done for Christ and his church.

We have said that the present is an enquiring and reading age. The youth of the present day *will read;* no matter what it be, so long as it is type, and readable, they *will* devour it. See you not, brethren, in this, another characteristic of the age? Do you not perceive what gigantic strides Intellect has been making in the last few years,—how the heavens beam with promise for the greatness of our nation? Mind has, in past ages, been considered the property of the few—the erratic, but brilliant sons of Genius. Now, it is acknowledged to be the patrimony of the million. Christians, what see you in this—hope for the world, or duty for yourselves? We fear too many see only the former, and are blind to the latter. It is yours, and must be yours, to seize, to temper, and to direct this vast amount of intellectual life. You must act on the *minds* as well as on the hearts of men. You cannot, you dare not, at your peril, cultivate merely the affections of the heart, and leave the mind to vacuity, under the exploded plea of Ignorance being the mother of Devotion.

If you cannot, or will not, come forward, to provide intellectual pabulum for the youth connected with you—sitting in your galleries and pews, or sauntering in your streets, puffing the frivolous cigar, and wasting their little minds in the scandal of the locality—there are others, aye, a host, who are ready to supply your "lack of service," and hold to their lips tempting and perilous draughts of intoxicating indulgence, and delicious poison, the more deadly for its soul-destroying sweetness. There they are, tampering with the unsophisticated minds of youth, "sowing tares" while you sleep. There they are, linked in the arm of your unsuspecting youth, leading them to flowery paths, and feeding them on the "apples of Sodom." There they are, filching them from you, your young life-blood, your vigorous spirits,—dashing with gall and wormwood, the brightest hopes you have cherished for them,—and robbing the church of her Knibbs and Burchells, her Careys and Yateses,—and snatching from her many a gifted spirit, and spoiling many a goodly fabric. There they are, the robbers, thieves, man-stealers, busy at their work, hard at it, indefatigable, ever at it. Brethren! will you arise, and, shouting "The sword of the Lord and of Gideon," bear down on these pirate hordes, and make

> "The desolater desolate,—
> The tyrant overthrown,—
> The harbinger of others' fate,
> The suppliants for their own?"

Shall the bright spirits, the warm hearts, the generous sympathies of our ingenuous youth appeal to us in vain? Shall we not rather "move heaven and earth," to secure their well-being, and as far as in us lies, train them for God and his cause? He will approve our efforts, clear our way, make darkness light before us, and the shadow of death shall be turned into brightness; for the Lord hath spoken peace concerning Israel.

We commend the matter to the careful consideration of the readers of "The Church," in the hope that they may thereby be prepared to act out the hints that may hereafter follow, on this very important topic.

Salisbury. C. O.

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Correspondence.

INFANT REGENERATION.

[To those who have not seen our last volume, it may be necessary to observe, that one or two letters on this interesting subject appeared in the later numbers. The Editor's concluding remarks will appear in our next.]

To the Editors of "The Church."

Dear Brethren,

Few things are more healthful in their influence, than the candid statement of their views, by men whose minds are characterized at once by sincerity and freedom. On this account, I read with interest the letter of "Another Friend of 'The Church,'" on the "Regeneration of Infants," in your No. for October, and sat down to offer one or two remarks upon it; but something occurred to interrupt me, and I did not afterwards resume the subject. Your own remarks, however, on the wrapper in the No. for November, have again directed my attention to the subject; and though I have no taste for controversy, and no wish to see the pages of "The Church" devoted to it, there will, I trust, be no impropriety in the insertion of one or one or two additional observations on a topic of so much interest.

I demur to the position, that unconscious babes are, or can be, the subjects of regeneration, because I find that regeneration is connected, in Scripture, with THE TRUTH. It seems to me as clearly taught in Scripture that *the Truth is the instrument*, as it is that *the Spirit is the agent*, by which the regeneration of the human soul is effected. "Being *born again*, not of corruptible seed, but of incorruptible, *by the word of God*, which liveth and abideth for ever." "Of his own will *begat he us by the word of truth*." Now, the truth, it appears to me, can exert an influence on the mind only so far as it is understood and received. An unknown truth cannot affect the human mind. How, then, can the unconscious babe, in whom the intellectual and moral nature is wholly undeveloped, be *regenerated by the truth?*

In strict accordance with the preceding remark, I find again, that regeneration is connected, in Scripture, with FAITH, or with the cordial reception of Jesus as the Christ, the Son of God, the Saviour of the world. "As many as *received him*, to them gave he the power to become the sons of God, even to them that *believe* on his name, who are *born* not of blood," &c. Now, it is needless to remark, that *faith* necessarily implies *intelligence*, and that infants are, therefore, incapable of it.

Besides, I must confess, that I cannot conceive of sin on the one hand, or of religion on the other (it will not be maintained that there may be regeneration when there is or can be no religion!), apart from intelligence and volition. "Sin is the transgression of the law;" righteousness is conformity to the law, the perfect rule of right. But *law* necessarily supposes a responsible, and, therefore, an intelligent, agent; none other is capable of law. I know, indeed, that both sin and righteousness consist much more in the state of mind than in any outward act; but then it is surely a *conscious* and a *voluntary* state of mind. Besides, the expression *state of mind* necessarily supposes the *existence of mind*, which cannot be affirmed of an infant in whom *mind* is not developed.

I may be allowed to say, that I fully believe in the salvation of all who die in infancy; and I think I have sufficient grounds for my confidence on this subject; for, in addition to some passages of Scripture which seem to me to bear with considerable force upon the subject, I believe that all men are born under an economy of mercy,—that under that gracious economy, every man is placed, personally, in a state of probation,—and that no man is condemned but for his personal violation of the divine law, or his personal rejection of the divine gospel. I thoroughly sympathize, also, with your "Other Friend," in his pleasing views of the piety of many young persons. The Gentle Shepherd has not a few lambs in his fold. I believe, however, that, in common with others whose views are more enlarged, and whose minds are more fully developed, they are *regenerated and sanctified by the truth*, and in no other way.

The Editors of "The Church," I am sure, will pardon me, if I say that I read

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the following remark with considerable surprise:—"A 'thorough predestinarian,' therefore, who believes in infant salvation, will regard death in infancy as entirely equivalent to 'effectual calling;' and *all* who believe both infant salvation and original sin, will regard their premature death as by far the most effective means of grace up to the present period." This remark reminds me of a conversation I had, some years ago, with an aged minister, who had been hyper-Calvinistic in his views, and in common with some others of the same school, had, I believe, talked in the pulpit, of *infants a span long being in hell;* but at the time to which I refer, his views were far more sober. We happened to be speaking of infant salvation, when he acknowledged a considerable change in his sentiments on the subject, and said, "*I place all who die in infancy amongst the church, and then I am sure they are safe.*" My venerable friend said this with the greatest goodwill imaginable. I could not help smiling at his benevolent simplicity, and said, "It is exceedingly kind of you, my dear Sir, to place the little innocents amongst the elect,—very kind; all tender-hearted people, I am sure, will be very much obliged to you; but will you excuse my asking you, WHY you do so? *On what ground* do you place all who die in infancy amongst the elect? What is your *authority* for doing so? My kind-hearted friend, I am sorry to say, confessed he had never thought of that. I too confess, dear sirs, that I should like to know *on what ground* we are to regard *death in infancy as entirely equivalent to effectual calling?* and should like to know *on what authority* we are to regard a *premature death as the most effective means of grace?*

Moreover, you say that "man is *literally* born in sin." Will you allow me to ask what we are to understand by the word "sin" in this connexion? Is it the transgression of the law? Is it a voluntary state of mind? Is it any thing involving moral agency and responsibility? Or is it something which is neither directly nor indirectly under a man's control,—something for which he is and can be no more responsible than he is for the colour of his skin? In that case, it may be a misfortune, but it cannot be a fault: it may be a dire calamity, but it is no crime. And I must confess, dear brethren, that I have serious apprehensions of the influence of these views. Men confess they are sinners, but they think they cannot help it; when they are impressed and feel their danger, they regard themselves as objects of pity rather than of blame.

I am fearful of trespassing on your pages; yet I fear that brevity may have induced obscurity; and I should be sorry to be misunderstood. The subject is one of immense importance, and deserving the best attention which the freest and most devout minds can give it.

A FRIEND OF "THE CHURCH."

To the Editor of "The Church."

Sir,—I generally read the Notices to Correspondents in our Magazines, from which I sometimes derive great edification. I have just been reading over again that in the present Number, headed "Infant Regeneration;" but the latter sentence of this appears to me to be involving a very plain subject; and I am thankful, as a parent of five who were summoned in infancy, and the grandfather of several others, that I am not compelled to look to a question of "equivalent" for my comfort in respect of them. I have always felt quite satisfied with the views given in the lines written by Robinson of Cambridge, in the days when his views of the Atonement were as clear as when he wrote that hymn, "Mighty God, while angels bless thee," in relation to which you have probably heard the story, that in his later days, while preaching in a strange place, the clerk, not knowing his change of views, begged to be permitted to give out that hymn, when Robinson turned away with a tear, saying, "Ah, those were happy days when I wrote that hymn." As the lines I refer to are very little known in the present day, when much which is now is not good, I will give you a copy, hoping my so doing will not be considered a reflection on the Editor, who, though he knows almost every thing, and forgets nothing, may not have these lines just at the moment present to his mind.

"Bold Infidelity, turn pale and die,
Beneath this stone four Infants' ashes lie;
Say, are they lost or saved?
If death's by sin, they sinned, for they are here;
If heaven's by works, in heaven they can't appear:
Reason, ah, how depraved!
Revere the Bible's sacred page—the knot's untied;
They died, for Adam sinned; they live, for Jesus died."

Permit me to subscribe myself,
Your constant Reader, and general Approver,
Camberwell. W. B. GURNEY.

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TO THE EVANGELICAL CLERGY OF THE ENGLISH STATE-CHURCH.

Dear Christian Brethren,

It is reported that Government intends making over to the ministers of the Church of England, the power of using or omitting as they may see fit, certain portions of your occasional services. Now, the very publication of this intention affords, if it were needed, a new proof of the complete subjection of the said Church to the State. The concession proves the rule; what Government grants it might withhold.

The carrying out of this measure will, no doubt, afford considerable relief to your minds. But will it not, also, place you in an awkward predicament? If, as I conclude will be the case, you discontinue the use of the objectionable passages, will not this make it obvious that you have throughout disapproved of them; whilst it cannot but remain fresh in the recollection of your friends, not only that you have all along used these passages, but, in many instances, written in *defence* of them, and once, at least, deliberately avowed your "unfeigned assent and consent to them?"

On the whole, then, it appears to me that your continuing in your present position, on the plea of being more useful where you are than you probably might be elsewhere, is a virtual distrust of Divine influence and interference,—conferring with flesh and blood,—doing evil that good may come,—and holding out a pernicious example to your respective flocks. It is obvious that the cause of Christ languishes, and needs something to give it an impulse. Might not your fearless, unhesitating, and prompt secession from a worldly Church be that something? An occasional individual case of this kind, however creditable to the retiring party when engaged in from right motives, acts but feebly on the public mind. Your withdrawal *as a body* might constrain even worldly persons to say, See how these men prefer what they deem Christian simplicity and religious integrity, to anything which we can offer them.

Again believe me,

Dear Christian Brethren,

Affectionately yours,

SENEX.*

Notices of Books.

THE IMPORTANCE OF RIGHT VIEWS ON BAPTISM. AN APPEAL TO PIOUS PÆDOBAPTISTS. BY FRANCIS CLOWES. pp. 12.

As the writer of this tract is known to be one of the editors of this periodical, he prefers that its occasion and objects alone should be simply stated. It was written at the request of an esteemed brother, one of our village missionaries, who, having had a public controversy on the subject, found great numbers owning that he had the best of the argument, but not thinking the subject of sufficient *importance* to alter their practice in regard to it.

The writer's own experience, and that of all to whom he has mentioned the subject, has also been, that *vast* numbers think the subject too trivial to demand the *trouble* of investigation, and that *considerable* numbers believe, or suspect, we are right, but think it a "matter of little consequence,"—that, indeed, more are hindered, by deeming right views of baptism unimportant, from becoming Baptists, than by any other cause. The object of the tract, therefore, is to impress on the minds of pædobaptists the duty of seeking and abiding by the *truth* on the subject, together with the widely different bearing of infant baptism and believers' baptism, on *evangelical* religion, and on the most important religious controversies of the day.

LECTURES TO YOUNG MEN, DELIVERED BEFORE THE YOUNG MEN'S CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATION. London: Benj. L. Green.

LECTURES ON THE SOCIAL AND PHYSICAL CONDITION OF THE PEOPLE, ESPECIALLY IN LARGE TOWNS.

When we mention that all these lectures (except the one, in the first volume, on the Natural History of Creation), were delivered by highly esteemed ministers of the

* The above Letter is intended as a Postscript to the Series, from the same writer, in our last volume. To those who have not seen the Letters referred to, we earnestly commend their perusal.

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gospel, the former in London, and the latter in Glasgow, they will need no other recommendation to our readers. We commend the former especially to the serious perusal of our intelligent young men.

THE HAPPY HOME; AFFECTIONATELY ASCRIBED TO THE WORKING CLASSES. London: Bogue.

A series of tracts in a neat cover, of a very high order. Our attention was first directed to them by an article in Tait's Magazine, and we found them quite equal to the recommendation given of them. They are intended to interest our intelligent operatives, and they will certainly do it. Ten numbers have appeared already. Those of our readers who feel interested in the object of "The Appeal," will be thankful to us for introducing these productions of a tract-writing genius to their notice. They are ascribed to the Rev. J. Hamilton, of the Scotch Church, Regent Park. A beautiful extract from one of them will be found amongst our Tales and Sketches.

NONE BUT JESUS: OR, CHRIST ALL AND IN ALL. By JABEZ BURNS, D.D. pp. 128. London: Houlston and Stoneman.

This beautiful little volume has as its motto the very appropriate line from Milton,—

"Him first, Him last, Him midst, and without end."

It fully sustains the previous reputation of the author, and the expectations we formed respecting it at first sight. We commend it to our readers as a very suitable book to lend to those whose attention they wish to direct to the "Lamb of God, who taketh away the sins of the world."

THE BIBLE CLASS MAGAZINE. Vol. 1. pp. 324.

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL UNION MAGAZINE. Vol. 5. pp. 324.

THE CHILD'S OWN BOOK, 1848. pp. 192.

THE NOTES ON SCRIPTURE LESSONS, 1848.

All these periodicals are published by the Sunday School Union, and are admirably adapted to the objects they have respectively in view.

CLERICALISM CONTRASTED WITH CHRISTIANITY. By THOMAS DUNN.

A *truly* startling contrast! Some will think the language often strong and satirical; let them enquire, Is it not *true?* "In her was found the blood of prophets and saints" will be the verdict of the day of judgment. While Ireland is proof (and Britain too) that the grand reliance of clericalism is *one hundred and twenty thousand* "red men, with the weapons of destruction girt about their haunches," as Carlyle terms them. But for these "red men," clericalism would at once cease to revel in tithes, and Church rates, and annuity taxes,—in fines and imprisonments. Oh, Lord, how long!

THE VOICE IN RAMA HUSHED. By A. E. PEARCE.

Bereaved parents will read this little work with interest.

PRINCIPLES TO START WITH. A WORD TO YOUNG MEN. By DR. WATTS. WITH INTRODUCTION BY T. BINNEY.

"Of a size for the waistcoat pocket," and well deserving to be carried there.

Miscellaneous.

THE INTRINSIC EXCELLENCY OF GOD'S WORD.—The Christian preacher should speak the word of the Lord faithfully, on account of its own intrinsic excellency. This is forcibly taught us in these emphatic words, "What is the chaff to the wheat?" Compared with the wholesome and the substantial food supplied by the doctrines of revelation, the speculations of man, however beautiful, or however ingenious, are empty and unsatisfying, and leave the desires of the soul unsupplied. The word of God is the bread of life which came down from heaven,—and from the period of its descent, has it communicated spiritual nourishment and life to all who, in every age, have tasted that the Lord is gracious; and having so fully and effectually administered its instructions and consolations to a world in ignorance and misery, what reason have we to be ashamed of any of its mysteries, or of any of its statements? It alone, pure and uncorrupted as it came from its great Author, has given light to them that sat in darkness, and that dwelt in the region of the shadow of death;—it alone, has placed within the hopes, and within the reach, of man, the life and the immortality of heaven, and has given him the means of securing all its happiness,—it alone has directed

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him to a Saviour who can remove all his guilt, and can create him anew after the image of Him that made him, and give to his heart a peace that will never leave it in life or in death; and it alone can conduct him from this world to God's judgment-seat, give him a place on which he may stand without fear, when the heavens and the earth shall flee away, and make him feel, amidst the solemnities of eternity, that because God has justified, there is none who can condemn. Such is the intrinsic excellency of the word which we are commanded to speak faithfully to the people. It has been tried by the scrutiny of ages and of generations, of friends and of enemies, and it has never been found wanting. "It is the law of the Lord, and is perfect, and converts the soul, and makes wise the simple, and rejoices the heart. It is more to be desired than gold, yea, than much fine gold; sweeter also than honey, and the honey-comb." And in holding back any part of it, or in mingling it with our own opinions, we show, not our unfaithfulness only, but our want of spiritual discernment, and our want of capacity for admiring the light of the knowledge of the glory of God. We thus prefer the chaff to the wheat; and, in the place of nourishing the people with the words of sound doctrine, even the words of our Lord Jesus, we present to them that which will never profit them—we feed them on the wind.—*Dr. Dewar.*

THE SAVIOUR'S ADAPTATION TO THE SINNER.—Are you thirsting for true happiness? Come, and draw water out of these wells of salvation. Are you weary? Jesus is your soul's rest. Are you heavy laden? Jesus is the sinner's burden-bearer. Are you bowed down with grief and pain? Jesus uncovers his stricken bosom, and bids you come and enjoy repose there. Have you spent your all upon physicians of no value, and are nothing better, but rather grown worse? Jesus is a great physician,—one touch of his hand will make you whole. Do you feel yourself to be the greatest sinner in the universe? Jesus died and rose again to save to the *uttermost* all that come unto God by him. O what a Saviour is he! So lovely, no object of beauty surpasses him. So loving and compassionate, no affection or tenderness is like his. So precious, all other objects lose their sweetness and their value in comparison. So dear, that life were a blank and heaven itself were no heaven without him. Repair to him, then, just as you are, and my life for yours, if he will not save you from hell, and fit you for heaven. "Him that cometh unto me, I will in no wise cast out." "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved."—*O. Winslow.*

SUBSTITUTION.—O unutterable exchange! the sinless one is condemned, the guilty goes free; the blessed bears the curse, the cursed bears the blessing; the life dies, and the dead live; the glory is covered with shame, and the shame is covered with glory. —*Lefevre.*—Paris, 1512.

HOPE AND FEAR.—Hope is like the cork to the net, which keeps the soul from sinking in despair; and Fear is like the lead to the net, which keeps it from floating in presumption.—*T. Watson.*

Intelligence.

EVENTS OF 1848.

A year so unparalleled in the memory of most, perhaps of all, living persons, deserves to have its leading events and marvellous changes *succinctly* stated, as the natural introduction to another. All confusion as it seems to the eye of sense, faith and prophecy assure us it is perfect order in the arrangements of the King of Kings.

The key to the whole may doubtless be found in the observation of a foreign correspondent of *The Christian Times*. He says, "We have passed through a period of history which has served for the trial and condemnation of *princes;* we are entering upon a period which will put *peoples* to the proof, and they will be found wanting in their turn." As with our Charles the First and the Stuarts, despotism, deceit, chicanery, and perfidy of the worst kind, have raised up nearly all the nations of Europe against their monarchs, who can never enslave them again, notwithstanding some apparent reaction; but the chief actors in all this, are, in too many cases, infidels of the worst quality,—the offspring of Popery and State-churches, men who deem it the *highest illumination* to disbelieve the existence of a God!

In *January*, scarce a ripple disturbed the surface of politics at home or abroad; every Government (England *of course* excepted) was existing for itself, and not for the governed. Only the marvel of a Pope *compelled* to be a little liberal! But the law in France is first strained to suppress the worship of Baptists, then to prevent a political dinner;—and—

February, the twenty-fourth, the French Republic is proclaimed in Paris, the throne literally shivered to pieces and thrown into the river, and the wily King a fugitive!

In *March*, all Germany and Italy feels the shock. The King of Prussia, after barbarously destroying his subjects for hours, was compelled to yield to the popular demands. In Italy, Lombardy throws off the yoke of Austria. Sicily, Naples, and other states demand, and get constitutional rights. The Minor German powers, of course, are obliged to yield; and before

April is ended, Metternich, the most

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cruel and cunning tool of tyrants in Europe, has fled from Vienna to England. And Austria, the stronghold of absolute despotism, of the Jesuits and Popery, is opened to the press, to constitutional liberty, and to the gospel; its idiot Emperor being himself obliged at last to flee. While Bohemia, Hungary, and other provinces, declare themselves independent.

But now till the end of the year, reactions commence. In France, red republicanism attempts, by barricades and street fighting, to overturn the republic while yet in process of formation; but General Cavaignac, with horrid loss of life, restores order. In Naples, the King, one of the incurably relentless and uncivilized Bourbons, manages to destroy the middle class national guard, by the mobs and his soldiers, and to reduce to ashes the principal town in Sicily. Radetsky obtains an immense army from Austria, and re-conquers Lombardy. The Emperor of Austria ravages Hungary by the semibarbarous Croats; next he is detected, when the Hungarians had routed these uncivilized hordes, sending troops against his own subjects; his own people arise against the perfidy of the despot; he flees again. He collects again the Sclavonic and Crotian soldiers against his own civilized Germans; he reconquers Vienna; but, unequal to the helm, he, in December, abdicates in favour of his nephew, Francis Joseph.

Meantime, the treacherous King of Prussia, emboldened by the success of the Austrian despot, seizes his own capital, Berlin, —takes away the arms from the National Guard,—dissolves the assembly before it has finished the constitution,—and while we write, he is doing all that *brute* force can do, to overpower the *moral* force by which his wise people meet the violence of their *loving* monarch.

To crown all, the POPE himself is now—the middle of December—an exile from Rome! The Head of the Roman Catholic Church, has left the Headship of the Roman Catholic State! May our Queen quickly do the parallel deed in England, without, however, needing to be frightened into it. May her *conscience* learn to shrink from the awful title—Head of the Church.

AT HOME, while thankful for comparative quiet, we have otherwise little to congratulate ourselves upon. Unprincipled and enormous expenditure for the benefit of the few, at the expense of the many. Ireland driven to rebellion, and kept quiet at a tremendous cost to England. Every liberal measure checked in the reformed House of Commons; while measures for restricting liberty, and extending Government intermeddling and patronage, pass with fearful speed. Men of high character imprisoned in Scotland, for refusing to pay *State-Church* exactions. Proposals to endow *Popery*, and a Bill enabling our Government to hold *ecclesiastical*, as well as civil, relations with the Pope. Chartist follies hindering the growth of national liberty. Deep distress amongst nearly all classes, almost the whole year through. Such are a few of the many things we should like to notice of public events at home. Thus has 1848 prefaced 1849! What is to be the state of Europe, and of England especially, at the end of this year?

Never was *the church* of Christ more urgently called upon to bestir itself. Christian principles alone can heal the nations; they alone can preserve England from being engulphed between the selfishness of her rulers and the recklessness of an infidel mob. This is our deliberate opinion.

The church of Christ, we repeat, must act out its principles,—must equally rebuke the oppressions of governors and the violence of the governed,—must assert the duty which all owe to God and each other, —must teach the principles of the bible to all classes equally,—and then may she, indeed, "be for salvation to the ends of the earth!"

THE REV. BAPTIST NOEL'S SECESSION FROM THE CHURCH OF ENGLAND.

We are not so vain as to hope that some letters we addressed to this universally esteemed minister in "The Church" for 1846, had any share in the step he has now taken. We are not indeed *certain* he ever saw them; but we then thought his *christian intelligence* as well as piety so far in advance of most episcopal ministers, that we could scarcely believe he would die in the impure embraces of the State. We are truly thankful the event has justified our expectations. *The* minister of the Parliamentary Church, most conspicuous for sanctified intellect, christian integrity, spotless character, and pastoral excellence; *the* minister of that Church, whom, if asked to name its best public man, every evangelical christian in Britain would have mentioned without hesitation,—*this* minister has withdrawn from her unhallowed communion! It does, we confess, require *extraordinary* piety to renounce the carnal seductions of almost every kind which bind a minister to *the Church of wealth, aristocracy, and fashion; hence* we fear that few will be found to follow his example. We have little doubt, however, though we would not be prophets, that God will soon smite the State-Church Babylon with an utter ruin. *Spreading intelligence* cannot long co-exist with priestcraft; *bankrupt exchequers*, with an avaricious and richly endowed clergy; the *infidelity* gendered by all National Churches, with the domination of its Mother. Hence we have little doubt also that the time is rapidly approaching for *voluntary* seceders from the *Compulsory Church* to be the men whom the people will honour. The insane folly and wickedness of our Government in pestering our colonies with the costly plague of bishops, while at the same time they endeavour to save that contempt of Europe, the Irish Protestant Church, by creating a Roman Catholic Church alongside of it; the renewal of antiquated barbarities by the ecclesiastical courts, are all in the hand of God aiding the grand consummation, hastening the advent of the day when little-

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great statesmen and assuming ecclesiastics will be swept into disgrace and ruin by the breath of a long defrauded but awakened people. God in his mercy grant it may be without blood! grant that *the* church, "in whose skirt is found the blood of thousands of innocents," may not have their blood required of *this generation!* If any thing can avert so *just* a result, it will be her ministers, like the excellent Mr. Noel, renouncing the *establishment principle;*—THE ONLY PRINCIPLE by which blood is, or has been, *or can be*, shed for religion! *the* principle which has shed blood for religion equally by the hands of men so diverse as Nero and our Edward VI; as John Calvin and Henry VIII; as Pagan priests and English bishops; as Spanish inquisitors, killing men by the rack for heresy, and English soldiers, shooting them for not *paying* tithes in the 19th century!!! But we have digressed from Mr. Noel to the "abominable thing" which he has renounced. Our hatred of the most hateful and bloodthirsty principle which ever cursed Christendom, has compelled us. *Men we condemn not;* the history of the horrid cruelties and slaughters which have all been based on the principle that *civil force* may ally itself with religion, a history we may one day give more fully, is the ample condemnation of that principle.

Mr. Noel preached his farewell sermon on Lord's-day, December 3rd. Though prematurely *ejected* by the Puseyite Bishop of London, he uttered not a condemnatory sentence respecting his persecutors. Both morning and evening his place was crowded to excess.

"THE BAPTIST MAGAZINE" AND "THE BAPTIST RECORD."

We have much pleasure in once more calling the attention of our readers to these excellent Magazines. The former has peculiar claims, as having been, for a long time, the sole denominational organ, and as containing articles of high ability, as well as all Intelligence worth having. To *our* readers, too, it will be a recommendation, that a large sum is every year appropriated, from its profits, to the relief of the widows of Baptist ministers.—The latter, though, as will be seen from an advertisement, it is changing its name to "The Christian Record," so as to circulate more extensively in other denominations, is still conducted by one of our most able Baptists; its contents are generally of a more critical and literary character than would be acceptable to many readers; and to all who can appreciate articles of the kind referred to, we earnestly recommend it as one of the best sixpenny Magazines of the day. The January Number is announced to contain, amongst other pieces, a Sermon by John Foster, and Papers on the Roman Catholic Endowment Question, on the Memoir of the Rev. J. Ely, and on the Canaanitish Wars of the Jews. The January Number of the Baptist Magazine, will contain an article by the venerable Mr. Lister of Liverpool, and a beautiful miniature likeness of the late William Knibb.

THE NONCONFORMIST.

Are there any of our readers who do not see "The Nonconformist?" Then they cannot do a wiser or a better thing than commence taking it with the new year. We have frequently drawn the attention of our friends to it as one of the best—if not *the* best—of Dissenting newspapers; it contains a mass of most interesting intelligence, both political and religious; and its views are generally such as we could wish universally disseminated—not only amongst Baptists, but amongst all Dissenters. Let those who cannot afford to take it themselves, join with one, two, or even six others. The more recent Numbers contain several letters from *working men*, on the causes for the marked alienation of their class from the religious movements of the day. We commend them to the careful consideration of our ministerial brethren, and, indeed, of all thoughtful christians.

BLOOMSBURY CHAPEL.

This splendid place of worship was opened for worship on the 5th of Dec. 1848. Dr. Harris preached in the morning, and Dr. Godwin in the evening. The congregations were overflowing, and comprised the flower of the Independent and Baptist Denominations in the metropolis. Mr. Peto, M.P. for Norwich, who has built the chapel, took the chair at an elegant dinner, to which between 300 and 400 ladies and gentlemen had been invited, and he having cordially welcomed his guests, brief speeches were delivered by Messrs. W. Brock, the minister of the place, J. Alexander of Norwich, Dr. Thomas Price, and Dr. Archer. Mr. Brock stated the providential arrangements which had led to his quitting Norwich, and taking the charge of the church to be formed in this place; also the munificent arrangements made by Mr. Peto for the erection and conveyance of Bloomsbury Chapel, and the building of a similar place, in due time, in another part of London. Apart from the site, the cost of the building is £8,700; of this sum, £4,700 is given by Mr. Peto; when the remaining £4,000 is repaid, he intends devoting it to the erection of another chapel. The new chapel is furnished with a fine and powerful organ. We trust that the founder and pastor will speedily have the satisfaction of seeing a large congregation in constant attendance, and witness the formation and prosperity of a flourishing church.

SPALDWICK, HUNTS.

On Wednesday, Dec. 6, 1848, the Rev. W. E. Archer, late of Chelsea, was publicly recognized as pastor of the church of Christ assembling in the Dissenting chapel, Spaldwick, Hunts. The Revs. H. L. Tuck, of Fenstanton, A. Newth, of Oundle, M. H. Crofts, of Ramsey, and J. Manning (who for more than fifty years sustained the pastorate of this church, and who is just entering on his ninetieth year, took part in the services. The attendance was very large, and the blessing of the Great Head of the church was realized.

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THE CHURCH.

"Built upon the foundation of the Apostles and Prophets, Jesus Christ himself being the chief corner-stone."—Eph. ii. 20.

FEBRUARY, 1849.

THE APOSTOLIC ORIGIN OF INFANT BAPTISM.

TRIED BY AN IMPARTIAL JURY.

When the late Daniel O'Connell was found guilty by means of a *packed* and *hostile* jury, no honest Englishman regarded the verdict as evidence of his criminality. Why not? The jurors gave it *in accordance with strong prepossessions*. When an Irish conspirator recently got off because the jury could not agree, this was, on the contrary, held to be no evidence in his favour, when it was known that the juror who "stood out," was strongly biased previously, on the prisoner's side. But when a jury, many of whom would have *preferred* to find Smith O'Brien not guilty, unanimously pronounced him *guilty*, not even his friends doubted the legal justice of the verdict. In the case of Infant Baptism, when a jury of learned Baptists assert it to be of *traditional* origin, or a jury of learned Pædobaptists affirm it to be of *apostolic* origin, and to be taught therefore in the writings of inspired apostles, a sensible christian, who thinks (perhaps much too indolently) that he has neither time nor ability to examine the evidence for himself, is utterly perplexed. Both parties give the verdict *in accordance with their prepossessions;* such a verdict his *English* common sense tells him is utterly worthless; and he goes on therefore, "*for the present*," as he is,—and that "*present*" lasts generally till his temporal future is gone irrecoverably. Could he but find a jury of men, sufficiently learned, and *free from any prepossession*, how thankful would he be! But could he find a competent jury, whose prepossessions were all on *one side*, but who gave their verdict on the *other side*, such a jury he would hail as all he could desire; and in real or supposed default of competency to decide for himself, he would accept their verdict as his safest guide.

What, then, will such a pious brother say, if I summon a jury of *Pædobaptists*—many of them of deep piety, all of undoubted learning, some standing higher far, as Church Historians, or Theologians, or Ecclesiastical Scholars, than our most learned English Pædobaptists; and if the verdict of this jury is, that Infant Baptism "is not to be found in the New Testament,"—"was not certainly instituted by Christ or his apostles,"—"was not in use in New Testament times,"—"was introduced later, because the *legal* state to which the church had sunk required it,"—"is only half baptism, and requires the ceremony of *confirmation* to complete it," and, consequently, has "come down to us only as a tradition of the church?" Yet these are the sentiments of the most eminent *foreign* Pædobaptist scholars of the present day. These scholars have *long* agreed

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that *baptize* means *immerse*, and that immersion was the only mode known in apostolic times, and (save in cases of illness) for 1300 years after. They are *now* all but as unanimous, that *Believers' Baptism* was the only one known to the New Testament writers. Surely the verdict of so many first-rate men in our favour, who have every inducement to give it against us, ought to satisfy all. A thousand Pædobaptists asserting that the *Great Authority* teaches their views, is, alas, too easy to be accounted for, without supposing them taught by *that* Authority; but a whole community of scholars affirming that the Book, in which of all books they would like to find their practice, knows nothing of it,—this admits of no explanation, but that the practice is *not there*.

INFANT BAPTISM IS NOT IN THE BIBLE. This, we feel certain, is the conclusion to which the candid and intelligent will soon be *driven*. It will then remain for them to give up the great principle, "*The Bible only*," or to give up Infant Baptism. The scholars in question, agree that "the Church has power to decree rites and ceremonies;" hence, though they greatly prefer to have the bible on their side, they *can* get on without it. English Protestant and Evangelical Dissenters, on the contrary, have hitherto built their faith and practice on the Scriptures exclusively; hence we expect, at no remote date, to find them, as renouncing *tradition*, becoming rapidly Baptists.

It is worth while just to notice the *reason* for the unanimity of modern German scholars on this subject, while the Pædobaptist scholars of the same country, soon after the Reformation, and those of England to this day, are so unanimous in *making* the bible bear witness for Infant Baptism. All the Reformers, having been formerly Papists, had to judge as they best could, what was human and what was divine in the system they shook off. Marvellous was the advance they made; all honour to those noble men for it! Let us ever estimate men, not by the knowledge they were born to, but the knowledge they have *acquired*, and the false opinions they have renounced. It is little therefore to their discredit (supposing Baptists to be right), that they retained Infant Baptism, with many other things which they found in Popery. True, a few Baptists did soon appear; but their distinguishing tenet being incompatible with any authority of Princes in the church of Christ, and Luther having unhappily placed his church in the hands of the German Princes, the great Reformer, though at first moderately inclined, soon became the most bitter persecutor of the Baptists,—we may say their *suppressor*. In England, where even most *Dissenters* thought that the magistrate ought to be supreme in matters *ecclesiastical*, Baptists were long hated and persecuted more than any sect, the Quakers excepted, who arose a little later. Thus matters long remained: Baptists scarce known but to be hated as anarchists (for opposing State-churchism) in Germany,—in England, even when persecution ceased, despised by the sects whose leaders had received a University education. Since the time of Bunyan, and perhaps especially since Fuller, Hall, Foster, and Carey, proved that Believers' Baptism was a tenet which the greatest theologian, pulpit orator, original thinker, and missionary of the day, could firmly hold, Baptists have not been quite so much looked down upon in England. They had men whom it was, happily, *discreditable* to despise. Still learned Pædobaptists, though many of the most candid of them owned that New Testament baptism was immersion, all held firmly by the New Testament origin of Infant Baptism, and do yet. No wonder! They must *accept* the article of the Church of England, against which they have so long protested, or find Infant Baptism in the bible. In a word, they must find it there, or renounce their churches, their denomination, their supposed high standing, and join a sect which

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they had been accustomed to look down upon, and that, too, knowing that all their associates would still continue to look down upon it. I really do not wonder at their ingenuity (perverse as it may seem to us) being exercised in every way, to eliminate their practice from the sacred authority. In Germany, scholars are released from the worst of these biassing causes. Strong as their motives are to find Infant Baptism in the bible, they have still stronger motives to be accurate in their *scholarship*.

And, let it be remembered, this is not a question in which German Neology or philosophy spoils the value of the opinion given. It is a question of *exact knowledge of antiquity*, whether the documents be the Sacred Scriptures, or the early Christian Writers. In this knowledge, the scholars of no country yet equal them. Their pride is to be at the head in *that* department. They would rather sacrifice their ecclesiastical preferences, than pronounce a wrong verdict on a question of Ancient History; hence the candour of their verdict. On their principles, they can retain their places in the State-church, and gain the additional credit of a *sound scholar's* verdict, that is, an unbiassed one, on this baptismal question.

1. As Foreman of our Jury, we call upon NEANDER, the well-known Church Historian, with whom no Englishman will presume to compare himself in knowledge of Christian Antiquity. In his "History of the Planting of the Christian Church by the Apostles," he says—

"Since Baptism marked the entrance into communion with Christ, it resulted *from the nature* of the rite, that a confession of faith in Jesus as the Redeemer would be made by the person to be baptized; and in the latter part of the *apostolic age*, we may find indications of the existence of such a practice. *As baptism was united with a* CONSCIOUS *entrance on christian communion, faith and baptism were always connected with one another;* and thus it is in the highest degree probable, that baptism was performed only in instances where both could meet together, and that THE PRACTICE OF INFANT BAPTISM WAS UNKNOWN AT THIS PERIOD."

He goes on to refute the "household argument,"—to show that Paul must have alleged the *baptism* of the children of the Gentiles, *had it existed*, against those who demanded their circumcision, had baptism really come in its place,—to show also, that there was no *class* of christians among whom it could have arisen in apostolic times,—and that the apostle's not reasoning from the *baptism* of the children in 1 Cor. vii. 14, necessitates the conclusion that the thing did not exist. *(See Ryland's Translation, vol. 1, pp. 187—193).*

Further, in his "History of the Times *subsequent* to the Apostles," he says—

"Baptism was at first administered only to adults, as men were accustomed to conceive of faith and baptism as strictly connected. *We have all reason for not deriving Infant Baptism from apostolical institution;* and the recognition which followed somewhat later (in the 3rd century), as an apostolical *tradition*, seems to confirm this hypothesis." *(Vol. 1, page 424, Clark's Foreign Theological Library).*

2. GIESELER, a Church Historian, second to Neander only, in writing of the *second* century, says—

"Baptism was *preceded by instruction, fasting, and prayer.* The baptism of children was *not universal*, and was occasionally *disapproved.*" *(Page 174, Clark's Library).*

3. HAGENBACH, a Theological Professor of high reputation, in his "History of Doctrines," says—

"Infant Baptism had not come into general use *prior to the time of Tertullian,*" (*i.e.* the close of the 2nd century). "The *passages of Scripture* which are thought to intimate that Infant Baptism had come into use in the primitive church, are *doubtful, and prove nothing.*" *(Pp. 190, 193. Clark's Library).*

4. Professor HAHN says—

"Baptism, according to its original design, can be given only to adults, who are capable of knowledge, repentance, and faith. *Neither in the Scriptures, nor during the first hundred and fifty years, is a sure example of Infant Baptism to be found;* and we must concede, that the numerous opposers of it cannot be contradicted on *gospel grounds.*" *(Theology, p. 556).*

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5. Professor LANGE says—

"All attempts to make out Infant Baptism from the New Testament fail. It is totally opposed to the spirit of the apostolic age, and to the fundamental principles of the New Testament." (*Infant Baptism, page* 101).

6. OLSHAUSEN, one of the most devout and learned of German Commentators, and one whose Lutheran views of sacramental efficacy would strongly incline him to find Infant Baptism in the New Testament, shows repeatedly in his very valuable Commentaries, that the language of the New Testament is irreconcilable with its existence, and that passages adduced by English Pædobaptists are wholly irrelevant. Thus,

On Matt. xix. 13, 14, "No trace of the often sought for reference to *Infant Baptism* in this passage, can be found in it." On Rom. vi. 3, 4, "This working of baptism can be ascribed to the baptism of *adults only*, in whom baptism and the new birth meet together." On Acts xvi. 13, 14, "Her baptism followed immediately on her confession of faith in the Messiah; hence it is highly improbable that infants can be included under the term "*household*." Relations, servants, or grown up children, must be understood. Indeed, we are utterly destitute of any sure passage in favour of Infant Baptism in the apostolic age; nor can its *necessity* be deduced from the *idea* of baptism. The condition of the church since the 3rd century, imperatively demanded the introduction of Infant Baptism; only, christian baptism sank as it were to the grade of John's baptism. But both baptism and the whole church had sunk down to the *legal state!*" Again, on 1 Cor. vii. 14, "It is clear that Paul would not have chosen this kind of proof, had Infant Baptism been in use at that time."

7. SCHLEIERMACHER, a devout man, and of world-wide reputation as a philosopher and scholar, both classical and sacred, says very decidedly—

"All traces of Infant Baptism which one will find in the New Testament, must first be put into it."

8. AUGUSTI ("Handbuch der Christlichen Archäologie," vol. 2) considers Infant Baptism to rest on *apostolical tradition;* but states also, that the practice was *gradually* introduced into the church. Having quoted passages from Origen (3rd cent.), and Augustine (end of 4th and beginning of 5th cent.), he adds—

"The certainty with which this is assumed (namely, that it was a church practice in *their* times, and rested upon apostolic authority) is a pledge of the universality of the *tradition*, that Infant Baptism has its foundation in the arrangements of the apostolic church." (*Pages* 328, 329).

He afterwards speaks of alterations in the *form* of baptism, owing to the prevalence of Infant Baptism. (The passage is given almost literally in Riddle's Christian Antiquities, pp. 444, 445, first paragraph under sec. 2).

9. LINDNER (Dr. F. W.) in a treatise entitled, "Die Lehre vom Abendmahle nach der Schrift," &c. (Leipz. 1831), says—

"For whom is baptism appointed? For adults, not for children; for adults of all times, not only of those times. Schleiermacher rightly says (Dogmatik, vol. ii. p. 540), 'Baptism is only then complete and right, when it is performed under the same conditions with the same spiritual pre-requisites, and the same influences as were found in those who were baptized in primitive times (bei den ersten Täuflingen), from religious communities not christians.' According to this, it follows that *there can be no question about any Infant Baptism, if the christian church will remain true to the gospel.* Neither the baptism of John nor Christian baptism can be fulfilled in respect to new-born children. The children of christians are, *by nature*, formed just as those of Jews or heathens. The formula concordiæ says truly, 'Christiani non nascuntur sed fiunt'—Men are not *born*, but *become* christians. They need the new birth just as Jews or heathens do; yet whilst they are infants they are not capable of it."

He goes on to say that some consider Infant Baptism an act of initiation, and then concludes thus—

"All such views would certainly not be brought forward, if we held fast by the Scripture:" (*pp.* 275, 276).

10. VON CÖLLN (Dr. D. G. C.), in his "Biblische Theologie, &c. Von Dr. D. Schulz" (Leipz. 1836), after saying that baptism is "an outward sign of the inward living conviction which the baptized person has of the truth of the doctrines of the new religion to which he goes over," adds—

"These convictions pre-suppose, if they are genuine, previous instruction. That Jesus

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required this, is shewn in Mark xvi. 15, where he makes the announcing of doctrine to precede baptism. It is involved in this, that baptism can be fulfilled on those only who are capable of instruction, or only on the adult; and that it was certainly not the design of Jesus to introduce infant baptism. Its later introduction into the church, was an effect of the erroneous notions which were entertained of the connexion of baptism with salvation." (*vol.* ii. *p.* 145).

11. DE WETTE, a first-rate translator of the Bible, in his "Kurzgefasstes exegetisches Handbuch zum Nevun Testament," on Acts xvi. 15, says—

"In this passage, as well as in verse 33; xviii. 8; 1 Cor. i. 16, proof has been found of the apostolical authority of Infant Baptism, but there is no evidence here that any, except adults, were baptized. Against Infant Baptism, see Theol. Stud. and Krit. 1830, p. 671. Neander, i. 204, &c. Meyer on the passage, Remarks on 1 Cor. vii. 14, p. 110)."

12. To the above I may add GESENIUS, the well-known lexicographer, who, when a friend of mine, then a student, described to him the views and practice of English Baptists, exclaimed,

"Why, how exactly like the primitive christians!"

THE SUM IS, that all these first-rate Pædobaptists, whom we quote, of course, not as authorities, but as necessarily impartial jurors, pronounce that *tradition*, not *Scripture*, is our authority for Infant Baptism; and no set of men in the world, have studied *both* tradition and Scripture more fully and accurately than they. I need hardly add, that assertions of its being an *apostolical tradition*, not only shew that the early fathers who made them, could not (any more than candid moderns) justify it from *Scripture;* but that as it was so common in the 3rd century, and onwards, to attribute men's inventions to the apostles, no *Protestant* historians can rely on such assertions. They only shew a wish to find the *highest* authority for some existing practice. At any rate, all institutions which claim to be apostolical on the ground of tradition, must be treated by *consistent* Protestants, as some who, on traditional grounds, claimed the priesthood, were by Nehemiah: "These sought their *register* among those that were reckoned by genealogy, but *it was not found; therefore were they, as polluted, put from the priesthood.*" We hope the distinction of Protestants will ever be that of putting away arguments from tradition as *polluted.* All who do not, must first be met like Papists, by asserting against them the sufficiency of "the Bible alone."*

THE DISSOLUTION OF THE BODY.

BY THE REV. J. J. BROWN.

"If our earthly house of this tabernacle were dissolved."—2 *Cor.* v. 1.

This passage represents the body as an earthly house, in which the thinking, spiritual, indissoluble part of man dwells. It is a tenement which the "Father of Spirits" has erected from the dust of the ground, and in which He has deposited the spiritual creation, which makes man the image of God. It is an organized apartment, into whose composition various elementary substances enter; which consists of various parts and members; and which the mind uses as instruments to secure its happiness, or to give expression to its thoughts and feelings. "We have our foundation in the dust, and we dwell in houses of clay." In these the powers of the mind are gradually to expand; are to acquire some degree

* As some of our readers may probably wish to have the above article in a form suited to gratuitous distribution, we have had it reprinted at a very low price, and it may be obtained through any Bookseller of the Publisher of this Magazine. We cannot but think that the dissemination, especially amongst Pædobaptists, of the information it contains could not fail to be useful.

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of vigour and maturity; and are thus to be fitted for a nobler habitation, and for higher pursuits. The apostle evidently marks this condition as one of inferiority, a state of imperfection and degradation. He opposes the earthly house to the heavenly building, and thus indicates the one as inferior to the other. This is the germinant state of the human being; that in which he puts forth the early and feeble developments of his faculties, not that in which they attain their full vigour and power. There appears good reason to believe that the body, as at present constituted, was never designed to be man's final abode; and, as defiled and degraded by sin, it is unfitted. It is now a prison, and not an appropriate dwelling for a pure mind. The faculties of the soul cannot be fully expanded and matured in it. The organs through which the soul perceives and acts are imperfect, and often deceive and lead us astray. The avenues through which knowledge is attained are but dark glasses; few things are distinctly seen and clearly understood by us. The very affections and appetites of the body are constant sources of temptation to evil. The mind sympathizes with the frailties and weakness of the house in which it dwells. The slightest disorder of the bodily powers will obstruct, and sometimes totally derange, the operations of the mind. A slight change in the atmosphere we breathe; a little more heat or cold in the temperature in which we live; a little change in the food which we eat, will affect the workings of the mind within. This is our present state. We are occupants of this earthly house—a changeable, decaying, perishable habitation.

Though we are now in this "earthly house," it is not designed to be our permanent abode. This the apostle intimates by the term "tabernacle." This is not a mere redundant expression, but conveys a new idea. Though the body is the house in which the soul now dwells, yet it is not to be regarded as a fixed, settled mansion; but as a temporary tent, which is erected for a season, and which at any moment may be struck and removed. As it is earthly, frail, imperfect, so also its continuance is short and uncertain. It is in perfect keeping with all that is of the earth—evanescent, perishing, dissoluble. The language of the apostle is very expressive, and assures us that this clayey house is not a settled residence, but warns us that it may be short, and is wholly uncertain. We dwell not in the rocky castle which has defied the tempest for ages, and of which scarcely a stone has mouldered away, and which no blast has ever shaken; but in the frail tent which is shaken by every breeze, which has often tottered, and which will speedily be dissolved. Time leaves upon them the traces of his progress, and intimates that every moment the end is drawing nearer. Disease puts upon them his impress, and assists in the process of dissolution. Toil, anxiety, and sorrow, leave upon them their marks, and hasten the termination. Our own folly and carelessness, our wilfulness in violating the principles on which the Builder has constructed them, precipitates the issue of the catastrophe. The longest period that the frail tenement endures is short; with the great mass of mankind, it is exceedingly brief; with all, it is wholly uncertain. "Every man at his best estate is altogether vanity." "All flesh is grass, and all the goodliness thereof is as the flower of the field; the grass withereth, and the flower thereof fadeth; because the Spirit of the Lord bloweth upon it." "As for man, his days are as grass; as a flower of the field so he flourisheth; for the wind passeth over it and it is gone; and the place thereof shall know it no more." "Our life is but as a vapour," and "between us and death there is but a step." Frail and easily removed as is this tabernacle, no one can foretell the moment when it will be taken down. The Being who constructed it will give the man-

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date, and it will be dissolved. The time of the removal has been in mercy concealed from us, but when the moment arrives no authority can postpone the event. The most consummate skill cannot preserve the fabric. The wealth of the universe cannot purchase a moment's respite. No strength can resist the appointed messenger. The ensigns of rank oppose no barrier to the ravages of the fell destroyer. In the palace as well as in the cottage, he plies his task. The tabernacle of the philosopher, as well as the tent of the illiterate; the sun-burnt and hardened abode of three score years and ten, as well as the lately erected and scarcely completed dwelling of the youth; the habitation of the gay and thoughtless, as well as the mansion of the sober and considerate; all are subject to the same law, and will at last be removed. "One generation passeth away and another cometh." Nay, while the possessor of the tabernacle has been contemplating its beauteous proportions; while he has been fancying that it is firmly fixed, and will long remain; the word has gone forth and the tent has been struck. While the Chaldean monarch was revelling amid his courtiers; while his pride would be satisfied with nothing else than the vessels of God's house to decorate his impious board; while he was surrounded by all that could please his depraved taste, or flatter his proud heart, or drown his senses; the mysterious hand wrote the doom, and in that night the glory and the kingdom departed, and the tabernacle was dissolved. While the rich worldling was planning to pull down his barns and build greater; while he was looking forward to many years of tranquility and enjoyment; while he was almost in the very act of addressing himself, "take thine ease, eat, drink, and be merry;" the sentence was passed which stigmatized his folly, and the soul was summoned from the tabernacle in which it had sojourned to the presence of the Judge. While Herod was in the audience-chamber, and sat upon the throne of state; when the cities had made their submission and sued for his favour; while the impious shout, "It is the voice of a god and not of a man," was yet ringing in his ears as sweetest music; the invisible hand smote the frail fabric, and it fell amid manifest tokens of degradation. As the morning mist, which the first beams of the sun scatter and leave no trace behind them; as the tender blossom, whose beauty is smitten by the eastern blast, and it droops and dies; as the tent, which the traveller pitches when the shades of evening fall, and which he strikes with the first dawn of morn; so is man, his "breath is in his nostrils, whereof is he to be accounted ?"

The house which is thus earthly in its origin, and short and uncertain in its continuance, will at last be wholly "dissolved." It is composed of various elements and parts; these will be taken one from another, and all will be resolved into their original components. This dissolving process is perpetually going forward in the world. Perhaps it was the Creator's design that the inferior races of the sentient creation should prey upon each other; and certainly it was his design that there should be a perpetual succession of decay, death, and reproduction in the vegetable world; but there is no reason whatever to suppose that the degradation of death and dissolution formed any part of Jehovah's plan in the erection of the "earthly house" in which we dwell. That the original condition of man was not designed to be his final state, there seems good reason to conclude. It was the state of probation, from which, had it been successfully sustained, the creature might have been translated to a higher sphere, endowed with nobler powers, and put in the possession of richer enjoyments. To fit him for such a state of existence, change would perhaps have been necessary. What was gross and decaying would have been removed; and perhaps after the example of Enoch, or of the

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prophet Elijah, or as will be the case with those who are "alive and remain" at the coming of the Lord, who shall be changed in a moment, in the twinkling of an eye," so would man receive in an instant the impress of the spiritual, and take his place among the nobler races of God's intelligences. Perhaps no organ of the frame would have been destroyed, but the perceptions of all made much more acute: the eye would range among worlds which to present human vision are buried in the bosom of boundless space, and the ear would drink in sweet harmonies which are now lost upon the dull organ. Dissolution there would have been none. Human death is the offspring of sin. Though man was of the dust, yet to return to dust was a penal infliction. This is now the law of his nature, and, to some extent, the same sentence appears to extend to the world in which he lives; as though the pollution which issues in his own dissolution had been communicated to the atmosphere which he breathed, and the earth on which he trod. The dissolving power of time may now be traced in the crumbling away of the stupendous edifices which have been raised as monuments of human pride, and power, and skill, and which they would fain have transmitted to the latest ages. The sites of celebrated cities, the centres of vast and mighty empires—Babylon and Sparta—can no longer be traced upon the face of the earth. The trophies which have been erected to perpetuate the exploits and immortalize the fame of men, have ceased to tell their tale. Nay, the period will arrive when "the heavens shall pass away with a great noise, and the elements shall melt with fervent heat; the earth also, and the works that are therein, shall be burned up." "All these things shall be dissolved." The dissolution of the material elements by which we are surrounded, is in consequence of the sentence passed upon the "earthly house of this tabernacle." Within our own bosoms the decaying process is going forward. The seeds of decomposition have been scattered through the whole frame. Sin has interwoven them with every fibre of the body. In the innermost recesses of the "tabernacle," unperceived by human eye, and unbeknown to human science, the frettings and attritions are carried on, which will terminate only when the whole structure has been laid in ruins. Occasionally we are conscious that the work of demolition is progressing. Shock after shock announces that some portions of the fabric are weaker and more susceptible of assault than others. One storm after another causes it to totter, and sometimes we are led to think that the last moment has arrived, and that dissolution is at hand. And not unfrequently does a fair exterior conceal the secret operations of the destroyer within. The fair cheek, the bright eye, the agile step, the blithesome heart, may mask the sapping operation, and be the signs of the downfall of the edifice. The spark may be the brightest at the moment of extinction; the worm may prey on the root when the blossom is emitting its sweetest fragrance; the core may be decaying when the fruit appears most rich and mellow to the eye. Certainly the period of dissolution cannot be far distant with any one of us. Then this frame which is so "fearfully and wonderfully made;" in which are united and combined into one, so many and such delicate parts; on which the wise and beneficent Creator has impressed such wondrous sensibilities and powers; will return to the dust from which the plastic hands of the Creator first moulded it. Then the close union which has existed between this outward shell and the enshrined spirit, shall be no more; matter shall no longer clog, enfeeble, and circumscribe mind, and mind shall no more be necessitated to use gross, diseased, decaying, dissolving matter as the organ of perception and action. The light will shine as brilliantly as ever, the seasons will return, and the earth will be clothed with its accustomed beauty; the south wind will

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waft its annual burden of fragrance; the warblers of the wood will send forth their joyous shouts; but the organs for which these were designed to be sources of happiness, have been dissolved. The "dust has returned to the earth as it was; the spirit has returned unto God who gave it."

THE HEAVENLY MERCHANDISE.

RECOMMENDED AS A PROFITABLE ENTERPRISE FOR THE NEW YEAR.

How many carefully digested schemes of pecuniary speculation have failed during the past year, and what wrecks of individuals, of families, and of companies, are strewed all along its banks; yet the busy men of this busy world are still saying, "Who will show us any good?" and many are the projects that are doubtless being formed for the new year, which, like those of the past, will engulf multitudes in ruin. "Well," the readers of "The Church" will be ready to say, "and what scheme of profit have you to propose?" The answer is at hand; we propose your joining a company that has been formed for thousands of years, "whose merchants are princes, whose traffickers are the honourable of the earth." In a word, we desire you to seek without delay, the "unsearchable riches of Christ." For,

> "This is the field where hidden lies,
> The pearl of price unknown;
> That merchant is divinely wise,
> Who makes that pearl his own."

Hence our Lord says, "The kingdom of heaven is like unto a merchant man, seeking goodly pearls: who, when he had found one pearl of great price, went and sold all that he had, and bought it." Permit us, therefore, in order to awaken your interest in this Heavenly Merchandise, to point out to you some of its peculiar advantages; and,

First,—*It requires no capital of your own to begin with.* This is surely an advantage; for it would be of little use, you know, for a merchant to go on to the exchange or the market to purchase any commodity, without the means of paying for it. But over the *Royal Gospel Exchange* is written, "The poorer the wretch, the welcomer here;" all the rich blessings of grace and glory being provided "without money and without price." It is true, the proud heart of man rebels against this merchandise, as Naaman at first despised the remedy prescribed by the prophet, because it was so simple and so free. He had carried with him "ten talents of silver, and six thousand pieces of gold, and ten changes of raiment," and felt his dignity insulted, that, notwithstanding his rank and riches, he must be healed as a pauper, or return home a leper. After the same manner, also, the Pharisee went to the temple, but his good works were not "current money" in that market, and therefore he was sent empty away; while the poor publican, who felt himself a ruined bankrupt in the sight of God, "went down to his house justified rather than the other." If, then, you would be "rich towards God,"—if you would be pardoned, justified, sanctified, saved, you must renounce all those "goodly pearls" of self-righteousness in which you have been trusting, and part with all for Christ, the "one pearl of great price."

Second,—*An excellent bank is provided for you.* "The fulness of the blessing of the gospel of Christ." "For it pleased the Father that in Him should all fulness dwell," and as all banks issue their *promissory notes*, so you have many "great and precious promises" written by the Holy Spirit, and sealed by the blood of Jesus Christ, and you must make use of these bank notes. If a person of unquestionable opulence should give

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you a note of hand for a sum of money, you would say, "He is a man of such wealth and integrity that my money is as sure as if I had it in my pocket;" give, then, the same implicit faith to God's promises; you have, under his own hand and seal, "Whoso cometh unto me I will in no wise cast out," "My grace is sufficient for thee," and many more such promises; take them in the hand of faith, plead them in fervent prayer, and you will not be sent empty away. This bank, too, is *open at all times*, morning, noon, and night, and it *can never fail;* it was established in the everlasting covenant, and was opened here about six thousand years ago, for the first note was issued immediately after the fall, and although millions have been supplied from it, its riches are undiminished and undiminishable; no extraordinary run upon this bank, such as there was on the day of Pentecost, or as there will be in the latter day glory, will at all shake its stability or affect its resources, for it is the "fulness of Him that filleth all in all."

Third,—*In this merchandise you are sure of all profit and no loss.* This you are aware is more than can be said of any earthly commerce. The vessel may perish at sea. The agent may be unfaithful on land. Or unexpected falls in the market may reduce the rich merchant to a poor beggar. But who ever lost anything by serving Christ? Peter once spoke of the outlay he had made in this merchandise, saying, "Lord, we have left all and followed Thee." But Jesus soon showed him that he was a great gainer thereby, saying, "Verily, I say unto you, there is no man that hath left house, or parents, or brethren, or wife, or children, for the kingdom of God's sake, who shall not receive manifold more in this present time, and in the world to come everlasting life." There is a note of hand for you! Oh, then, be entreated this year to trade more largely with Heaven. Correspond with it much by prayer, always be on the exchange and market-place of social and public worship. Be but as diligent as the merchants of this world, and what a prosperous year we shall have! "Our garners will be full, yielding all manner of store; our oxen will be strong to labour; there will be no breaking in, nor going out, and no complaining in our streets;" and it shall be said of the church of Christ, "Happy is that people that is in such a case, Happy is that people whose God is the Lord!"

Fourth,—*If you should die this year you will lose nothing, but gain everything by this merchandise.* How many during the past year have toiled to accumulate wealth, and may have succeeded; but not being "rich towards God," not being spiritual merchants, seeking the "pearl of great price," have died and left all their riches behind them; and what would it have profited them, even if they had gained the whole world and lost their own souls? Oh, foolish merchants! Oh, miserable traders! Your gains are all over now! While many an humble believer, who ate the bread of penury, many a poor widow in an alms-house, have "died in the Lord," and have entered upon their inheritance above; for through grace they carried on a spiritual traffic, whereby they laid up "treasure in heaven," and now they have entered upon the possession of it. So, be it our concern this year, to trade much with that distant land, and then, if death should summon us thither, how cheering will be the thought, that though we are embarking for an unknown country, yet it is a place where we have many friends who are already settled there, so that we shall be, in fact, at home the moment that we enter upon it. Christian brethren! our treasure is on high, let our conversation be there also. Then,

> "When heaven shall sign our grand release,
> We are no strangers to the place,
> The business or the joy."

Bury St. Edmunds. CORNELIUS ELVEN.

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MISTAKES ON CONVERSION.

BY THE REV. JAMES LISTER.

A christian church is a society of christians, and as we cannot search the heart, and have no right to search it, we are to believe them to be christians, who give evidence of being renewed in heart. "If any man be in Christ, he is a new creature; old things are passed away; all things are become new." If churches receive into their number persons who do not show by their experience and conduct that they are "born again," the glory is departed, and a door opened for declension in doctrine, in order, and moral conduct. But what is conversion? Let me advert to some common errors and mistakes on this subject. I shall state them as briefly, yet as perspicuously, as I can.

1. An infidel may be led to renounce his unbelief and embrace the truth of christianity. This is a great and most beneficial change, and may be eventually a step to his eternal welfare. But a belief of the truth of christianity does not involve either a knowledge of wherein vital godliness lies, nor a cordial submission to evangelical truth. Some superior defences of revelation have been made by writers who have given no proof of personal religion.

2. A man may change his religious views, and remain unconverted. He may quit one department of the visible church and join another. The Churchman may become a Dissenter; the Wesleyan become a Calvinist; the Independent become a Baptist; the Papist become a Protestant: such changes, in perfect sincerity, are not unfrequent, and are beneficial so far as they go, but they do not, in themselves, involve a change of heart, and may be experienced by such as afford no proof of godly fear or love to Jesus Christ.

3. Terrors of conscience are not conversion. They often, indeed generally, more or less attend it. No man can be changed savingly who does not repent of sin, and no repentance can exist without some degree of distress from an awakened conscience. But terrors with great alarm and overwhelming fears often spring only from a clear view of the *results* of sin and its true wages in the eternal world. Many have been occasionally alarmed by dangerous sickness, or a rousing sermon, or an imminent danger, or a faithful reproof, who have never entered the narrow gate of sincere application to the Saviour.

4. Reform in conduct is not conversion. Conversion does necessarily produce morality, but morality may be found in much loveliness where religion is wanting, nay, where it is neglected, or even rejected. Experimental christians would not readily admit the personal godliness of decided Socinians, while it cannot be questioned that among them, and among those Quakers who are anti-evangelical, fine specimens of correct and high-toned morality abound. Nor is it uncommon (and let us rejoice in the fact) that Temperance Societies have operated in many instances to reform the life, though they have not renovated the inward man.

5. Delusive experiences have been taken for conversion. One or two specimens may suffice. A person may be deeply impressed with the danger of his state as a sinner, and may be much employed in the use of means for obtaining relief; he reads, prays, attends sermons, meets with serious persons, and devotes time to self-examination and reflection. On some occasion, when alone and depressed in spirits, and fearing his unfitness to stand before God's bar, he is anxiously looking round for some gleam of hope. In this state, he hears, or thinks he hears, a voice, saying to him, "Be of good cheer, thy sins are forgiven." His distress vanishes, and he concludes that he is now in safety with God.

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Another obtains relief from doubts by a dream. If Scripture authority be admitted, dreams have been employed by Him who knows best how to work on the human heart, to alarm and teach. "In a dream, in a vision of the night, when deep sleep falleth upon men, in slumberings upon the bed; *then* He openeth the ears of men, and sealeth their instruction, that he may withdraw man from his purpose, and hide pride from man" (Job xxxiii. 15—17). The lives of some most eminent servants of the Lord bear ample testimony to the fact, that dreams have been sent to promote their highest interests. John Bunyan and Colonel Gardner are instances. But the abuse to which I refer arises from ignorance or presumption. A man who knows not the method of a sinner's justification before God, a stranger to the wickedness and deceitfulness of his own heart, is concerned for his salvation, and looking after some prop of confidence. He dreams that he has been in heaven and seen its beauty and grandeur; or that he has beheld the Lord on a cross, looking at him affectionately; he awakes, and concludes that the dream is a message from above to assure him of his safe condition.

Another obtains peace by the application of some part of holy Scripture to his own circumstances. He opens the sacred volume and his eye fixes on the words, "I am He who blotteth out your sins," or, "Come, though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be as wool." It is not the view here given of the character of the God of salvation, or any impulse by the words whereby the reader is led to Jesus, which becomes the spring of eventual comfort. No, it is the fact that the words have presented themselves to the mind, and laid hold of it. *This* is the *ground* of hope.

6. Excited feelings may be put for a saving change. A revival has taken place. The gospel is preached faithfully and earnestly, providences are sanctified, the chapel or church is crowded, many are constantly affected, and sinners are drawn to Christ from different classes, and probably from the relatives and friends of the individual. His feelings being strongly roused, and having found no satisfaction in the ways of sin, or folly, or irreligion, and believing these converts to have attained true comfort in their surrender to God and his ways, he decides to follow their example, and to unite with the people of Christ. He does so, he is received, and conceives that all is right. But alas, he has never been brought off from self-dependence, and built exclusively on the Redeemer. His joys soon vanish, and he withereth away.

7. False foundations may be laid, on which a man may repose his trust, and neglect genuine conversion. Many who have the Scriptures in their hands, and who should know at least the elements of Gospel truth, are so far mistaken as to ascribe a saving efficacy to the participation of christian ordinances—Baptism and the Lord's Supper.

The writer does not refer to baptismal regeneration as connected with the application of water to an infant in the name of the Trinity. He refers to such as connect salvation and pardon with submission to baptism by an adult, on the *confession* that "I believe that Jesus Christ is the Son of God." The writer knows those who thus confine salvation to those who have been immersed on a simple profession of their crediting Jesus to be the true Messiah, the Son of God. And how many are there who believe all to be right, if they can, by various arguments, induce themselves to come forward to the Table of the Lord. The value of decision depends entirely on the views and motives by which it is regulated.

No substitute can be provided for conversion, or, in other words, for repentance towards God on account of sin, for faith in Christ for his salvation, and for a surrender, on *these* grounds, to the service of the Redeemer.

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Biblical.

HOURS WITH MY BIBLE CLASS. No. 2.

BY THE REV. J. A. BAYNES, OF NOTTINGHAM.

We were reminded, by its name, of the ancient character of the Bible. This characteristic belongs, however, to its different parts in very different degrees. Each age has contributed its portion to our sacred store, down to the time when the Divine Spirit closed the record. The writers are spread over a period of nearly 1600 years. Moses wrote Genesis about 1490 years before Christ, and John, in Patmos, concluded with the Revelation about A.D. 98.

The Hebrews were a people chosen by God for important purposes, to be "a kingdom of priests and a holy nation." "What advantage, then, hath the Jew?" asks the apostle, writing to the Romans; and then replies, "Much every way; chiefly because unto them were committed the oracles of God." And so it was. From time to time God made known his mind to man; and He inspired holy men to place on record these discoveries of His will, whether they were in the form of History, of Poetry, or of Prophecy. One after another they were added to the Sacred Volume, until it grew gradually to its present completeness.

And if of this completeness a stranger should ask us, what is it? how came it so? we are ready, or should be so, to give an answer to such a questioner,—to tell him what are the books we receive into our complete Bible, and why we so receive them.

II. THE OLD TESTAMENT CANON.

And first of all, of what we call the Old Testament; the sacred writings before the time of Christ. Throughout the New Testament, we find reference, direct or indirect, to a certain collection of writings entitled "The Scriptures," and quoted, whether by our Lord, his apostles, or the Jews, as of divine authority. No question was ever raised then as to what particular books were included under this title. Here Christians and Jews were fully agreed. And among all the charges brought by Christ against the scribes and Pharisees, they are never accused of altering or mutilating the sacred volume. They made void, indeed, the law through their traditions often; but, in the care of the sacred writings, they were invariably and wonderfully faithful to their trust.

Beyond all controversy, then, the Old Testament Canon, whatever it included, was settled and acknowledged as the unerring catalogue of books given by revelation of God, in the time of our Saviour.

What were the books included in this Catalogue or Canon? To refer again to the New Testament, we find them spoken of generally as "The Law," "The Law and the Prophets," and in one place, "The Law, the Prophets, and the Psalms." The first of these three titles is admitted to refer to the Pentateuch or Five Books of Moses, which contained the Jewish law. The other appellations are in themselves vague; but from the manner of their use evidently refer to some acknowledged and well-understood arrangement. For precise information, therefore, we must have recourse to other authority. And,

1. *The consent of the Hebrew nation* may be gathered from an examination of the contents of the Hebrew Bible. If we can find out definitely what the particular books were, that in the time of Christ stood there in the sacred pages which the Jews venerated, and our Saviour sanctioned, we have a very strong argument for accepting that same list as the one that we shall receive and adopt. That which Christ quoted, and which was well known to those to whom he spake, what was it—what was in it? Once let us know this, and we shall have good cause for keeping and defending it.

Here, then, we stand in our first stronghold. We find there the thirty-nine books which we acknowledge; find them in all editions without material addition or subtraction, retained by every editor. With the quibbling of the Jews about their comparative importance, our present enquiry has nothing to do. Enough that we have their sacred volume, and that in it these books all uniformly are.

We say, our thirty-nine books are all there. The Jews, however, arranging these same books differently, count them as twenty-two. They do so thus: Judges and Ruth they link together. The two books of Samuel, Kings, and Chronicles, they count

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as one respectively. Ezra and Nehemiah they unite. Jeremiah's Lament they attach to his Prophecies, and the Twelve Minor Prophets they join into one book. They are the same books, however, as ours: all the same, and only the same. The consent of the Hebrew guardians of God's oracles we take as our first argument. Our next point is,

2. *The Septuagint translation.* These same books are all found in that most celebrated version of the Hebrew Scriptures into Greek, executed at Alexandria about 286 B.C., and known as the Septuagint from the seventy employed in the work. It is true that the books called the Apocrypha are also contained in this volume, but that they are not there on the same footing with the others, will appear if we remember that these Apocryphal writings are not found in Hebrew at all; that the Jews reject them; that the christian fathers deny their authority; and that they contradict themselves, and defeat all their claims by their falsehoods and nonsense.

3. *The early writers*, after the time of our Lord, give the self-same list, from the era of the Apostles until the very end of antiquity. Their testimony, too, is especially important, as it is given for the most part incidentally, and not in the way of special pleading. For instance, JOSEPHUS (contr. Apion) gives a catalogue including all the above and no more. MELITO, a christian bishop, who travelled from his diocese of Sardis, throughout Judæa, for correct information, gives, according to Eusebius, the very same list as the Jew Josephus. ORIGEN, who almost immediately succeeded Melito in order of time, precisely agrees with him, with only a slight difference that is very manifestly a case for an erratum. And so also with other writers. Then we have as an important additional element of evidence,

4. *The testimony of controversialists.* This canon was received without question by disputants, whether Jews or Christians, orthodox or heretic. The common ground of theological antagonists in vital questions is generally safe ground. And in this case it would have been most convenient, if at all possible, to call in question the authenticity of some books or sections. This, however, they none of them dared to do.

For reasons like these, we believe that the books which the Jews received; on which Christ set the seal of His authority; and which an apostle, himself inspired, has declared to be "given by inspiration of God," are the thirty-nine which have come down to us, and which this Old Testament contains.

Tales and Sketches.

THE CONVERTED SOLDIER.

FROM THE REV. JAMES SMITH.

Some christian friends were once conversing together of the various ways by which they had been brought to a knowledge of the truth; among them was a young man in the full dress of a soldier. A minister who knew his history, requested him to relate it to the others; with much hesitation he complied.

He commenced by referring to the days of his youth, when under the fostering care of pious parents. Their instructions and prayers, their holy example and tears, which he had resisted, he alluded to with deep feeling. After a course of sin and folly, he said that at length he enlisted as a soldier.

"Before I left my native land," he continued, "my father offered to buy me off; and my mother implored me not to leave her. 'O my son;' said she, 'my only son! —my only child!—do not break my heart, and draw down the curse of God upon your head.' I felt I loved them. Gladly would I have stayed at home; but their religion, it was their *religion*, *not* them, I hated; and to get away from *it*, I resolved to go away from *them*. Being an only child, it was too much for the already broken heart of my tender mother to bear; and, praying for her unworthy child, she sank into the grave soon after my departure.

"When far off at sea, one day on changing my linen, a small Bible dropped out from the fold of a shirt. My mother, concerned for my salvation, had placed it there when she had put up my clothes. I felt

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mad with rage, snatched it up, ran on deck, and cast it overboard as far as I could throw it.

"When I joined my regiment, I threw off all restraints, and went deep into sin. The number and nature of my sins make me tremble and blush when I think of them. I regarded not future consequences; and nothing but grace abounding to the chief of sinners could reach my case.

"I was engaged one day with my companions in our usual profane manner, when the sound of distant psalm-singing broke upon my ear. My attention was arrested; I stood still and listened; and thoughts altogether different from any which had heretofore occupied my mind laid hold upon it. Tears ran from my eyes. *Home* stood before me,—my father's and mother's prayers,—the grief I had caused them,—Sabbaths at home,—family worship in my father's house,—my heinous sins against God,—all came crowding upon my remembrance, until I shook and trembled in view of the wrath of God to which I stood exposed, and which I thought had then overtaken me. My companions at first mocked at my distress, and then left me. I walked towards the place whence the sound of singing had proceeded, and I found a missionary preaching to a congregation of negroes I lay down under a bush, and heard the remainder of the sermon, and heard also when they were to meet again for worship.

"It would be impossible to describe how my nights and days were passed till then. I had no Bible; nor was there in the regiment a man to whom I could apply for advice and instruction. At the time appointed, I was again secreted behind my bush; but the sermon served only to recal my guilt.

"I had been a leader to the regiment in its follies and wickedness. Again and again my companions urged me to join them; some coaxed, others swore, many laughed, and all mocked me. I fearlessly made known to them the change which had taken place in my mind, what now were my views and feelings regarding the sins with which we were chargeable, and what would be the sad and everlasting consequences if we persisted in our wicked courses, and refused to repent and turn to the Lord. The whole barracks now rang with the tale of the change in me. Many said, 'He is mad!' others, 'That a glass of rum would one day cure him.'

"I had gone to almost every man in the regiment enquiring for a Bible; but could find none. A person holding office in the town, hearing that I was searching for a Bible, sent me word to call on him, and he would give me one. Without delay I called on him. He handed me a small parcel carefully wrapped up, and sealed with the inscription 'Holy Bible' written upon it. I thanked him for it, and hastened back to the barrack-room. You may imagine what was my disappointment and mortification when, upon opening the wrapper, I found a dirty pack of *cards!* The room rang with shouts of '*Well done!*'—'It serves him right!'—'Just as it should be, my boys!' and so on.

"As a retreat from my persecutors, I now spent much of my time in the woods, and under the bush where I first heard the missionary preach. In my supplications to God, I prayed to be directed where I might find a Bible. You may judge of my surprise, when one day, on coming to the bush, I found under it a new Bible. Overcome with joy, I fell on my knees, and thanked and praised God for the gift; but when I had finished my devotions, I heard a rustling among the bushes, as if some one approached me. It was the *missionary*. He informed me that, on a previous occasion, while waiting for his congregation, he overheard my prayer for a Bible; he had brought me one, and had listened to the thanksgiving I had rendered to God for it. I then received from him such instructions and advice as encouraged and comforted my spirit. I attended his ministry; nor was it long before the Lord appeared for my help. Faith cometh by hearing. After a short time, I could adopt the language of the apostle and say, 'Therefore, being justified by faith, we have peace with God, through our Lord Jesus Christ.'

"The great question now was, 'Lord, what wilt thou have me to do?' I commenced reading my Bible in the barracks in the evening. This was met by great opposition. To drown my voice, my comrades sang songs; others cursed and swore, and many laughed and mocked; a few, however, night after night, gathered around me, and listened with attention to the Word of God; nor did they hear, I hope, in vain. By steadfast, unflinching, and upright christian conduct, the Lord making his grace sufficient for me, I put persecution to shame. They at last let me alone, apparently more

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afraid of my attacking them than manifesting any disposition to attack me. So completely did persecution cease, that while some appeared to fear me, I found almost all ready to do me a kindness.

"Such had become the happy state of things, when the regiment was ordered home. I then obtained leave of absence to visit my father, that I might confess my sins against him, and obtain his forgiveness and blessing. At length my native village appeared to view, bringing with it many a painful recollection. It was at last reached and entered, and my father's house appeared in the distance. I hastened to fall at his feet. I had not proceeded far up the street, when I met a funeral, and recognized a near relative walking as chief mourner. I enquired of a looker-on whose funeral it was. He told me. Alas, it was my beloved father's! I followed it as well as I could, and at the grave threw myself on the coffin, scarcely conscious what I did. When I was recognized, it was murmured around, —'He has brought down their grey hairs with sorrow to the grave!' O that this accusation had been false; but it was too true!

"When I look back on the many dangers I have passed, and reflect on the varied and great temptations to which I have been exposed, with the snares also that have been laid for my feet, I would exclaim, '*Kept by the power of God!*' Thus I have given you a faithful account of what God has done for my soul. To me belong only shame and confusion of face—to God alone must be ascribed the praise. By his grace I am what I am."

How great the encouragement this soldier's conversion holds out to pious parents to continue in prayer to God for the salvation of the most prodigal of their children! At the same time, how it manifests the importance of early religious education; it was his *early* impressions revived which awakened, awed, and humbled the daring soldier. It was the sound of psalm-singing, which he had been accustomed to hear in the home of his childhood, that arrested his attention, and called up the remembrance of his past privileges and sins. Are *your* children *so* accustomed to the sounds of *prayer* and *praise*, that should they, in the providence of God, be far removed from you, the voice of devotion will be sufficient to recal to their minds a mother's voice and a father's prayer? What a place of wonder will heaven be! There the fond mother and affectionate father, in rapturous astonishment, shall meet and embrace their son—their only child, whom on earth they had given up for lost! The transporting event will tune their harps anew, and swell their notes of praise! Yes,

> "Though seed lie buried long in dust,
> It shan't deceive their hope;
> The precious grain can ne'er be lost,
> For grace ensures the crop."

"THE LORD HATH NEED OF HIM."

BY MRS. F. L. SMITH.

There is probably no attentive student of the Bible, who has not been often surprised by discovering on its pages some touching beauty of thought, or expression, or incident, which had hitherto failed to attract his notice, though his eye had many a time before passed over it. Such to the writer has been the simple narrative given by Luke, from which our motto is selected. "And it came to pass, when he was come nigh to Bethphage and Bethany, at the mount called the Mount of Olives, he sent two of his disciples, saying, Go ye into the village over against you, in the which at your entering ye shall find a colt tied, whereon yet never man sat; loose him and bring him hither. And if any man ask you, Why do ye loose him? thus shall ye say unto him, THE LORD HATH NEED OF HIM. And they that were sent went their way, and found even as he had said unto them. And as they were loosing the colt, the owners thereof said unto them, Why loose ye the colt? And they said, The Lord hath need of him." This reply seems to have given immediate and entire satisfaction, for another evangelist adds, "and they let them go." Who these "owners" were we are not told. Their names are not perpetuated in the annals of the church below. But from the promptness with which they responded to the demand of their Divine Master, is there not reason to suppose that they now belong to the church triumphant, and that "their names are written in the Lamb's Book of Life?"

"The Lord hath need of him." How often has this language been addressed to the people of God in every age. The patriarch heard it, and with willing though trembling hands, laid his only son upon the altar. The mother of Samuel heard it, and while all the tenderness of a mother's heart

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yearned toward her first-born, she tore the weaned child from her bosom that he might "appear before the Lord, and there abide for ever." And when the same announcement was made in heaven by the great Law-giver of the universe, and fell upon the ear of his only, and well-beloved, and equal Son, the prompt and unfaltering response was heard, "Lo, I come to do thy will, oh God!"

I enter the curtained chamber where a youthful mother sits in speechless agony, bending over the cradle of her dying infant. What can I say that will not add anguish to her grief? May I not better imitate the example of the three friends of the man of Uz, who "sat down with him upon the ground seven days and seven nights, and none spake a word unto him, for they saw that his grief was very great?" But, weeping mourner, I have a message even for thee. Let it fall gently upon thine ear, and enter as balm into thine heart. The Lord hath need of that infant spirit to fill some special place in the worship of the upper temple. Thou hast avouched the Lord Jehovah to be thy God. Time after time hast thou presented thy child in prayer; often hast thou asked that heaven's best blessings may ever rest upon him; and not unfrequently have the tears bedimmed thine eye whilst the earnest petition has gone from thy heart, "the Lord God of my fathers, and my God, bless thee, my child." And now, when thy heavenly Father has come, and calls him to the upper temple, wilt thou withhold from him the gift? Wilt thou not rather calmly impress thy last kiss upon that clay-cold brow, and by faith follow the enfranchised spirit as it leaps from thy bosom, and flies to the embrace of its Saviour? Long would that infant tongue have been learning to lisp the name of that Saviour here, but there they "know even as also they are known." "They shall hunger no more, neither thirst any more, neither shall the sun light on them, nor any heat, for the Lamb, which is in the midst of the throne, shall feed them, and shall lead them unto living fountains of water, and God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes." It is said of Burns that he could never read this description without tears of admiration. And may it not well awaken emotions of gratitude in the heart of the bereaved mother to know that such a home has been provided for her departing infant?

I stand upon the ocean's shore to watch that far distant speck on its bosom. It is the ship that is fast bearing out of sight a noble band of missionaries. The multitude have departed, and yet I am not alone. Why stands that lonely man with folded arms, and trembling frame, and fixed eye, gazing upon vacancy, for the ship has passed out of sight? The daughter of his love is there, and his bursting heart is asking in tumultuous accents, "how can I give her up?" May I approach near enough to whisper, christian father, the Lord hath need of her? Hast thou not often prayed, "Let thy kingdom come, let thy will be done, as in heaven so on earth?" And now the Lord hath need of her, thy cherished one, to help forward the accomplishment of thine own petitions. True, she was the light of thy home, and thou didst look forward to the time when she would kneel by thy side to receive thy parting benediction, and then close thine eyes in death. But the Lord hath appointed her to another service. And now ask thy throbbing heart, wouldst thou that she loved her Saviour less, or was less beloved of him? Wouldst thou again bind her heart to the circle of home, when the love of Christ has so expanded it that it embraces a world? Wouldst thou rob her of the "hundred-fold" that is promised, even in this life, to those who forsake home and friends and country for Christ's sake, and of the blessedness of shining as a star for ever, having turned many to righteousness? Wilt thou grudge to thy Saviour that service for which he alone could have inclined or fitted her? In that solemn hour when by profession thou didst consecrate thine all, didst thou indeed keep back "part of the price," and was the reservation this child of thy love? Let it suffice thee now that the Lord hath need of her; and when "in the ages to come" it shall be told thee to what high service she was appointed here, and to what a weight of glory there, then will thy heart overflow with emotions far different from those that now cause it to tremble and bleed.

I enter the home of the dead, and stand by the graves of my kindred, and even here I am not alone. I see one bending in the attitude of grief over a new-made grave, and I know too that there lies the son of her hopes. Surely there is an anguish in that twofold sorrow that "a stranger intermeddleth not with." I dare not interrupt that silent prayer, nor intrude rashly with my proffers of sympathy.

"For to a heart that ever felt the sting
Of sorrow, sorrow is a sacred thing;"

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and yet, who can leave the widow to weep alone? The Lord hath need of him—the joy of thy youth, and the prop of thine age—oh, thou afflicted, "but not forsaken, cast down, but not destroyed." What place or service has been assigned him in the world of spirits, thy Lord has not told thee, "but thou shalt know hereafter," and shalt be perfectly satisfied that he "hath done all things well." The need be of this affliction is that which most concerns thee now, and has it not already begun to yield to thee "the peaceable fruit of righteousness?" True, it has covered the prospects of earth as with frost and mildew, but has it not at the same time loosened thy moorings, and prepared thee more readily to weigh anchor? This sorrow is but a link in that hidden but unbroken chain that binds thy heart to the eternal throne. It is one of the "all things" which the unchanging word declares "work together for good." The clouds look very dark, but there is a bright side, and when thou shalt get above, then shalt thou see and rejoice in its light. Paul was not dreaming when he uttered the language recorded in 2 Cor. iv. 17, and which has been beautifully paraphrased—"Our very light affliction, which is but just for the present moment, worketh out a far more exceeding, and incomparably great and eternal weight of glory." The widowed mother of President Davies, when standing by his coffined remains could say, "There is the son of my prayers and my hopes; my only son; my only earthly support. But there is the will of God, and I am satisfied."

The Lord hath need of thee, aged pilgrim, "just on the verge of heaven," and soon thou wilt hear him say, "Come up hither." Thy warfare is almost accomplished, thy work nearly done, thy song of praise will soon commence, never to end. Soon will thy feet stand on Mount Zion above, for the Lord hath need of thee, that the prayer of thy Saviour,—"Father, I will that they also be with me where I am, that they may behold my glory"—may be accomplished. He needs thee, that he may introduce thee to the company of thine elder brethren, to many who have been thy helpers on the heavenly way, to the loved companions who have been taken from thy side, and to Jesus, thy Saviour and thy king. Soon he will bid thee put off thy pilgrim-garb, that he may clothe thee with a purer robe. He will permit thee to unbuckle thine armour, and will confer upon thee a victor's crown. He needs thee, that thou mayst stand for ever in that upper temple, as a monument of what the power and love of thy redeeming God can accomplish. Fain would we detain thee, for a season longer, on this side Jordan, for we need thy sympathy, thy counsel, and thy prayers. But no, our love rebukes the wish.

"Go, true and faithful, when thy Master calls,
Go—and forget our tears."

Enter the heavenly gates at what time they shall open for thine admittance; but leave, oh, leave thy mantle behind thee!—*American Mother's Magazine.*

THE DELAYING SABBATH SCHOOL TEACHER.

One Sabbath evening, on looking over the roll of my class, I found that, among others, the name of Ann —— had to be marked as among the absentees. I took a note of it on my visiting list, intending to call during the week according to custom; but afterwards, as the girl's house was a very little out of my way, and not being in a visiting mood, I thought there could be no great harm in delaying a week; besides it occurred to me that good reasons could frequently be given for non-attendance, and it was likely she would be there on the succeeding Sabbath, as she was so regular in her attendance. With these, and like excuses, I lulled my Sabbath teacher's conscience asleep.

The Sabbath returned again, and being prepared for its evening duties, I found myself once more in the school with my children around me; and, though feeling a little, a very little, uneasiness on seeing that Ann —— was still absent, it soon wore off, and was forgotten in the excitement of teaching.

The lessons were concluded, and we were just about to engage in praise before dismission, when a neighbouring teacher stepped across the floor to me, and said very seriously,—

"Have you a girl in your class of the name of Ann ——?"

"Yes; what of that?"

"I have something to tell you about her," said he, hesitating.

"What is it? what is the matter?" said I, with a presentiment of there being something wrong.

"She is dead!"

"Dead!"

"Yes; she died four days ago. She was

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buried yesterday. Her brother is in my class, and brought word last Sabbath that she was ill and wished to see you, but I forgot to tell."

"Oh, if you had only told me!—I wish you had told me."

"I am sorry, very sorry, I did not."

My heart sank within me,—I could not speak. Dead! gone from this world for ever; gone from any power or means I could use. Is she saved or lost?—a sinner in hell, or a saint in glory? Dead! and I not at her death bed. Have I done my duty to her? have I done all I could? Alas, alas, my conscience, now fully aroused, told me I had not! There was no want of time on my part,—it was inclination. I felt I ought to have called at once, and then some opportunity would have been afforded me of smoothing the pillow, and speaking peace and comfort to my dying scholar. But now it was too late! The thought was bitter anguish. I knew my duty, but I did it not. I could not call on the mourning parents that evening, but next day took the first opportunity of doing so. I knocked gently at the door,—it was opened, and I went in, but found only the mother and two or three of the younger children present. For a few minutes, nothing was said. At last I spoke. "So Ann has gone to her rest."

"Yes, sir; she is gone."

"How did she die?"

"We don't know, sir; we hope she is in heaven."

"Had she much pain?"

"Vera little; she just sleept it awa."

"Was she happy in her mind?"

"We hope sae. She could speak but little, and was vera dull o'hearing for three days before her death; and when we had anything to say, we had to cry vera loud, and could hardly make her understand."

"I am very sorry I was not here to see her."

"Ay, we thought you might have come," said the woman reproachingly, "we sent you word, but you didna come. Puir thing! Annie was fond o' the Sabbath class, and would not stay away, wet or dry," and she burst into tears.

I explained, as well as I could, why I had not come when sent for; but could not excuse myself. Time,—means,—opportunity,—I had neglected them all.

After some further conversation of the state of mind, and death, of my scholar, and after trying to turn the mind of the mother to the rich consolations of the gospel, I ended my sad visit.

And, now, why do I write this? It is to urge on my fellow-teachers earnestly, most earnestly, to call on absentees the very first spare time they have,—if possible, the next day,—and never to let light excuses induce them to defer doing so. It is well to visit all scholars; but the absentees should hold the first place. Visiting is a check to the wandering and careless; and where illness is the cause of absence, the sick or death-bed affords opportunities of pressing home the truths of the everlasting gospel that are not lightly to be neglected; and by proper and prompt visiting of these absentees, not only will the attendance of a class be better kept up, but Sabbath teachers would never have in this respect, cause to lament, as I do, a neglected opportunity.

Correspondence.

INFANT REGENERATION.

The Editor who wrote the notice in November, thinks it would be scarcely respectful to such valued correspondents as Mr. W. B. Gurney, and A Friend of "The Church," not to make a few remarks upon their comments on his notice. Their objections are identical to the extent to which they both express them. They agree, I think, that the *atonement* of Christ is sufficient without *regeneration*. I question, however, whether the pleasing lines of Robinson necessarily convey that idea. The gift of the Holy Spirit, through faith, to adults, is, according to Gal. iii. 13, 14, a fruit of Christ's doing away the curse of the law by his death on the tree, "*that* so we might receive the Spirit through faith." If now, in the case of adults, *both* blessings, namely, exemption from the *penalties* of sin, and the "renewing of the Holy Ghost," equally come through Christ's atonement, then infants (if they need both) may equally receive both through the same atonement.

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If in virtue of it they are delivered from the *death* which they suffered because *Adam* sinned, then they may also be delivered from any corruption of their yet undeveloped *moral* nature, supposing such corruption to exist. But does it exist? It is on this point that all the disputed questions before us really turn. *If*, from the earliest period, human nature receives, in virtue of its descent from sinful parents, *a sinful bias*, then it will be conceded that that bias must be changed, and probably the Holy Spirit would be thought to be the appropriate agent for doing it, and the change might properly be called *regeneration*. Also, as parts of a sinful race, it would be conceded by every "thorough predestinarian" that it was a pure election of grace which took them away at an age when the redemption of Christ is completely and *universally* operative, instead of sparing them to an age when it is so in but very few instances. The *immense majority* of children dying in infancy belong to *ungodly*, and even *heathen*, parents; we could not imagine, without an express miracle in the strongest sense of the word, that such children would generally be saved by regeneration wrought by "*the truth*," if they lived to years of maturity; for instance, the myriads of girls destroyed by Chinese parents—how, but by a voice from heaven, or some equally miraculous terrestrial alteration of circumstances in their favour, could they, when arrived at womanhood, have heard "the joyful sound," and how could they call on Him whom they had not heard?" &c. Now, as the number of dying and murdered infants must immensely surpass the number of those who *hitherto* have been saved by "belief of the truth," as their death in infancy brought them, according to all our theories, under the *saving* power of Christ's work, as in most of these instances there *appears* to be no other way by which they would have been brought under its power, what objection can lie against receiving *death in infancy* as a *very* "effectual calling" into the kingdom of God, and as the purpose of Him, in each case, who worketh all things according to the counsel of his will?" My beloved babe dies before, or soon after, its smiles or first prattling have laid hold of my affections, why may I not regard this as God's predestinating it to reap unhindered the full benefits of a Saviour's death? What is there kindred in such a view with "believing infants a span long to be in hell?" Hence the writer of these lines has found in these views the consolation which Mr. Gurney has found five times in his views.

Is, then, an infant a depraved being, although not having committed actual sin? The Editor wrote unhesitatingly, supposing that this was acknowledged by all, or nearly all, *evangelical* sects. If it be, what is stated above seems the unavoidable consequence, and nothing can be more *justly* consolatory. All of us agree, however, on quite general grounds that infants will be saved,—we differ only as to *how* God affects it. But even here again we agree that *whatever injury* they have received by descent from Adam (whether simple liability to death, or *also* a corruption of their yet undeveloped spiritual nature), that injury is, in their case, wholly done away through the *atonement* of Christ, or that *spirit* which is bestowed on our race through his atonement, or by both.

In answer to the last question of A Friend of "The Church," what I mean by being "*literally* born in sin," I reply, what the scriptures mean by it. And if asked what I understand them to mean, expressed in *my own language*, I should certainly reply, that they mean that the *moral nature* of the infant receives its character from its parent, and is born after "his image," just as they speak materially of "the fruit-tree yielding seed *after his kind*:" "who can bring a clean thing out of an unclean?" seems to be a principle taken for granted in the simplicity of scripture writers. We fully allow that in the case of adults the scripture knows of no regeneration but through the truth; but, as we observed, we think scripture is wholly silent about the application of redemption to infants, and that "*analogy* is our only guide." According to the *analogy* of adult salvation, infants would need both a reversal of the penal effects of the curse, and a renovation of a *radically* perverted nature. While as the adult is an intelligent, conscious agent, he is required to receive both by belief of the truth, the infant can receive either or both *only* in some way appropriate to an unconscious being. I have been rather full in my statement from respect to the parties whose letters I notice; but hope that nothing has been said which may necessitate prolonging the controversy, as it would probably be uninteresting now to other parties.

THE EDITOR WHO WROTE THE NOVEMBER NOTICE.

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Notices of Books.

THE MEMOIR OF SARAH B. JUDSON. BY FANNY FORRESTER, WITH INTRODUCTORY NOTICE BY E. B. UNDERHILL. Fcp. 8vo. pp. 180. London: Aylott & Jones.

The memoirs of the second Mrs. Judson written by the third, and that third the interesting writer who formerly bore the name of Fanny Forrester. Wilberforce's sons or Mrs. Fry's daughters would have given five times as much with a tithe of the interest. With the vast difference of Fuller's mind and Miss Forrester's in regard to *power*, it resembles, in condensation, selection, and instructive connecting brief remarks, that great man's life of Pearce. *Mr.* Fuller could not, however, have given us a female's picture as *Miss* Forrester has done. To parents and young persons *equally*, it will be an instructive volume; as to *interest*, we several times uttered the exclamation while reading it, "*how* often reality surpasses fiction!"

POLITICAL MONOPOLY HOSTILE TO THE SPIRIT AND PROGRESS OF CHRISTIANITY. BY A NORWICH OPERATIVE. pp. 12. London; Houlston & Stoneman.

We are able with sincerity to *renew* our commendation of the "Norwich Operative's" Tracts. The present tract is suitable for all religious electors—*ministers*, *deacons*, and those who occupy the *best pews* in our places of worship. We would seriously suggest to our working men who feel the temporally noble and just desire for political equality, to give this tract to the classes above-mentioned. We hold that *few* ministers of religion have, or ought to have, much *time* to devote to political objects; but what the working classes look for from them is not their time, not the study of the *details* of the business, but the countenance of their *openly* expressed approbation. The minister is continually preaching to *them*, "do right and leave results to God." Operatives want them only to say as much to all electors within their reach. It is *right*, it is *just*, it is *doing as we would be done by*, it is renouncing political tyranny, and emancipating *our* political slaves, to give to all men an equal share in making the laws all are to obey. The recent working men's letters in the *Nonconformist* nearly all speak strongly on this point. We do feel that if godly men, ministers especially, are not *openly* found on the side of *political* justice, religion itself will unjustly bear the blame of their apathy. If they be *unjust* to working men aspiring to their *rights*, working men will be tempted to be *unjust* to the religion they profess.

BIBLICAL AND THEOLOGICAL DICTIONARY, FOR BIBLE CLASSES, SUNDAY SCHOOL TEACHERS, AND YOUNG CHRISTIANS GENERALLY. BY THE REV. S. GREEN. London: Benj. L. Green.

The *fourth* edition of this *very useful* little work, *revised*, and coming out in Six-penny Numbers. Young people of every class, and Sunday school teachers, will find it exceedingly suitable; so, indeed, will all of riper years who cannot afford those more expensive volumes, which, moreover, often perplex persons unused to study.

JOYS AND SORROWS, &c. BY THE AUTHORESS OF "AMY OF THE PEAK." London: C. Gilpin.

A series of delightful poetic sketches make up this neat little volume. They are pervaded with the deepest sympathy for the social condition of society; and in a spirit of the purest and most elevating kind, the writer seeks the moral and social elevation of the masses. We have read them with great pleasure, and accord them our hearty commendation.

DOMESTIC PIETY; OR, THE CHURCH MEMBER AT HOME. BY THE REV. J. HOBSON. (The Circular Letter of the Bucks Association.) pp. 36. London: Arthur Hall & Co.

We have too long delayed noticing this excellent pamphlet. Whoever values what it treats of, will thank us for introducing it to his notice.

THE PARAGRAPH BIBLE. Tract Society.

We have noticed the Old Testament parts of this beautiful *pocket bible* as they appeared,—it is now complete. Its distinguishing feature is the division of the text into paragraphs, like those of any other book. In addition to this, its maps, notes, references, introductions to the books, and useful tables, with its beautiful typography, render it the most perfect *pocket* bible with which we are acquainted.

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A Page for the Young.

W. HENRY BOND.

Early decision, in matters of religion, is of so much importance, that the following sketch is prayerfully offered to the young for perusal, with a view of promoting it.

To a christian parent, the development of the mind, as youth advances into life, ought always to be a subject of the closest study, and should awaken the liveliest interest. If there be exhibited a tendency to religious enquiry or practice, it demands the promptest aid and amplest encouragement to secure its continuance. Parents, immersed in other matters, are too apt to let favourable opportunities pass, until associations are formed, or pursuits are entered upon, that fasten themselves upon the expanding minds and affections of their children; and thus early blossoms wither and fall,—hope dies away,—the child or the parent passes into the presence of Christ, before whose judgment-seat all must appear, without that step being taken which would give assurance of a blessed re-union in the kingdom of heaven.

W. Henry Bond, the subject of this sketch, was born at Falmouth, on the 3rd May, 1831, and died, after a short illness, at Truro, on the 6th August, 1848, an exemplary member of the Baptist church at that place, under the pastoral care of the Rev. E. H. Tuckett.

At an early age he was placed under the care of his maternal uncle, the Rev. F. Trestrail, at Newport, Isle of Wight, and continued to reside with him until the Baptist Irish Society induced Mr. T. to remove to Cork. Subsequently he became a pupil under the Rev. J. Neave, Baptist minister at Portsea, and remained with him until he was removed to the London University College School, where he completed his studies.

At Christmas, 1846, he returned to his parental roof, that he might enter upon the duties of life. Employment was evidently a pleasure to him, for he fulfilled his engagements with obvious satisfaction, and as the cast of his mind had always been sober and thoughtful, by which he had won the esteem and approbation of his teachers, these qualities seemed to adapt him to a successful prosecution of his earthly career.

He soon manifested the results of early religious training sanctified by the Divine Spirit, by becoming a diligent student of the Holy Scriptures, and by evincing a strong attachment to the house of God and to social meetings for prayer.

Every night his parents, who slept in an adjoining chamber, heard his voice in the earnest perusal of the word of God, and in the fervent exercise of closet duties. The effect was visible from the reverential attitude in, and the marked attention he paid to, the engagements of the sanctuary, as well as in the deep interest he took in the work of conversion, which was at this time wrought by the Holy Spirit in the congregation under the ministration of Mr. Tuckett, to whom he became affectionately attached.

On a fine summer's Sabbath evening of last year, after an attendance upon the ordinance of believers' baptism, his father's mind was more than usually drawn out in converse with his dear children; Henry wept much, and felt the appeals that were made powerfully affecting his mind. The next afternoon, to the great delight of his parents, Mr. Tuckett called upon his father, to communicate the important tidings, that Henry had unbosomed himself to him, and expressed to him his desire to cast in his lot with the people of God.

There is joy in the presence of the angels of God when sinners are brought to repentance; akin to that joy, is the rapturous pleasure experienced by believing parents when their ears listen to the interesting tale of penitence and faith from the lips of their beloved offspring.

At a time when, owing to the approximation of the church to the world, indifference so painfully shews itself in the families of Dissenters to the interests of the churches in which their parents may have been blessed, it is a source of thankfulness if children manifest an attachment and promote the well-being of Christ's cause in the section in which providence has placed them. Much, however, depends on the spirit displayed by the parents themselves how far their children follow in their steps.

The usual scrutiny into the character, practice, and faith of the candidate was made by the messengers of the church, and he was baptized on the 22nd August, 1847,

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on a public profession of his belief in the atonement, and in the name of the Father, Son, and Holy Spirit.

Henry set out on his christian pilgrimage with more than ordinary diligence; and having great aptitude for business, he began to apply his abilities to the duties of his christian profession. He was scrupulously diligent in his attendance at the young men's prayer-meeting; he became a teacher in the Sunday school, and afterwards was its punctual and active secretary; he helped mainly to revive the interests of the library connected with the congregation, and was its librarian; gave his help and the use of his pen and time to the management and collecting for different departments of the cause; indeed, he spontaneously manifested a steady, undeviating, and active zeal for the varied interests of the church; was frequently first, and always punctual, in his attendance on the ordinances and engagements of the Lord's house; and his walk and conversation gave the most satisfactory promise of his becoming a christian of a higher order than usual, and, considering his youth, was the pleasure and admiration of all who intimately knew him.

In the midst of his numerous engagements in the church and in the world, he found time to increase his store of general knowledge. He purchased for himself a number of books, chiefly on religious subjects; acquired a considerable acquaintance with the science of mineralogy, and collected a variety of beautiful specimens; studied the signs, and acquired to some extent the practice, of short-hand writing, thus fitting himself for general usefulness.

It is too frequently the case that the excitement and self-gratulation arising from the *eclât* of having made a public profession, cast a glitter over the first acts of religious obedience that is not adapted for permanence. It was not so with Henry Bond; the farther he advanced, the more his practice, his associations, and his feelings were mingled with the interests of personal or relative religion; and by a reference to his diary, it appears he earnestly contemplated an entire consecration of all to the service of the Messiah, in the life and labours of a missionary to heathen lands.

How fair was the prospect thus presented of a long life of usefulness being dedicated to the service of the church and the glory of the Redeemer; yet the inscrutable ways of a gracious and all-wise God are above our comprehension. He saw fit to limit this young christian's life to little more than twelve short but happy months. Little did his friends think that the baptism of his soul into the fountain opened for sin and all uncleanness, and the embalming of his affections in the unction of the Holy One, were preparatory to his early exaltation to the kingdom and glory of the redeemed.

This was not a case wherein the stroke of disease or the floods of affliction had first cut off the joys of the world, and then prompted a desire for deliverance; but health and strength, worldly pleasures and advantages, youthful hopes and expectations were all in full vigour; in the midst of all these—the usual seductions presented by Satan to entrap the unwary feet of short-sighted inexperience — Henry was called, sanctified, and fitted for glory.

On the Lord's-day of July 30th, he appeared in all his christian duties, full of spiritual and physical strength and activity; on the following Lord's-day he fell asleep in Jesus. In the scope of that little week he passed through the furnace, was refined as gold is purified, and in the midst of acute and excruciating suffering, was summoned to the presence of his Master.

It was not until the Thursday evening preceding his death, that latent and undeveloped inflammatory action occasioned alarm. Prompt and suitable remedies were employed; but health, strength, and life rapidly yielded to disease, and human help, though most kindly and perseveringly employed, availed nothing. Alternations of severe and torturing pains, with occasional, but short remissions, were continuous; and the excitement of the mind, added to the continual employment of means to alleviate his sufferings, occupied the fast receding hours of life; so that if the interests of the soul had not been secured before this tempestuous visitation, no space would have been left to him for repentance.

He knew in whom he had believed, and, therefore, his mind firmly reposed on the faithfulness of Jehovah. "I have prayed," said he to his sorrowing parents, on the Friday night, "to my Heavenly Father, and I know that he has heard me; but how or where he will answer me, I do not know; perhaps he has seen me wandering from him, and has sent this affliction to bring me back."

After a severe paroxysm of suffering on the Saturday night had passed, he entreated

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his friends then around his couch, to pray with him, and with the deepest solemnity of manner and earnestness of soul, he poured out his supplications in a strain of mingled confidence and entreaty, that awoke the strongest emotions in all present. It was indeed a season of weeping. Dear youthful saint! his hands, his eyes, and his voice all uplifted, he pleaded in such strains of pathetic earnestness, that all present melted into tears, groaned in their spirit, and offered their heartfelt Amen!

About midnight, he looked round for his father. "Do not leave me," he said, "come and comfort me; pray for me." Again the sorrowing party knelt and pleaded. His whole soul was absorbed in the appeal to the divine Disposer of all events. But by terrible things in righteousness is he pleased sometimes to answer his believing people.

On the Lord's-day morning, about five o'clock, a great change occurred, and the dear sufferer thought the point of danger had been passed. He felt comparatively well, and left his bed, with some assistance, exchanged his night dress, and seemed every way refreshed and full of hope. Oh, how fallacious was that hope! The disease had at this time struck the final and fatal blow—mortification had ensued.

His ease from such excruciating suffering as he had endured, enabled him to converse. His converse was chiefly on matters connected with Zion—her interests, and her worship. He spoke of the privilege he enjoyed in belonging to the church of Christ. His father observed, that it was a more exalted privilege to belong to the church triumphant; his heart seemed cheered, and he smiled, as in delightful anticipation. At this moment, the sun darted his morning rays into the room, which excited his remark, "It is a beautiful morning." "Yes," said his father, "it reminds me of a holy man of God, a Baptist minister, who, many years since, as he lay on his dying couch, was struck with the brightness of the sun's rays shining into his room, and exclaimed,—

'Soon shall I see a brighter sun,
And bask in brighter rays.'

And on the same day he died, and was ushered into the presence, and beheld the glory, of the Sun of Righteousness." "Ah!" said the sufferer, "that was, indeed, to join the song—'To Him who hath loved us, and washed us in His own blood,' to Him be glory! glory! glory!" His father rejoined,—

"There we shall join our cheerful songs
With angels round the throne."

He immediately caught up the words, and sang them with intense earnestness; but, exhausted, he exclaimed, "I am not able to sing," and repeated the succeeding lines to himself.

Soon after this, his weakness occasioned the overbalancing of his mind. His mental illusions increased, but constantly recurred to the sanctuary, to his christian friends, to his minister, or to the church. "What," said he, in his wandering, "do you think I am ashamed to speak a word for Christ?" "I am not ashamed that I have been to the house of God."

While his kind medical attendant, Dr. Bulmore, sat by his bed-side, he burst out into a powerful, earnest, and affectionate appeal to sinners, and with returning consciousness, he exclaimed in the most pathetic and melting tones, "O Lord, have mercy upon me, and forgive all my sins, for the sake of the Lord Jesus Christ,"—thus terminating this agonizing scene with confession and prayer.

He rapidly lost all mental clearness,—convulsions ensued,—and for a considerable time, his hands moved to and fro, as though he was taking flight, whilst his eyes were fixed steadily towards heaven. With his head on his father's shoulder, and supported in the arms of his parents, he entered into rest.

Thus this young disciple of the Lord Jesus Christ, having received a new name, which no man can read save him who receiveth it, was rapidly summoned from the active duties of the church militant, to the far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory in the church triumphant. His parents have sustained a bereavement which they feel can only be recompensed by the assurance that the Master had need of him. The little family circle, where he was the eldest son, will long give evidence of the breach that has been made; but one object of this memoir is to keep him, his character, and his course, continually before his brothers and sisters, whom he loved. The little church of which he was a member, loved him and sorrowed for him; but not without hope. Every member who could, followed him to his grave,—and the tears which flowed evinced their undisguised affection. Mr. Tuckett improved the event on the Sabbath evening after his interment, to a deeply affected congregation, from Isaiah xl. 7: "The flower fadeth."

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Miscellaneous.

THE UNION OF CHURCH AND STATE.—The Union between the Church and the State in any country, involving as it does the subordination of the Church to the State, is unprincipled, absurd, and mischievous. The State being the world, it is a close alliance between the church and the world—which Christ has forbidden. The Church being in spiritual things the parent, and the State its child, it is an unnatural subordination of the parent to the child. History abundantly condemns it as uniformly hostile to spiritual religion; and it is condemned by the provisions of the Mosaic economy, by the language of the Hebrew prophets, and by the express declarations of Christ and his apostles.—Were this Union to be now for the first time proposed to Christian men, I believe there is scarcely one who would not instantly repudiate it. Custom alone can account for its continuance. Christians have been familiar with it from their infancy; romantic associations are connected with it; a thousand times they have heard it termed venerable; few ever study the directions of the word of God upon this subject; Government, patrons, prelates, incumbents, and expectants, are all interested in its stability; and numbers belonging to a large political party dread all innovations, and especially those which would strengthen the popular element in any of our institutions. Erroneous opinions, eagerly embraced and assiduously reiterated, invest it with an air of sacredness. And many who resolutely shut their eyes to the evils which it entails, and who close their ears against all expositions of its corruption, applaud even the blindest and most headlong of its advocates; glorify with their hosannas reasonings which are palpably weak; sustain their tottering cause by expositions of scripture which are worthy of Rome itself; misrepresent the scriptural system which should replace it; predict the most doleful results from changes which would occasion a general revival of religion; cry "Ichabod," when they should shout, as David when he anticipated the erection of the temple, "Lift up your heads, O ye gates; and be ye lift up, ye everlasting doors; and the King of glory shall come in;" appeal to martyrs of ancient date who, if their gigantic energies could once more do battle on the earth, would gallantly lead on the army of the second reformation; and when all reasons fail for their adherence to a system which is incurably corrupt, oppose to all reasoning their unalterable resolution, and rise to a sort of heroism by nailing their colours to the mast in defence of that which every enlightened man would seek by the help of God to overthrow.—Under these circumstances the little band who, with less courage than the crisis demands, investigate their duty in the word of God, are called more resolutely and more perseveringly to summon the churches of Christ to accomplish their Redeemer's will. Let them demand, on behalf of Christ, that the churches of this land substitute persuasion for compulsion in the advancement of the cause of God; that they receive no pastors but those whom the word of God sanctions; that they maintain the sovereignty of Christ, by claiming the right of unrestricted submission to all his laws; and that they support their own pastors according to his will.—Should we in this cause meet with some rude assaults, the cause is worth the conflict. The humble tomb at Thermopylæ speaks more to the generous traveller than the sky-pointing pyramids. For when the three hundred Spartans stood on the narrow causeway between Mount Œta and the sea, to guard the liberties of their country against an innumerable host of invaders, resolved to die rather than yield, they did that which will live in the hearts of brave men while the world lasts. And the liberties of Christ's churches are more precious than the civil liberties of Greece. Let each minister, and each christian, who knows that the principles of the Union are corrupt and dishonourable to Christ, resolve that they will terminate the bondage of the Anglican Churches by destroying it, and, with the aid of God, they will at last succeed.—*Baptist Noel on the Union of Church and State.*

A GOOD SERMON.—We have heard a story of the elder Dr. Beecher, now of Cincinnati, that is said to be true, and is worth putting into type, as illustrating the truth that we can never tell what may result from an apparently insignificant action. The Doctor, as *The Boston Bee* tells the story, once engaged to preach for a country minister, on exchange; and the Sabbath proved to be one excessively stormy, cold, and uncomfortable. It was in mid winter, and the snow was piled in heaps all along the roads, so as to make the passage very difficult. Still the minister urged his horse through the drifts, till he reached the church, put the animal into a shed, and went in. As yet there was no person in the house; and, after looking about, the old gentleman (then young) took his seat in the pulpit. Soon the doors opened, and a single individual walked up the aisle, looked about, and took a seat. The hour came for commencing service, but no more hearers. Whether to preach to such an audience or not, was the question; and it was one that Lyman Beecher was not long in deciding. He felt that he had a duty to perform, and he had no right to refuse to do it because only one man could reap the benefit of it, and, accordingly, he actually went through the whole service, praying, singing, preaching, and the benediction, with only one hearer. And when all was over, he hastened down

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from his desk to speak to his "congregation;" but he had departed. A circumstance so rare was referred to occasionally; but twenty years after, it was brought to the Doctor's mind quite strangely. Travelling somewhere in Ohio, the Doctor alighted from the stage one day, in a pleasant village, when a gentleman stepped up and spoke to him, familiarly calling him by name. "I do not remember you," said the Doctor. "I suppose not," said the stranger; "but we spent two hours together, in a house, alone, once in a storm." "I do not recollect it, Sir," added the old man; "pray where was it?" "Do you remember preaching twenty years ago, in such a place, to a single person?" "Yes, yes," said the Doctor, grasping his hand, "I do indeed; and if you are the man, I have been wishing to speak to you ever since." "I am the man, Sir, and that sermon saved my soul, made a minister of me, and yonder is my church! The converts of that sermon, Sir, are all over Ohio!" So striking a result made no little impression on the old veteran's mind. He learned that the man was at that time a lawyer, who was in the town on business, and lived of a Sunday morning at a country hotel, went in despite of the storm to hear that sermon. The Doctor often tells the story, and adds, "I think that was about as satisfactory an audience as I ever had."

JUSTIFICATION ILLUSTRATED.—With a view to illustrate this glorious and all-important doctrine, let us make two suppositions. A subject is accused before his sovereign of high treason. He is tried, his innocence clearly proved, and his accusers confounded; he is then fully justified. Another person is accused of a similar crime, and is found guilty; but the sovereign freely pardons him. Neither of these cases fully sets forth the justification of the sinner who believes on Jesus. The first person we have mentioned is justified, but not pardoned; and the second is pardoned, but not justified; and neither can be in the very nature of things. Now the guilty sinner against God cannot be justified as the innocent person was, unless something can be found which will stand him in the same stead as his innocence. This is found in the righteousness of Christ. Though a guilty and convicted traitor, the believer is freely pardoned through the blood of Christ, who bore his sins; and he is also fully justified by the righteousness of Christ in whom he believes. Thus God pardons him honourably; his justice is satisfied, and his government is vindicated. Follow on this subject, and the glory of Christ's righteousness more and more appears. The king who justified his innocent subject when unjustly accused, was under no obligation to enrich and ennoble him, much less was he obliged to do so to the convicted traitor whom he graciously pardoned; "but whom God justifies he also glorifies." Why is this, and on what principle is it done? All is done in honour of the righteousness of Christ by which the sinner is justified, and as a token of God being infinitely pleased therewith.

"Jesus, how glorious is thy grace,
When in thy name we trust;
Our faith receives a righteousness,
Which makes the sinner just.

What wond'rous love, what mysteries,
In this appointment shine;
My breaches of the law are His,
And His obedience mine."

J. Cox.

IMPORTANT COUNSEL TO MINISTERS.—Farmer Cook was well known a few years ago, in the neighbourhood of Wotton-under-Edge, as a zealous and consistent Christian, and as a persevering and useful preacher of the gospel of Christ. He was brought to the knowledge of the truth and to the enjoyment of religion, under the ministry of the late Rev. Rowland Hill, whose eccentricities in preaching he in some measure imitated, and wherever he went, great multitudes congregated to hear him, so that he was the means of doing much good. But the object of this paper is to impress upon the minds of ministers in general, the advice Madam Hill gave him when he began to preach, she said, "Farmer Cook, you must never leave out of your ministry the three doctrines, each of which begins with the letter R. 1. Ruin by sin. 2. Redemption by Jesus Christ. 3. Regeneration by the Holy Spirit. Sermons imbued with these truths cannot fail to be interesting, savoury, and useful."

THE SECOND DEATH.—"Where their worm dieth not, and the fire is not quenched" (Mark ix. 28).—How solemn are these words, thrice repeated by Him who cannot lie nor exaggerate—who wept over man's woes, and bled for man's redemption. Here is reference to the twofold mode of disposing of bodies after death. In a dead corpse we see death in its reality and loathsomeness; but even corruption and decay—loathsome as they are—fail to set forth the horrors of death eternal. Look into that coffin which was closed some weeks since. You say you dare not! Then imagine what is within. The worm is there. He pursues his work till the once fair body becomes a heap of dust, and then the worm dies. But "*their* worm dieth *not*."—See that pile raised to consume a dead corpse. The work is soon done: a few ashes only remain; the fire itself is gone out. "But their fire is *not* quenched." These awful figures set forth the intensity and eternity of the sufferings of the lost, and are the most awful paraphrase on Paul's words—"EVERLASTING DESTRUCTION from the presence of the Lord." Divine wrath once found awful satisfaction on Calvary. Thither let us all flee who desire to escape the death to come.

SCALE OF MORALS.—In morals, integrity holds the first place, benevolence the second, and prudence the third. Where the first is not, the second cannot be; and where the third is not, the other two will be often brought into suspicion.—*A. Booth.*

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Intelligence.

BAPTIST FOREIGN MISSIONS.

AFRICA.

The following is extracted from a letter from Mr. Merrick. We commend it to the prayerful consideration of our readers:—

I have lately been thinking that the first Monday in every month should be a much more solemn season with ministers and missionaries, and indeed all christians, than it really is. What wrestlings of soul there should be on such occasions for the world which lieth in wickedness, and the heralds of the cross labouring among them. O we do need your prayers! None but those who labour among the perishing heathen can form any adequate conception of the nature of our trials. I speak not of temporal privations—these we can bear—they are really after all nothing when the mind is made up to meet them. Nor do I speak of intellectual difficulties; these are great, and not unfrequently cause the missionary's heart to be cast down within him. Oh, it is no small thing to live among a people perishing for the bread of life without being able to speak a word to them, and to find yourself baffled in a thousand ways in your earnest desires to acquire their language, but these are difficulties which time, patience, and perseverance will be sure to conquer. I speak of moral, spiritual difficulties. How much of the temper of Christ it needs in order to love a people whose every action is unlovely, and who in the midst of filth, wretchedness, poverty, ignorance, and barbarism, treat the missionary and his message not only with indifference, but sometimes with perfect contempt. Yet we must love them, and *show our love too*, or we cannot do them good. If deep-toned piety is necessary in the minister of Christ at home, I am almost ready to say it is necessary in a tenfold degree in the christian missionary. Sometimes in the agony of my soul I exclaim, that until God raises up another class of missionaries altogether more devoted than the present, the heathen will never be converted; and I think we must all begin to pray afresh for such a class of missionaries. Oh, who is sufficient for these things? Happy for us that our sufficiency is of God.

THE HON. AND REV. B. W. NOEL, M.A.

WHAT OUGHT DISSENTERS TO DO?

We announced last month to our readers the secession of the best of episcopal clergymen from the State Church. Ere they read that notice, his essay justifying his secession had made its appearance. A noble book it is! It enunciates thorough-going Anti-State Church principles, illustrated by very numerous pictures of the working of State Church principles. No hand but that of a seceding churchman could have drawn them so to the life; or if it could, no testimony or arguments from a Dissenter would have gone, as this will, amongst the aristocracy and clergy, as well as all other classes. The entire first edition was sold in a few hours!! An extract on another page will give our readers some idea of the book which is now read with intense curiosity and avidity by thousands who would scorn to look at an appeal, however eloquent and just, from a Dissenter.

But what will Dissenters now do? This meek Christian calls upon *all* the evangelical sects, Methodists included, to come forward to "the help of the Lord against the mighty," the mighty Babylon of British State Churchism. No language we have ever used in "The Church" denounces the evil in stronger terms, than that employed by this most amiable of men; will our Dissenting brethren, both of the pulpit and the pew, who have hitherto treated as vulgar declamation our sincere invectives against the *British man of sin*, continue their gentle language about State Churchism still?

Mr. Noel summons them not merely to think aright, not merely to pray, not merely to say "it is wrong, yes, quite wrong, but the nation is not ripe for it;" no, he summons them to *action*, to POLITICAL ACTION; he justifies it by one oft alleged reason, that those who have entrenched themselves in political defences can be vanquished only by destroying those defences. He adopts the Anti-State Church creed in full, "Let *life* interests be regarded; let patrons be compensated at market worth of their livings (*market worth* of *spiritual* offices!!) and then,—hearken all Dissenting trimmers,—then, the whole remainder to be employed for national and secular purposes such as paying off the national debt!! We write deliberately when we say, that we trust no evangelical Dissenter will expose himself to the disgrace of rejecting this appeal of this emancipated State Churchman. The question is *now*, if it never was previously, "*before the nation.*" Let every candidate at an election be catechised out of Mr. Noel's book. Let every Dissenter decline voting if no satisfactory candidate come forward. Let all who prefer that mode of action, and there is no better, throw their strength into the British Anti-State Church Association. And, let all who prefer it, form separate organizations for the same object; which, however, cannot legally correspond with the existing Association.

METHODIST MISSIONARIES AND COLONIAL OPPRESSIONS.

We hope our friends who have influence with Methodists, will inform them of the sad fact, that some of their missionaries and ministers in our colonies are lending themselves to every dirty scheme of colonial authorities. We perceive by a letter from a missionary in whom we have entire con-

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fidence, addressed to the *Nonconformists*, that at Ceylon, where the Government drove the natives to rebellion by enormous and obnoxious taxation, a *Methodist* missionary has been lending his aid. And aid by what means?—by virtual *forgery!* The liberal paper had printed a letter, and its translation in the native language, by an English gentleman, warning the Government not to drive the people to rebellion. "The Government sent for a Wesleyan missionary known to be a bitter enemy of Dr. Elliott (the liberal editor), and got him to retranslate this document so as to make it seditious, which was most willingly done! but the wilful perversion of the translation was so exposed, that the ruse fell to the ground. *Last week the Government was obliged to withdraw three of the new taxes, and to modify the other.*"

We cannot forget that, not many years ago, a Methodist missionary at the Cape of Good Hope, aided and abetted Sir Benjamin D'Urban, the governor, in such horrid cruelties against the poor Caffres, that the pious Lord Glenelg, then colonial secretary, censured, with surprise and indignation, his conduct, as unworthy of a gospel minister.

Dr. Campbell's exposure last year of Methodist ministers' delinquencies in Canada, must be fresh in all memories. Let our Methodist *lay brethren* look to these things. A "conference of priests," whose leaders too are tories, will shelter one another.

THE PRIMITIVE CHURCH MAGAZINE.

We were not aware, till very recently, that the active editorship of "The Primitive Church Magazine" had now for some months devolved on our brother Overbury, of Eagle-Street. Our readers know that its sentiments are those of *Calvinistic* and *strict communion Baptists*, on which latter topic we are of course perfectly neutral. Holding that *kindly* discussion among christians is one of the best modes of eliciting christian truth, we not only cannot object to other Baptist Magazines advocating one or the other side of the communion question, but even commend their doing so. "It embraces (moreover) a much wider range of subjects—a range as extensive as christianity itself." Our brother Overbury's superintendence is, we are sure, a sufficient guarantee that even those who differ from from him will not be displeased with the *manner* and *spirit* in which their views are opposed. We can fully reciprocate his kind wishes for our increased success; and that "his efforts," also, "in diffusing among church members a knowledge of their advantages, duties, and responsibilities, and in training them up to every good word and work," will be amply rewarded.

RYDE.

On November 17th, 1848, a Baptist interest was commenced in this rapidly increasing, and, as a watering place, important town. Since that time, notwithstanding many difficulties, the highest anticipations of the friends have been exceeded, and the attendance has gradually increased. On December 25th, 1849, the ordinance of Baptism was administered to nine candidates, and on January 2nd, 1849, a church was formed. Humanly speaking, only two things are wanted to insure continued success, means to support a stated ministry, and a larger place to worship in. The friends will thankfully receive any assistance with which they may be favoured. Communications should be addressed to Mr. S. Young, 51, Union-Street, Ryde.

BECKINGTON.

On Lord's-day, December 31st, 1848, the New School Room, adjoining the Baptist Chapel, Beckington, Somerset, was opened. Sermons suitable to the occasion were preached by Messrs. Manning and Middleditch, of Frome, and by Mr. John Hinton, who was recently chosen pastor of the church; and on the following Tuesday, a Tea Meeting, given by twenty of the friends, was held, the proceeds of which, upwards of £14, went towards liquidating the debt incurred in the erection of the new building, the cost of which is estimated at £270, of which upwards of £40 have been raised by the exertions of Sabbath school teachers. After the tea, Mr. Hinton was recognised as pastor of the church, some statistics relative to the school and church were read, and the meeting was ably addressed by several ministers and friends.

DAWLEY, SHROPSHIRE.

On January 1st, 1849, the Rev. William Wrigley, late of Accrington College, was recognised as Pastor of the Baptist Church, Dawley Bank, Salop. At two o'clock, p.m. the Rev. Mr. Hilliard, of Shiffnal, read the scriptures and prayed; the Rev. A. Tilney, of Bridgworth, delivered the introductory discourse from Matthew xviii. 20; the Rev. W. Keay addressed the Minister from Rev. ii. 10; and the Rev. William Jones, of Broseley, closed the service by prayer. In the evening, the Rev. Mr. Sergeant, of Willington, read and prayed; and the Rev. John Williams of Walsall, preached to the church from 2 Cor. viii. 24.

WESTGATE, BRADFORD.

At a very interesting and numerously attended tea-meeting on Christmas-day, the church and congregation worshipping in this place, presented their pastor, the Rev. H. Dowson, who has happily and usefully presided over them for eleven years, with a purse containing the handsome sum of 100 guineas. At the same time, they presented Mrs. D. with a handsome china tea-service, and a set of papier-machie trays.

BISHOP-BURTON, YORKSHIRE.

Mr. John Jefferson, of Accrington college, has accepted the unanimous invitation of the Baptist church at Bishop-Burton, and intends entering on his labours there the first Lord's-day in February.

PONTY-POOL.

The Rev. Rees Rees, of Ponty-Pool, has had an unanimous invitation from the Baptist church, Glasgow, to become its pastor, which, after mature deliberation, he has accepted.

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THE CHURCH.

"Built upon the foundation of the Apostles and Prophets, Jesus Christ himself being the chief corner-stone."—Eph. ii. 20.

MARCH, 1849.

IS IT PEACE?

BY THE REV. JAMES CUBITT.

Peace is confessedly a great blessing, and one whose prevalence anywhere supplies an occasion for unfeigned thankfulness and joy.

How essential to the security of states,—to the prosperity of churches,—to the comfort of families,—is this blessing of peace! In those *countries* which are unhappily at this moment the scene of intestine strife, what multitudes, we may presume, do earnestly desire the restoration of peace. In *christian societies*, a sound, scriptural, healthy peace cannot be too highly valued, nor its loss too greatly deprecated: "Where envying and strife is, there is confusion and every evil work." The loss of peace in the church seldom comes alone,—usually manifold evils follow in its train,—the Spirit is grieved,—the brethren are wounded,—prosperity is at an end. And, as for the *family circle*, the blessedness of domestic peace, and the wretchedness of domestic turmoil, are too obvious to require comment. In states, in churches, in families, then, peace cannot be too devoutly desired, too sacredly cherished. Hence the frequency of the exhortation in scripture, to "pray for peace," to "strive for peace," to "cultivate peace."

But interesting and important as is social peace, there is a peace which to me, as an individual, is yet more important; and that is, *my own peace*. It is then as a *personal question*, that we wish, in this place, particularly to urge the enquiry, "*Is it peace?*"—peace within,—peace with conscience,—peace with God. The Bible says a great deal about this personal peace; it is, in fact, the grand theme of divine revelation, "Peace on earth, and good will towards men." It cannot, then, but be desirable, that I should entertain the question with seriousness and in earnest,—"*Is it peace?*" And that which invests this question with amazing importance is the fact, that the enquiry evidently implies an alternative; an alternative which is not only barely *possible*, but exceedingly *probable;* an alternative which actually exists in a multitude of cases, and *may* therefore exist in mine. *All* have not peace with God: all have not peace of conscience. There are some who do not like to retain the thought of God; whose every feeling is enmity against Him; yea, whose whole life is one continued course of hostility and resistance; and who, in consequence, are the subjects of disquietude, apprehension, and alarm. *Is it thus with me?*

And with a view of making out this enquiry, let me ask,—Is it peace with me, in regard to the *character of God?* In reflecting on His perfections, thinking on Him as a Spirit pervading the universe with His

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essence, to whom all things are naked and open, whose eyes are upon the ways of a man, yea, who scrutinizes into the secrets of the heart; who is *pure*, and cannot bear that which is evil; *just*, and will render unto every man according to his works; *mighty*, and will perform all his pleasure; *true*, and cannot deceive; *faithful*, and will not revoke His word, nor alter the thing which is gone out of His mouth,—do I experience satisfaction and pleasure, or hatred and disgust?

Is it peace in reference to *His law?* Considering the law of God under which I am placed, and which I am bound to obey in its "exceeding breadth," as taking notice not only of actions but of thoughts and principles of actions, and as denouncing wrath on every transgressor, do I approve of it notwithstanding, delight in it after the inward man, consent to it that it is good? or am I dissatisfied with it; do I complain of its strictness and severity, and long to be free from the restraints which it imposes on me?

Is it peace in relation *to the gospel of God?* The gospel reveals God's method of saving sinners; but this method is opposed to the pride and self-sufficiency of the human heart. It requires me to become a fool that I may be wise; to renounce myself, my works, my worthiness, every ground of boasting, that I may win the Saviour. It sets before me Christ crucified, and points to His perfect righteousness as the only way by which God will be just and yet the justifier of the guilty, as the only medium through which pardon flows, and reconciliation is secured. It expects me to receive salvation as a free gift,—an undeserved favour; and it positively denies to me its blessings an any other terms. Do I cordially accept them on these terms? or am I offended in being thus ranked, in the affair of my salvation, with the vilest and the worst of men?

And with regard *to the Divine Government*, is it peace? The arrangements and proceedings of God's government are in many respects perplexing and inscrutable: they are far above, out of sight, and not unfrequently such as to involve suffering where *we* should have expected enjoyment, or to grant apparent immunity where *we* should have looked for immediate punishment. If we attempt to judge of them by the principles which regulate ourselves, we are entirely at a loss to account for them; they bewilder and confound us, and like Asaph, we shall be exceedingly apt to exclaim, "Verily, I have cleansed my heart in vain; I have washed my hands in innocency," or with the impious in the days of Job, "What is the Almighty that we should serve Him, or what profit should we have if we pray unto him?" The ungodly do in fact thus feel and speak, they are at enmity against God, and among the ways in which that enmity displays itself, disaffection, distrust, resistance in regard to His government are some of them. Does such a state of mind and conduct characterize me? or can I cordially approve of, and cheerfully submit to, that government, having an unwavering confidence in the wisdom, rectitude, and love which preside in it, and an assured hope that with all its mysteries, it wears towards me, *through the Mediator*, a benignant aspect, and that its acts will all be rendered subservient to my happiness?

Now, these are interesting enquiries, and such surely as ought not to be hastily and summarily dismissed. And why should they be thus dismissed? or rather, why should they not be entertained, and that in a manner becoming their acknowledged importance, and the magnitude of the interests involved in the issue? For is it not for my life? Are not my present comfort, my eternal well-being, bound up in this one enquiry—"Is it peace?"

Now, supposing the question to be met, and satisfactorily answered, so as that to the enquiry, "Is it peace?" I am able, after careful, prayerful,

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deliberate investigation, to reply, It *is* peace; through grace, God and I are one. Though He was angry, His anger is turned away. Confidence is restored. Reconciliation has been effected on honourable terms, and with an intelligent, comprehensive view of the character, the law, the government of God. "His terrors do *not* make me afraid;" I feel at home with Him. I can reflect on His perfections without alarm, on His law without apprehension, on His government without distrust. And as for *conscience*, sprinkled with the blood of atonement, it has ease; it is unburdened; it is at rest. It no longer condemns me, but gives a consentaneous testimony with that of the Spirit of God that I am born of God. While all the faculties of my soul, reposing in God as their proper centre, find perpetual tranquillity, "perfect peace."

I say, supposing this to be the issue of the enquiry, carefully conducted, what can be conceived of as more delightful—delightful under all circumstances, and at every season—peculiarly delightful when entering upon any important period of my existence,—as for instance a new year, where in all likelihood the scene will be as chequered, and the disappointments as numerous, and the trials as severe, and, perhaps, the grief as pungent, as during any similar period that preceded it,—I shall be able to reflect, that come what may from without,—whatever convulsions in society,—whatever embarrassments in commerce,—whatever divisions in the church,—whatever trials in my family,—whatever losses in my business,—whatever protracted or severe affliction in my body, there is at least *peace within, peace with God*. That here, in the sanctuary of my own soul, I shall experience quietness. That if trials come, as come they unquestionably will, they will not be aggravated and imbittered by the thought that they are endured under the frown of God, that in this fiery furnace I am alone, not cheered by the presence of the Son of Man, nor solaced with His smile. Nor in the midst of some almost insupportable grief, occasioned, it may be, by domestic trial or unlooked for reverses, shall I be lashed well nigh to madness by the melancholy thought, this is but an instalment of grief, of grief in reserve, of grief inconceivably more bitter which yet awaits me, if not in this world, at least in another, as the fruit of my sin; for there is no friendship between me and God. Hence I have everything to fear from One who is mighty to punish as to save, and under whose hand I have not humbled myself that I might be exalted in due time. Nor if death should come and summon me unexpectedly to my last account, will he be regarded as an unwelcome messenger—for "death is also mine;" and knowing whom I have believed, I shall realize a holy confidence in regard to its issue.

But suppose the contrary to be true;—that this enquiry respecting my individual peace should terminate unfavourably,—that I find myself at variance with God, my heart at emnity, my life in rebellion, and, as the consequence, my whole mind in anxiety and disquietude,—so that whatever else in my situation and circumstances is agreeable or joyous, there is at least this serious drawback to the pleasure I might derive from these sources,—that there is to me no solid, satisfactory, lasting peace,—that that which I have been too ready at times to take for it is but the lull of hostility,—that the Divine Being does not view me with complacency, but with disapprobation and displeasure,—that He is angry with me every day, and that sooner or later, and in all probability at the very period when I am least anticipating it, this anger will display itself by an outbreak of the most terrible and unappeasable vengeance. Admitting, I say, this to be my actual condition, can it be known, realized, confessed too soon? Better, surely, better by far to know the worst, let it cost what it may of present anxiety or alarm, while it admits of a remedy, than to persist in

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self-flattery and delusion, until "fear shall come as a desolation, and destruction as a whirlwind;" and come they unquestionably will, unless judgment be arrested by a speedy appeal to mercy; for while the presumptuous and self-confident are saying, "Peace, peace," sudden destruction shall come upon them, and they shall not escape.

In the meanwhile let me bless God that, sad and fearful as it is for a creature to be found in rebellion against his Maker, the case even of such an one is not yet hopeless. Reconciliation is offered through the gospel to the chief of sinners. Yea, God himself condescends as yet to beseech such to be reconciled, declaring "that He hath made Him to be sin for us who knew no sin, that we might be made the righteousness of God in Him."

And shall there, on my part, be no grateful response to such language; no cordial acceptance of such overtures; or rather, amidst the "thoughts of many things" which are always ready enough to crowd upon my attention, shall I not seize the present moment to entertain *this* at least as a personal, an all-important, a practical question, "Is it peace?"*

NATURAL AND MORAL ABILITY AND INABILITY.

BY THE REV. W. CROWE.

The right understanding of these terms is of very great importance in theology, and as bearing on our religious sentiments and practice. Very strong and sometimes even vehement language has been employed, and bold and fearless, and we hesitate not to say, rash assertions have sometimes been put forth, both in the pulpit and out of it, respecting man's *inability* to repent and believe the gospel. We may have little or no objection to bold or even vehement asseverations, when they rest on sufficient data, when well sustained by the evidence of truth; but we must not yield our faith to mere assertions without proof, with whatever confidence they may be delivered, and even though they should come to us sanctioned by learning and repute. Misapprehension of the nature of man's inability appears to be the very nucleus of Antinomianism, and therefore it makes the more imperative demand upon our serious attention. The fault, perhaps, generally commences with the preacher,—sometimes with the perusal of books which contain the alluring and insidious poison; but wherever the venom circulates, it soon incorporates with the whole religious constitution, and becomes most difficult of cure. It has been the fortune of some of us, occasionally to hear, and sometimes to read, sentiments respecting man's inability, and Divine sovereignty, which have seriously trenched upon the claims of moral government, compromised the interests of holiness, and virtually annihilated human responsibility, making man a mere machine, moved only and of necessity by some foreign, extrinsic, and irresistible force.

As recorded in John v. 40, our Saviour upbraided the unbelieving Jews, not because they *could* not, but because they *would* not, "come unto him that they might have life." Now, there are at least two other passages, both spoken by our Lord, which *appear* to be in direct opposition to this. In one he tells us that "no man *can* come to him, except the Father who hath sent him draw him;" and in the other, "that no man *can* come unto him, except it were given unto him of his Father" (John vi. 44 and 65).

* The above article was intended for insertion in our January Number. This will explain several references which might otherwise appear inappropriate. We regret that we have not been able to give it insertion sooner.

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How, then, are we to understand these apparently opposite and conflicting passages, each uttered by Him "who spake as never man spake," and who declared himself to be "the truth" as well as "the way and the life?" Let it be premised that as our Saviour could speak nothing but truth, it was impossible for him to contradict himself; and let it be remembered that *moral truth* is always the same unaltered and unchangeable thing. What we have to do then is, not to attempt to explain away or qualify either of the verses in question; but to endeavour to ascertain in what sense these and similar statements are to be taken, recollecting that scripture is always consistent with itself, that there is the most perfect harmony between all the different parts of divine truth, and that no construction given to a passage can possibly be correct which would disturb that harmony by placing one portion of the word of God in conflict with another, and which does violence to reason and common sense. We conceive, then, that these passages, and all similar ones, admit of a ready and easy explanation—an explanation by which their mutual veracity and consistency are sustained, and the only one by which they can be sustained. When our Saviour affirms that "no man *can* come to him except the Father *draw* him," he affirms nothing at variance with his declaration that "they *will* not come to him." *Can* and *will* are, in this instance, interchangeable terms. A distinction, and, as understood, a very important one, has been made between natural and moral ability, natural ability signifying the possession of faculties or powers for the performance of an act, and moral ability signifying the disposition or willingness to perform it. The want of the former, whether corporeal or intellectual, or both, is termed *natural* inability, because in the very nature of things the want of bodily or mental powers for the performance of an action renders its performance impossible; and the latter, the want of inclination where the faculties are possessed, is termed, by way of contradistinction, *moral* inability, because it consists simply and only in the indisposition of the mind. The admission of the terms ability and inability into the vocabulary of morals, may perhaps be considered somewhat unfortunate for the interests of truth, for they have been greatly misapprehended, and awfully and even wickedly perverted, and much mischief to the cause of religion, much laxness in piety, and much distraction and contention in the churches, have resulted from such misapprehension and perversion. It is the possession of mental faculties, the endowment of reason and intelligence, that makes man the proper subject of divine command, and amenable for his sentiments and actions at the tribunal of the righteous Judge. Though man lost by his fall the inclination to that which is good, he lost not any one of the natural and intellectual faculties necessary for its performance, and therefore he did not lose his *power* or *ability* to do that which is good, unless we understand the word as signifying the loss of inclination. The terms *moral ability* and *moral inability* are analogical or figurative, and cannot be taken in a literal and absolute sense without subverting the whole foundation of morals, and annihilating man's responsibility for any of his actions. They are employed by way of accommodation, precisely as *coming* and *looking* to Christ, with many others; and it is strange that while, by general consent, these terms have been understood figuratively, there should have been so strong a disposition to put a literal construction upon the other.

We affirm, therefore, if not without fear of contradiction, yet without fear of refutation, that man *has power* to repent and to believe the gospel, —power to come to Christ,—and power to perform any religious act whatever, and that he wants only the inclination—the *will*. When it is said he *cannot* come to Christ, nothing more is intended, nothing more can be

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intended, than that he cannot simply and only because he *will not*. If man were literally and absolutely without power to obey, it would be as absurd for God to command, as for us to expect brutes to philosophize, or idiots to reason. No man can be under any obligation to perform an action which he has not ability to perform, and no man can be justly punished for not doing what is commanded, when he is destitute of power to obey. But God has commanded men every where, where the gospel goes, to repent of sin, and believe in his Son; and this command is given to a fallen and sinful creature, which would be absurd unless he had power to do it; and those who do not thus believe and repent—in other words, who do not come to Christ—will receive additional condemnation and punishment on that very account, which would be the most awful tyranny, and the most cruel injustice, unless man has power to repent and believe. No man can come to Christ till he is drawn by the Holy Spirit in regeneration, because till then he wants the *will* to come; in the same sense in which many persons cannot come to chapel, and in which others cannot stay away, because they want sufficient inclination.

But it has been sometimes said, "If I cannot come to Christ, I cannot, and it matters not what my inability may be; if I want the will, I might as well want the power,—it amounts to the same thing."* By no means; far from it. Let us be on our guard against such a plausible, but mischievous mode of reasoning as this. It is this which has engendered, or at least fostered, the Antinomian heresy—that pest and curse, that foul leprosy, of the churches. There is a wide and immeasurable difference between the want of power and the want of will. Would you say of a thief, should he steal your property, or of any incendiary, should he fire your premises, that he could not help it, that he was blameless, and had not power to abstain, because he had *no desire* to do otherwise? Would a jury ever think of giving a verdict, or would any man think of conducting the ordinary affairs of life, upon such a principle as this? Would you deem it a discharge of debt, were your debtor to assert that he was unable to pay you merely because he was unwilling? Or would you excuse the rebellion of your child, under the plea of inability, because he might have no desire to obey you? But if you cannot consent to act on these principles in the ordinary affairs of life, be careful not to carry them into the all-important concerns of the soul. God will not accept, at last, of your want of inclination to attend to salvation as an apology for neglect; you must stand or fall, at last, by your reception or rejection of the bless-

* Our acute brother appears to us to ask this question in one sense, and to answer it in another. Whoever asks it *means*, "if I am, born by no fault of mine, unable to be inclined to or to will what is good, how am I accountable for not willing what I was born without power to will?" To this our brother answers by cases in which a jury believe the man has the faculty of "willing" differently to what he does. The debtor *could* "will" to pay his debt,—the thief *could* will not to steal; *hence* he is required to *will* according to justice and honesty. If, however, the jury were satisfied, that (as in the case of repentance towards God) he really had not the power to *will* what justice requires of those who have that power, they would put him in a lunatic asylum, as one having, indeed, all requisite intellectual and bodily powers, but being destitute of a will *capable* of doing what law and society require. We own that Edwards's distinction between natural and moral inability, appears to us futile on this ground, that inability to will aright in regard to religion, is by him, and others, always represented as a *natural* inability. It has every property of a *natural* thing. We were *born* with it, and *natural* strictly means that which we have by birth. We have *no power to alter* it more than to get rid of any of our natural appetites and passions. It is common to the *whole* species; as natural things are to the species they characterize. In every *other* matter it is allowed we *can* will to do or not to do; in religion it is denied that we *can* will to *do* good. The question we hope our brother will send an answer to, is this, "If it be requisite to my accountableness to human law that I be able to *will* to obey, as well as to disobey, why is not the same ability requisite to my accountableness to Divine law?"—ED.

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ings of salvation. If you do not come to Christ for life, it is not because you *cannot*, but only because you *will not;* and this, so far from forming an excuse for you, constitutes your guilt. The destruction of sinners is entirely wilful; it is a *voluntary* rushing to hell. If you perish, the cause of your destruction will be found neither in God's decrees nor God's sovereignty, but solely in yourself.

DIVINE CARE.

"He careth for you."—1 *Peter* v. 7.

The christian's life is very much made up of cares and comforts; cares spring from earth, comfort comes from heaven; cares prove him a sinner, holy comforts prove him a believer; cares flow in from a variety of quarters, true comfort from only one; cares come naturally, but comforts supernaturally. We shall be sure to have cares; but shall we have comfort? This depends on God's grace, which gives it; and our faith, which receives it. Cares must be cast on our God, or they will prove a burden too heavy for us; they will depress, bewilder, and make us wretched. But here is our comfort, we have always One to care for us; and the very one which of all others we would wish to do so. "The Lord careth for you."

For *whom?* For *you*, who are begotten again to a lively hope by the resurrection of Jesus Christ from the dead; who are born again, not of corruptible seed but of incorruptible, by the word of God which liveth and abideth for ever. For *you*, who are strangers and pilgrims on the earth, as all your fathers were. For *you*, who are placed in humble circumstances, being numbered with the poor of this world. For *you*, who are compassed about with so many cares, and who enjoy so few comforts; who are surprised at the fiery trials which try you, as though some strange thing had happened unto you. For *you*, who are worried and harassed by Satan, who as a roaring lion goeth about seeking whom he may devour. For *you*, who are persecuted by the world, and hated by all men for your Saviour's sake. For *you*, to whom Christ is precious, as he is to every one who really believes in him. God's care extends to every christian; the young and the aged, the weak and the strong, the poor and the wealthy, the doubting and the confident. Believer, *He* cares for thee.

Who is it that cares for us? It is the Lord, the high and lofty one that inhabiteth eternity, whose name is holy; who is so great, that we have no adequate conception of his greatness; so good, that it is impossible fully to set forth his goodness; and so glorious, that no sinner can see his face and live. It is He who created all things with his word, who governs all by his wisdom, and upholds all by his power. His resources are infinite, his compassion exquisite, and his patience surprisingly great. He enters into all the circumstances of his people, is ever present with them, and rejoices over them to do them good. The angels obey him, the seraphim adore him, and all creation glorifies him; but though he is so exalted, so happy, and so unspeakably great, he careth for you. For *you*, mean as you are. For *you*, sinful as you are. For *you*, depressed and discouraged as you are. *He careth for you.* He cares for you individually, and according to the circumstances in which you are placed.

What does he do? He *careth* for you. He thinks of you. He watches over you. He sympathises with you. He feels the deepest interest in you. He ever seeks your welfare. He infallibly secures your good. Your misery touches his heart, your wants lie open to his view, and your cries

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enter into his ears. He cares for you more than for the proudest monarch on his throne, or the mightiest production of his power. He cares for you, and his care is constant; it is not fitful, or occasional, but ever the same. He cares for you, and his care is paternal; it is the care of a father for his child, the child whom he tenderly loves, and for whose welfare he feels the deepest concern. He cares for you, and his care is perpetual; he will never care for you less than he does at present; when age weakens you, when wants pinch you, when death appears just before you, he will care for you as much as he did in youth, or as he does at this moment. He cares for you, and his care is beneficial; it prevents innumerable evils, and secures the greatest possible amount of good. It is more advantageous than the care of the kindest father, though that father were monarch of the mightiest empire, and possessed unbounded wealth. The care of God is of more value than the care of all his creatures combined. He careth for you, but his care is mysteriously exercised; it benefits us certainly, but secretly. It conceals itself behind the blessings it brings, and the evils it prevents. He careth for you, and his care is special; it is not the care which he has for the beasts which perish, or the sinners who die under his frown. It is care that extends to the very hairs of your heads, which are all numbered; and to all the events and occurrences of life, however minute or common-place.

Beloved, here is our comfort. We may lose the care of an earthly parent by death, but the Lord ever liveth, and while he lives he cares for us. We may lose the care of a kind earthly friend, through the malice of a foe, and misrepresentations; but the Lord ever loves us, thoroughly knows us, and never ceases to care for us. Here is the ground of our confidence for the future. We cannot trust in a friend, or put confidence in a guide; we know not *where* we shall be, nor *what* we shall be, for we know not what a day may bring forth; but this we know, that God will care for us, and caring for us, will fulfil his promises to us, and make all his goodness pass before us. If God cares for us, then let us cast all our cares upon him; let us live in daily fellowship with him; let us seek all our supplies from him. If God cares for us, let us not dishonour him by nursing our doubts, or encouraging our fears, but let us trust in him at all times, for his word is true, his love is constant, and his knowledge is perfect. Let us "be careful for nothing, but in everything, by prayer and supplication with thanksgiving, let our requests be made known unto God; and the peace of God which passeth all understanding, shall keep our hearts and minds through Christ Jesus" (Phil. iv. 6, 7). Let us attend to our Saviour's loving admonition, "Take therefore no thought for the morrow; for the morrow shall take thought for the things of itself. Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof" (Matt. vi. 34). We shall never be without a friend, however trying our circumstances may be; or without a guide, however perplexing or difficult our path. The care of God is more than the care of all the angelic hosts; and if the care of God is not sufficient to preserve, supply, and satisfy us, then nothing is. The Lord help us to believe this precious truth, to realize it daily, that we may pass through the present world under the impression, "I am the object of God's tender, paternal, and ceaseless care."

"To whom should I fly for relief,
But Him that hath lov'd me so well;
And still, when I sink into grief,
Doth all my infirmities feel?
Oh, lover of sinners, on Thee
My burden of trouble I cast,
Whose care and compassion for me
For ever and ever shall last."

New-Park-Street, London. JAMES SMITH.

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THE ILLIBERALITY OF THE BAPTISTS.

"Thou that judgest another, doest the same things."

Independent. What illiberal people you Baptists are! How can you make up your minds to forbid Christians as pious as yourselves to commemorate with you the death of our common Lord. If this be not bigotry and sectarianism, I do not know what is.

Baptist. Softly, my brother! You know I am myself a free communionist, and do not object to your communing with us; but I do object to your speaking of Baptists as more illiberal, bigoted, or narrow-minded than other Christians.

I. Why, brother, hardly any others reject their fellow-christians from the Lord's table.

B. That may be, and yet they may be quite as illiberal as conscientious strict communion Baptists, and even more so.

I. More so!

B. The Church of England is. Its communion, you know, is open enough. Yet how intense its bigotry! Its Athanasian Creed assigns all to damnation who do not believe it. It allows no one to minister in it who dares not subscribe heart and soul to its thirty-nine Articles and its Prayer-book; it excludes every Dissenter, from the throne of the realm; it has seized upon nearly all the ecclesiastical property in the land; it allows no one to make a will without dragging him through its courts; it forbids Dissenters the privileges of its Universities; it seizes the goods of such as will not pay church-rates, &c.; and you know the absurd claims of most of its ministers to apostolic succession, and the monopoly of teaching religion. Here, then, we have very open communion, with greater bigotry than that of any Baptist.

I. I allow all this; but I must maintain that strict-communion Baptists are the most bigoted of all Dissenters.

B. And I must maintain that they are not. There is bigotry enough amongst us, I freely own; but not at all more than amongst our Independent brethren. In a word, I consider bigotry to be a fault of the temper, and I think there are as many amongst you prejudiced against Baptist opinions, as amongst us prejudiced against yours.

I. I must acknowledge that Independents are too ready to look with unexamining contempt upon Baptist opinions.

B. But, my brother, I go a step further, and affirm not only of temper but of opinions too, that those of all other sects are *in principle* as strict as those of any Baptist; and that the greater strictness of Baptist sentiments is merely *apparent*.

I. How can you make that out! I am sure Independents are free-communionists.

B. You will allow, in the first place, that there is no more bigotry in holding that only believers should be baptized, than in believing that infants should also be baptized, especially when no case of Infant Baptism is actually mentioned in the New Testament.

I. O yes, I fully agree to that.

B. Next, Is there any bigotry in thinking baptism necessary to church membership, and that it ought accordingly to precede the Lord's Supper!

I. Certainly not. Whether right or wrong, it has been the universal belief of the church in all ages, and almost all think so now.

B. Well, now, if a Baptist may, without bigotry, hold with nearly all christians that baptism should precede church membership and the Lord's Supper, and also hold, without bigotry, that only believers ought to be

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baptized, how can it be bigotry to hold the necessary consequence of these opinions, namely, that christians who have not been baptized as believers, are self-disqualified for coming to the Lord's table?

I. Why, he might consider our baptism to be valid for us, just as we allow him to be baptized.

B. No, my brother, no one ever denied that Believers' Baptism is valid baptism, it is so clearly both commanded and practised in the New Testament; but we, with the apostle Peter, place the essence of Baptism in the *conscientious* profession, not in the outward act; "*not* the putting away of the filth of the flesh, but the answer of a *good conscience* towards God." In our view, the ceremony cannot even exist without this *answer of a good conscience.*

I. But you will surely allow, that if we are children of God, we have been baptized *in the spirit.* Is not that ground enough to authorize our communion with you in the Lord's Supper?

B. Yes, to *communion with us in spirit.* If you ask us to be satisfied with your being baptized in the spirit only, you ought to be satisfied with our requesting you to *commune* with us *in the spirit* only. Let, we should say, spiritual baptism precede spiritual fellowship in the death of Christ; but let material, ceremonial, baptism precede material and ceremonial communion.

I. Well, I will freely own that whether Strict Baptist opinions be right or wrong, they cannot in themselves be called bigoted.

B. It is common with Independents to speak of *open communion* Baptists as acknowledging the *validity of Infant Baptism.* Even Robert Hall did no such thing. He states strongly that in his view Pædobaptists have never submitted to baptism at all. Open communion Baptists receive you as unbaptized; and if, *like most Pædobaptists,* they held the necessary priority of baptism to the Lord's Supper, they could not receive you to the Lord's table at all.

I. But you said at first that we Independents are as strict as you, so far as *principle* is concerned.

B. And I can make it good, too. What do you mean by communion? Do you mean communion in the Lord's Supper only, or in *all* the privileges of a Church of Christ?

I. Oh, church fellowship is not worth the name, in which any Christian is denied advantages enjoyed by the rest. I mean certainly *equal* fellowship, although the Lord's Supper is more talked of.

B. Just so. The Lord's Supper is more noticed; that alone enables unfair declaimers to raise a clamour against Baptists. All denominations limit the privileges of full and unreserved fellowship to those who are not only Christians, but who also agree with them on some subordinate points. Independents deny Baptists who join them an *equal* right with themselves in choosing a minister, for they will not allow the best pastor in the world to be elected if he be but a Baptist. They deny to Baptists an *equal* advocacy of their opinions from the pulpit, or, indeed, that they should be *spoken* of there except as false. And few are the churches in which a Baptist would be allowed to teach his opinions in the Sunday-school, or to spread them in the Church unmolested;—that is, they deny a Baptist Christian "liberty of speech"—the liberty to teach what he thinks to be the mind of Christ. Poor freedom this to boast of giving us, brother!

I. Well, I do begin to see that all sects are strict communionists in some things. The Methodists and Friends require conformity in more things than we do.

B. And do not forget, brother, that though a Baptist may misinterpret the Bible, yet it is to no arrangements of his own, but solely to the *Word*

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of God, that he demands obedience. He acts on the ground of "the Bible and the Bible *only*."

I. Well, my brother, I shall certainly not talk of Baptist bigotry any more. I had not thought of the subject; and though at *first* sight, what you do through conscientious and scrupulous regard to the commands of Christ, does *look* like bigotry, I am fully satisfied it is not.

B. I am glad, my brother, to hear you say so. Certain I am that all Baptists would like to commune with you not only in the *spirit* but in the *elements* also, did not they fear violating the arrangements of Christ himself. If they err, it is in deference to what they firmly believe to be their Master's will.

I. I quite allow it, and own that I sinned against my brethren in not taking into account *their views and motives*.

B. But now bear with me, brother, if I beg you to "take the beam out of your own eye;" then, I think, your vision will be too clear to censure us again.

I. What can you mean?

B. I mean that the Pædobaptists should dismiss that *pride* in their *alleged* superior intelligence and liberality which disposes them *most* unjustly to think and speak of Baptists as narrow-minded and illiberal, while you are treating us with more illiberality than we treat you.

I. You cannot really think so!

B. I do. Besides innumerable local and social instances, there are several *public* ones. I have been informed by persons privy to the proceedings, that it was *Independents* who excluded the versions of our missionaries from the Bible Society, the *Churchmen* not being opposed to them; it was certainly an Independent missionary, Mr. Gogerly, who began the attack on Baptist versions. This was exclusiveness we had never been guilty of. Baptists had *never* objected to Independent versions! Then when Mr. Barrett defamed our West Indian churches (an unlovely thing in the eyes of the world); and though a few noble-minded men did us justice, yet he was caressed by your body generally, and his portrait deemed an acceptable offering to it by the *Evangelical Magazine!* And, lastly, in the affair of National Education, the Baptists were for a general society, and the Independents for a sectarian one!

I. I must own these things were unworthy of us.

B. I have often remarked that if Baptists generally were inclining to open communion, the *sectarian conduct* of Pædobaptists would keep them back. Our time now will not allow it, but when we have opportunity to converse again, I will try to shew you, that those who baptize only *intelligent* agents, credibly *renewed in the spirit* of their minds, act on *far higher* and more spiritual principles than those who baptize *unconscious* babes, on the ground of their *fleshly* descent from believing parents.

F. CLOWES.

GOD'S WISDOM IN MAN'S SALVATION.

BY THE REV. E. S. PRYCE.

Of this subject how many are the illustrations! Some present themselves to the mind of the simplest servant of God; some to him, who, with strong intellect and devout heart, has long meditated on the wonderful method by which sinners are forgiven and saved; and some, possibly, are only discerned by spirits who have kept their first estate, and who, unconscious of the joys of pardon and reconciliation, esteem the ransom of man a mystery into which they desire to look.

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The author of the human spirit, and of the work of salvation, is one and the same Being. It is to be expected, therefore, that the method employed by him in the gospel, in his appeal to the human heart, should be in accordance with a thorough knowledge of it, and adapted, by divine wisdom, to accomplish his benevolent purpose. Occasionally, in the history of human beings with each other, we may observe illustrations of the success of the method which God has adopted for man's salvation. Far removed, indeed, are all these earthly instances from the perfection which distinguishes the ways of God; but though the correspondence is feeble, consistent with mighty differences, and often undesigned, it is far from being devoid of interest to a religious and reflecting mind. The following instance of voluntary substitution in the endurance of punishment, and of the effect of it on the human heart, is related in Colman's Agriculture of France, Belgium, &c. It took place in Mettray, near Tours, at a French agricultural colony, intended for the instruction and improvement of condemned and vagabond boys.

"Among the rewards given at the Institution, and those, extraordinary as it may seem, most coveted and deemed most honourable, are what are called 'tickets of favour.' These only entitle the possessor to obtain some mitigation of punishment for an offending companion, by bearing it himself. In one case, at the strong solicitation of the parents, a very unmanageable boy had been received into the Institution. Silence is always strictly enjoined at meal times. This boy, after repeated admonitions, persisted in violating this rule, when a monitor took him by the collar, in order to remove him from the table. The boy instantly stabbed the monitor, so as to endanger his life. For this offence he was sentenced to some months' imprisonment and seclusion, upon short allowance.

"After being some time confined, the boys solicited his release, the boy who had been wounded among the rest, and who had a right to claim a favour. After repeated refusals, the master at length consented, upon condition that the boy who had been wounded should take his place, and suffer out the time that remained to complete his sentence. This being agreed to, and the wounded boy taking the place and the penalties of the criminal, the culprit was appointed to the duty of attending upon him and carrying him his food. The confined boy finished the time to which the criminal had been sentenced. In the meanwhile the culprit, witnessing the sufferings of the boy whom he had injured, and his magnanimity in undertaking to suffer for him, and the kind and forgiving conduct of the whole school towards him, was so deeply affected by it, that it appeared to have worked an entire reformation of character, and he became, and had continued for a long time, one of the best boys in the school."

THE LORD'S PRAYER.

Our Father, God, great Lord of heaven,
All reverence to Thy name be given;
Thy kingdom magnify, until
In earth like heaven, all do Thy will.

Our every need each day supply,
And our iniquities pass by,
As we our neighbours' sins forgive,
And guard from evil while we live.

Thine is the kingdom, Thine the power,
Be Thine the glory evermore;
Through Christ may we Thy grace obtain,
Lord, join to ours, Thine own Amen.

Trafalgar-Square, Peckham. S. DAVIS.

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Tales and Sketches.

THE LAST SHILLING LOST.

A TRUE NARRATIVE.

It was a cold dismal-looking morning, in the month of November, the winter had set in early, and the usually thronged streets of Liverpool were not yet overflowing with the moving mass of men of business and men of labour, which, at a late hour of the day, might have relieved the eye of a looker-on by the variety it presented. The quiet of this great commercial town has always a something melancholic in it, arising from the association of ideas; its recent bustle, and recommencing hum, giving to the immediate and brief pauses of temporary dullness, some vague and indefinable connexion with moments between the successive shocks of an earthquake, or the loud howlings of the storm, when the sullen interval only silently announces the approach of additional violence. Mrs. S—— went to the window, looked out, sighed, and again sat down. The bible was open before her; she had been reading in it; but there was a restlessness about her feelings which prevented her deriving all the consolation she otherwise might have done from the sacred page. Two children stood beside her, one six years old, the other four; "Mamma," said the eldest, "James and I are very hungry, do let us have breakfast soon." "I cannot, my dear boy," she repled, "till you have brought me some little things from the next street; and I have been watching the weather all this time, that you might not go out till the rain had ceased. It is now clearer; put on your cap, and hold fast the money which I now give you, till you reach the shop. *It is my last shilling.*"

Little Francis liked very much to run Mamma's errands. He was an affectionate, lively child, and contrived to find amusement wherever he went, without losing much time, or forgetting any of his commissions. But he had one little trick, which had he known how rude and disagreeable it is, he would never have practised. Whenever he was running alone, he would draw a small stick across the iron paling of the areas he passed, just to have the pleasure of hearing the hopping of the stick, and the twanging vibrations of the metal; on this occasion he forgot his stick and ran off promptly, promising to be careful and expeditious. He passed one large house, then another, wished he had his wooden companion, tried his naked hand on the iron rails, shrunk from the cold, and then applied the edge of the shilling. Alas, alas! It pitched with force and rapidity into the area below, and disappeared. The house was without a tenant; no search could be made; and poor little Francis turned deadly pale, as it struck on his heart, his Mamma's *last shilling was lost!*

There is no sight under heaven so interesting as a christian in calamity. Nothing proves so convincingly the value of religion, as the aids it supplies, "when waves and storms go over the head." Mrs. S—— had long known the gospel of Christ to be "the power of God unto salvation." In early youth she had become a "partaker" of that "precious faith," by which, "without the deeds of the law," we are "justified freely through the redemption that is in Jesus." Her family had been highly respectable—her prospects in life bright and prosperous—her mind intellectual and cultivated; but when she decided to choose, with Mary, "that better part," every thing else became tributary, and of minor importance. The first of her kindred to receive "the love in the truth thereof," she "behaved herself wisely in a perfect way;" and by her conciliating, yet devotional spirit—by her prudent, yet exemplary conduct—by her speech being "always with grace," she was made instrumental in winning most of them to walk in "wisdom's ways," which "are pleasantness," and in "her paths," which "are peace."

But after years brought affliction to purify the gold; through many a furnace of this kind had she passed; still she maintained her integrity—lost nothing, save dross, and sweetly shone with light reflected, in successive nights of sorrow. Her husband feared God, but he had embarked a large capital in an unsuccessful business, became a bankrupt, gave up every thing to his creditors, and was, at the period when my little tale commences, in a distant land, struggling with adversity, and remitting from time to time all he could earn to his beloved wife and children. He had left her in lodgings in Liverpool, six months

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before, with four children; now, two of them "were not," for God had taken them. In rapid succession they were consigned to the grave, "taken from the evil to come." And when the bereaved mother had paid the doctor's bill, and funeral expenses, she found herself possessed of so very little means of support, that nothing but the most rigid economy could make it sufficient to satisfy their urgent wants, till the morning to which I have adverted.

She had eaten little for some preceding days. The dear boys had just enough of bread and milk to keep them uncomplaining during the day before, and a small portion which they insisted Mamma *must* eat, had been by her secretly abstracted, and carefully kept, almost as by presentiment, till morning.

Francis entered. "Oh! mamma, what shall we do? I have lost the shilling." He burst into tears, and was violently agitated. "My child," said the heroic mother, clasping him to her heart, "weep not, it cannot be recalled. *The Lord will provide.*" She placed him and his brother at their little table, produced the crust of bread and cup of milk, and drying the eyes of poor Francis, and kissing the cheek of little James, she retired to her bedroom, and carefully locked the door inside.

Reader! art thou taught of God to pray? Knowest thou the felicity of calling him Father, feeling the relationship, and exulting in the deep consciousness of his paternal regards, when thou drawest near to a "throne of grace?" Have there not been seasons when thy rapt spirit, regardless of the cross that pressed, the difficulties that surrounded, the dark cloud that impending gave a sable hue to every earthly object, held communion with Deity; and time unheeded flew, whilst thou wast rolling thy every burden on the Lord, and feeling hat He sustained thee? Then may *thy* eye penetrate the hallowed seclusion of that chamber, *thy* gaze rest on that Christian mother, *thy* heart imagine her soul-engrossing engagement. She had a Friend, and there she went to meet him; that Friend was ever "swift to hear," strong to deliver, good to redeem, "mighty to save." "In six troubles" He had been with her, nor did He forsake her in the "seventh." Mark her clasped hands, her bended knees, her look of humble, confiding, grateful adoration. She pleads the promises, and recounts how often they had been already fulfilled. "Let not my Lord be angry; I will speak again; deliver my children from perishing; send us help, and that speedily, for *we are cast upon Thee.*" Such was the prayer of one of the Saviour's followers; as like Jacob she wrestled, like him she prevailed. Her petition was granted; and, as in the case of Solomon, more than she asked was given. Her soul was filled with "joy unspeakable." No pain was felt, no grief endured; all was a delightful conviction that God was "for" her, and would, "in due season," make "a way of escape," and till then enable her to bear up, and "go forward." A loud knocking at the door at length aroused her. "Madam," cried the mistress of the house, "do come down stairs immediately; here is the strangest sailor-man I ever set my eyes on. He has got a book for you, and he won't give it to no one till as how he sees yourself, just as if I could not carry the book without soiling it. He says he promised to give it to you and he'll do it, that he will; and I may keep my sixpence; he's no porter. I wonder a man that swears as hard as he does, makes such a fuss about telling a bit of a lie." Mrs. S—— went to the sailor, received the book, and on opening it, found inside a letter from her husband, giving hopes of a permanent provision, and enclosing five pounds for the present exigency.

Reader! whoever thou art, remember the words in Job xxii. 21, "Acquaint now thyself with him, and be at peace, thereby good shall come unto thee." Seek an interest in Christ; never rest till thy sins are forgiven, through faith in his blood, and thou canst claim the inheritance of the children.

"Delight thyself also in the Lord, and he shall give thee the desire of thy heart" (Psalm xxxvii. 4). Closely cleave to Him, faithfully serve Him; give Him thy heart in youth; keep it with all diligence; and "when thou passest through the waters, He will be with thee, and through the rivers, they shall not overflow thee; when thou walkest through the fire, thou shalt not be burned, neither shall the flame kindle upon thee" (Isa. xliii. 2). And when the world tries thee, and the devil tempts thee, and the voice of consolation in the blessed scriptures is almost drowned by the noise of the surging billows; catch a gleam of hope from the mercy vouchsafed to others, and bear in mind that never was the heart of Mrs. S—— made happier, never was her

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confidence in an unfailing providence rendered stronger, never was the divine goodness more signally displayed towards her, in both spiritual and temporal blessings, than when she was reduced to the greatest extremity—*her last shilling lost!*

"Trust in the Lord, and do good; so shalt thou dwell in the land, and verily thou shalt be fed" (Psalm xxxvi. 3).

A. L.

A DIALOGUE BETWEEN PRISCILLA AND PHEBE, ON THE DUTY OF THE MEMBERS OF CHURCHES TO CONTRIBUTE TOWARDS THE SUPPORT OF THEIR PASTORS.

Priscilla. Well, my dear sister, how do you get on in your new place; I hope you are comfortably situated? I am happy to see you more frequently at our weekly meetings than you were while in your former situation.

Phebe. Thank you, beloved friend, I am as comfortable as I can expect to be, as a servant of all-work; to be sure I am not like you, with a home of my own, and an affectionate husband to provide for me; but still I enjoy many mercies for which I ought to be thankful.

Pr. It is, to be sure, a great mercy to be provided for as I am by providence; but I know what it is to be a servant of all-work too; and, after all, such a situation, where a young woman is concerned to do her duty, has many advantages. I suppose you have good wages, as your employers are considered very kind and liberal towards their servants.

Ph. As both my master and mistress are real christians, they are anxious for me to enjoy as many opportunities as possible for public worship; but I sometimes think that, considering I have now been out several years in service, my wages are not what they ought to be; for, after all, six pounds are no great amount for a person of my years and experience.

Pr. Though it is not the largest sum given, even in the country, yet, considering the price of women's clothing, a careful, industrious, christian girl may manage very well with it, and even lay by something at the year's end. But as your income has lately been increased, I hope you will advance, in proportion, in your contribution for our beloved pastor.

Ph. Why, I pay already one shilling and sixpence a quarter for a sitting; and I am sure if all did in proportion to that, according to their several ability, he would receive a very considerable salary. But, pray, does he complain that he has not enough? I should be very sorry for him to be in needy circumstances.

Pr. I have never heard that he does. Indeed, I believe he is too modest and self-denying to utter a word of complaint, if he can possibly manage without it; but should we not all be anxious not to put him to the pain of being compelled to complain?

Ph. I wonder there should be any difficulty in making up what is promised him, as, on the whole, the chapel is pretty well attended. Why do not the deacons make *all* who occupy the pews pay for them?

Pr. My dear friend, we have no law but that of love to induce people either to attend public worship or to assist in the support of a gospel ministry; besides which, if the unconverted be urged much to give their money, it is to be feared they may be led to imagine that religion is a mere worldly affair, managed on worldly principles, and thus a prejudice may be formed in their minds against the gospel itself. At all events, we can best and most effectually teach them by our example. If we give liberally and cheerfully, they may be induced to do so too; but if they see us framing excuses for withholding what we can afford, no wonder if they close their hearts and hands against every demand. We who profess to love the Saviour should show our love to his ministers.

Ph. Why, then, do not the deacons and others, who can afford it, do more?

Pr. Perhaps we are all very deficient in this duty; but the pastor's support ought not to be left to a *few; all* should lay by for this object as God has prospered them, and then that which is now often felt as a burden would be found light and easy.

Ph. It seems, however, hard for a poor girl like me to be expected to pay for others.

Pr. My dear sister, not at all. Has not more been done for us than for them? Does not the Master whom we profess to love and serve tell us, that where much is given much is also required; and that the labourer is worthy of his hire? You and I have both lived in ministers' families, and know that their style of living is very different to that of most of the tradesmen who

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usually attend on their ministry. And how should it be otherwise? Think of what is expected of them; the appearance they and their families are required to make in public; the appeals made to them for almost every kind of charity in the neighbourhood where they reside, as well as the drainings from their little store by the sick and poor, in their daily visits to the abodes of the destitute.

Ph. I remember when I lived with Mr. Trueman, that he often came home and talked of the destitution he had been witnessing, lamenting his inability to administer aid where it was so much needed; and many a time have I been sent to the poor sufferers with a little food from his table, when I have known that it could be ill spared from the scanty dinner which had been provided.

Pr. And yet you think it hard to contribute towards the support of our beloved pastor!

Ph. No, my dear; I only hinted that I could not do more.

Pr. Why, if you were to double your contributions, you would still be a gainer by the religion you profess.

Ph. How so?

Pr. Why, both of us have naturally a taste for fine clothes, and were it not that religion teaches and enjoins what is prudent and plain, we should foolishly spend a great deal more than we do, in making ourselves *ridiculously fine*, rather than neat and becoming, in the situations we are called to fill in society. There are many vain and foolish girls who spend every shilling they can get in decking off their persons, in a style of dress so exceedingly improper, that no wise and discreet lady likes to engage them in her service, and no thoughtful, prudent young man, one would suppose, would ever be disposed to choose one of them as the soother of his sorrows, and the manager of his household. Now, if such thoughtless creatures were brought under the power of the gospel, it must, at least to a great degree, preserve them from such expensive and ridiculous conduct; and though they would be required to devote a portion of their earnings to the cause of Christ, yet they would not only be real gainers in the end, but much more respected by the wise and good.

Ph. I feel, my dear Priscilla, the justice of your remarks, and will do as you recommend; and as my means have been increased, so I will increase my subscription to the support and comfort of the minister, whom, above all others, I have reason to honour and love.

Pr. I am very glad to hear you say so, and hope your example will be followed by many others. If all did according to their ability, the servants of Christ would be much more free from care and anxiety, and, consequently, more useful to their people; for being free from fear, with regard to their temporal affairs, they would preach the word more boldly, and, consequently, be more likely, under the divine blessing, to diffuse a spirit of peace and joy among their people.

Ph. I once heard a wealthy professor say, that it was better for ministers to be poor, that poverty kept them humble, and that they preached most experimentally when they were tried.

Pr. That professor said so to save his money. If poverty be good for the minister, it must be good for the people; if riches endanger the minister, they must hazard the condition of the people. But the Great Head of the church has not left this matter to the mere caprice and selfishness of his professed followers, but has *ordained* "that they who preach the gospel should live of the gospel." And the churches were so attentive to the claims of their pastors in the days of the apostles, that Peter deemed it necessary to exhort ministers not to enter upon the office of a bishop or pastor for the sake of filthy lucre. Now, if ministers had not been paid better then than most of them are now, there could have been no need for such an exhortation.

Ph. Well, my dear friend, you must admit there are many calls for money on the disciples of Christ in the present day. There is the Foreign Mission,—the Home Mission,—the Irish Society,—the Bible Society, and I know not what beside; so that for some object or another, appeals are being made almost every month in the year.

Pr. Well, dear sister, you must admit that all these societies are worthy of the support of those who love the Redeemer, inasmuch as they have his glory and the everlasting good of men for their aim and end.

Ph. I freely admit all this; but one cannot do every thing. If I must contribute to all of them, I shall not be able to give so much towards the support of my own pastor.

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Pr. I have heard ministers say, more than once, that those churches which are the most liberal in their contributions for foreign objects, are generally the most just and generous in their conduct and spirit towards their ministers at home. But if we are so circumstanced that we can only contribute to one object, our own minister has the *first claim*. His is a *debt*, and not a charity; and christians must be *just before they are generous*. To withhold from him that we may be able to give to other objects, even though those objects may be good and benevolent in their design, is to give that which is not our own.

Ph. Thanking you, dear friend, for your kind and good counsel, I must bid you, for the present, farewell.

AQUILA.

THE VOYAGE OF "THE DUFF."

Who has not heard of the ship *Duff*, and of her missionary voyages, and of her pious and excellent Captain, James Wilson? At six in the morning, August 10, 1796, she sailed from London for the Southern Pacific ocean. The missionary flag, three doves bearing olive-branches in their bills, was raised to her mast head, her sails were given to the favouring breezes, and to the music of a hundred voices singing the hymn,

"Jesus, at thy command we launch into the deep."

she turned her bow to the billows, to convey the beloved men with whom she was freighted to the pagan islands to which they were destined. These men, Cover, Eyre, Jefferson, and Lewis, with twenty-five others, formed the first company sent out by the London Missionary Society for the reclamation of the heathen world to Christ. A new era in the history of missions dates from the sailing of this ship. Amid peculiar trials and many divine interpositions she pursued her voyage: she doubled the stormy Cape in safety—she visited Otaheite, the Marquesas, and other islands—she landed her missionaries on the islands selected for the commencement of the work of missions; and after a three years' voyage, whose narrative forms some of the most delightful chapters in the history of modern missions, she returned home to England, to make another at a subsequent period.

The narrative of this voyage was soon published in London, dedicated to the king. It excited extraordinary attention among all classes in England, by the revelations which it made of the awful degradation of the islanders of the Pacific. The book was published in America, and although there were no Tract Societies to print it, nor colporteurs to scatter it over the land, it obtained, for that day, a wide circulation.

At that time there was a village rising amid the woods of Western Pennsylvania, composed mainly of Presbyterian emigrants from Scotland and Ireland, a people whose influence in shaping the institutions of our country has been great indeed. In this village there was neither church nor settled pastor, nor stated means of grace. It was occasionally visited by a missionary, whose visits were long anticipated with pleasure, and remembered with gratitude. By some kind providence a copy of the narrative of the voyage of the ship *Duff* was conveyed to this village. A good new book was then regarded, when there were so few in circulation, as a great acquisition to a family and even to a village. The volume went from house to house, until it was read by nearly every family in the settlement. In one of these Scotch families was a fine boy, on whose mind its perusal made a very deep impression, and who, although not then pious, made a resolve that if ever he should become pious, he should go as a missionary to the heathen.

Soon afterwards this town was visited by a missionary, whose preaching was greatly blessed. A delightful revival accompanied his labours, and some conversions occurred in every family, without an exception, in which the little volume had been read. The young boy, to whom I have alluded, was among the first subjects of the good work; and faithful to his resolve, he commenced a course of preparation for the work of the ministry, and of a missionary. Circumstances which he could not control, just as he was concluding his studies, gave an entire change to his subsequent life, but without in any degree calling off his mind and affection from the heathen world.

It was to him a day of joy when his first son was born. Remembering the vows which he once made, but which he was prevented from fulfilling, he dedicated that infant son to God, and to the work of missions. That son was hopefully converted in his youth; and when prepared for the work of the ministry, devoted himself to God as a missionary. He went to India.

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where feeble health permitted him to remain only a few years; but in those years he laid the foundation of missionary operations in Northern India, which from their commencement have been so remarkably successful. Seeking health at a sanatarium among the Himalayas, he laid a tract upon the table. It was read by an officer and a physician attached to the English army, and was blessed to the conversion of each. How wonderful are the ways of God! These men, unimpressed by christian ordinances at home—thrown amid circumstances only calculated to wean them from God—abroad, at the very end of the earth, and at the farthest possible remove from gospel institutions, are brought to embrace the gospel by a tract! Surely, "there is no restraint to the Lord to save by many or by few."

This father had a second son born to him, whom, like the first, he consecrated to God and to the work of missions. Early in life he was made the subject of saving grace, and devoted himself to the ministry. The heathen world opened before him; and although endowed with talents and acquisitions which would have made him the ornament of any pulpit in our land, he selected down-trodden, perilous Africa, as the field of his labours. The fact that so many missionaries found in Africa an early grave, seemed only to strengthen his resolution to go there. And he was induced to yield his preference only by his brethren, who wished him to enter the wide field just then providentially opened in China by the success of the British arms. No more able or promising missionary has the church of God sent to that country. There, for a few years past, he laboured with untiring zeal, respected and beloved by all with whom he had to do. And when the centre of many high hopes and expectations—when best qualified to discharge his duties—when exerting a wide influence at home and abroad, and in the zealous pursuit of his one great object, the conversion of China to God, the christian world has been called to mourn his death by the hands of cruel pirates. Long will the winds that sweep over the Chinese seas be regarded as singing his requiem. And although his grave is amid the pearls and corals of the ocean, many a voice will be heard rising from it through coming generations calling upon the sons of the church to devote themselves to the salvation of China.

It is not for me to say, nor for man to know, all the influence of that one book in preparing the way for that revival of religion—in preparing the mind of that young man to receive the impress of the Holy Spirit—in inspiring that faith which led the father to consecrate his infant boys to the work of the ministry, and of missions—in laying the foundations of influence in India and China, which will continue increasingly for ever. Yet the narrative teaches us,—

1. The real value of a good book. What would be the blessing to the church of the ministry of such men as Baxter, Doddridge, Whitefield, continued in its vigour for a thousand years. And a good book, more eloquently than they, and to far more numerous people, may preach for that number of years twice told! Well may any man exclaim, O for grace and strength to write a good book or tract!

2. It teaches the importance of circulating good books. A boy found an old volume of poetry, covered with dust, on the sill of the window in his father's house. Its perusal led him to attempt poetry, and he became one of the greatest of English poets. We know not what we are doing when we secure a serious perusal for a good book. We may be putting springs in motion that will never cease acting for good. Perhaps the voyage of the *Duff* was sent to that little Pennsylvanian village by some pious man. If so, and had he never done any thing else would he have lived in vain? If that missionary had never done any thing else than lay that tract upon the table of the hotel upon the side of the Himalayas, would he have lived in vain?

3. It teaches us what fruits we may expect from parental fidelity. None can tell how many holy ministers, devoted missionaries, or self-denying members of the church we owe, under God, to parental consecration from the hour of their birth. Let every parent that reads this article consecrate anew his children to God; and although they may not become lights on high to guide the movements of the church, they may become centres of influence in the circles in which they are to move; and if they do no more, they may lay a tract upon a table.—*American Messenger.*

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Our Young Men.

A FEW WORDS TO YOUNG MEN.

BY THE REV. C. M. BIRRELL.

I was struck lately, when musing over the imperishable journals of Henry Martyn, to find him—after he had reached the highest honours of the University, had gone to a foreign soil, and had translated the New Testament into two distinct languages, spoken by some millions of people—exclaiming, "How little have I done for Christ, and I am this day seven and twenty years of age!" "Seven and twenty years of age!" how many of us at that period had scarcely discovered that we were immortal creatures! The reflection brought to my remembrance the fact, that our Lord entered on his work before his boyhood was over; and that the evangelists, while maintaining absolute silence in respect to many years which preceded and which followed his first appearance in the temple, make that incident stand forth boldly, as if to say, "Whoever means to do any thing for the world must begin early. He who withholds his youth from God has very little else to give him. What follows will be little more than the filling up of the outline previously projected. The finished piece will partake of all the deficiencies of the first sketch."

Why, young men, are there so few of you who take up a firm position on the side of Christ? I am afraid some of you consider a fervent love to him, accompanied by a profession of his name, as a somewhat weak or mean thing. You reckon it more manly, noble, independent, to be your own masters, and to keep aloof from many whom you see have taken a religious course. It must be admitted that some persons of the weakest capacities and of the humblest condition in life have embraced christianity. It has, indeed, more adherents of that description than any other system which the world has ever had proposed to it. But to despise it on that ground would be to exhibit an ignorance of what is really great and noble, which I trust none of you will ever cherish. If piety were the cause of weakness, the mother of imbecility, the nurse of superstition, you might contemn it; but there is not a man, on the contrary, be his abilities high or low, who is not immediately elevated by the reception of it. The wretch who embraces it is no longer mean; he ascends to an eminence which places him above all the wisdom of antiquity and all the thrones of kings. The philosopher who talks proudly about the nature of the deity and the destinies of the human race, is but a babbling child compared to the clown who has daily conference with God. He alone is a man, who loves Christ. He alone reaches the summit for which his nature is fitted, who holds habitual intercourse with heaven. Of all delusions, that is the greatest which supposes the knowledge of God to be ignorance, and companionship with God to be meanness.

But perhaps there are some of you who ground your objections more upon what you conceive to be the gloom of religion. It is, you think, a very serious, heavy, melancholy thing. Nor will I pretend that it is not so to one who forces himself through its outward services without really loving it. I cannot conceive of many things more forbidding to one whose heart remains attached to sin and to the world, than the exchange of the noisy mirth of companions and the glare of purchased entertainments for study of the word of God which he does not understand, and for conversation on religious topics which he neither understands nor likes. It is not christians of that description that we desire you to become. We would force you to nothing. We would have you act from the genuine impulse of your heart. We would have you to retain the fullest liberty of spirit, and to choose what gives you the most delight. We only want you to look fairly and heartily at the blessedness of true religion. If it were in your power to sum up all the advantages and pleasures which this globe ever presented, and to say, "All these are mine,—have you anything which can give me greater satisfaction?" we could only smile at your simplicity, and tell you that we have that which cannot stand a comparison, because it is totally beyond any. We can point you to Him who is above all, from whom all things come, and in whom all good dwells. Can you imagine any thing equal, in the power of conveying happiness, to the conviction of having the love of the Creator of heaven and earth resting on you; of having an Almighty hand guarding and guiding you in every turning of your way upon

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earth; of having one ready to afford you counsel and consolation whatever you may do or suffer; travelling with you when you leave the parental roof; inhabiting your lonely apartment in some vast town or city; watching over you when you are brought low on the bed of sickness, far, it may be, from the voices which soothed your childhood; standing by you and giving you decision in the moment of temptation; and above all, in that hour when "lover and friend" can no more help you, in that hour which tests all the foundations on which men build—the hour of final judgment, says to you, "Fear not, thou art mine?" Have you found, are you likely to find, any thing so fruitful of happiness? Yet this you have in the moment you embrace Christ.

Perhaps some of you sigh within yourselves and say, "the true reason is not touched yet; we know religion is great and good; we wish we were possessed of it; indeed, nothing seems to us of greater importance; but we cannot bring our hearts into the right state, we cannot lay hold of it and make it our own." I have no wish to put down this objection with a word, both because it is very general, and in many instances very sincere. But I would have you to remember that the heart practises great delusions upon itself in regard to its real state. It may seem to be bent upon an end, when, in fact, it is not. We may long for a thing (just as a sluggard longs to be up and at his business) without such an amount of desire as determines the will to seize the object. We think we wish to be Christ's servants, when our hearts are really in the world.

"But I am willing," you cry, "to make any sacrifice." Have you, then, left the companions who have led you into folly? do you shun the scenes and the incitements which have been unfavourable to your purity of mind? have you opened the book of inspiration and studied God's message to your soul? Have you, in a word, bent your whole attention deliberately and manfully to the question of your eternal prospects? There are many who dare not reply in the affirmative to these questions; but there may be others who answer, "we have done all this, and yet have no peace." My young reader, I believe you. You have miscalculated the forces of the enemy. You have had no just conception of the resolute wickedness of your heart. Instead of being able to carry that citadel on the day you rise up against it, it will frown defiance upon you for ever unless you seek an ally in the grace of God. In the moment you go, not proudly, or self-confidently, but with a conviction, which surely you have every reason to entertain, of your worthlessness and criminality, to Jesus Christ as the appointed Saviour of sinners, you will find that he will take up your cause. You may be sure that this is no impracticable thing, for God has commanded it. "He waits to be gracious." Put to the test that assurance. "He calleth thee." Enter into life.

Correspondence.

A WORD TO THE TEACHERS OF ELDER SUNDAY SCHOOL CLASSES.

. . . It is an old saying, that we must not look for perfection under the sun; and the close of every day adds its accumulation of evidence to the wisdom of the same.

Hence whilst every agency employed by man to further the progress of the Redeemer's kingdom has its own peculiar advantages which recommended it at first for adoption, it has also its weak side, the point in which it lacks perfection.

This is the case with the Sunday School system. To insist upon its advantages, and that in a paper specially addressed to its most active supporters, would be idle. They are many and well known to you. But it has its weak side—its imperfection—and it is *here*. The boy or the girl is willing but rather dull of perception; you explain this difference or that doctrine, he sees it at the time, but the school breaks up, and the words you have employed fade from his mind. He turns to the chapter you pointed out to him, but his memory has played him false; your work will all have to be done over again. The truth is, there needed opportunity for reflection, for meditation; the eye required to drink in as well as the ear. There is, then, a double chance that the lesson will be understood and retained.

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The perception of this defect was probably among the reasons that led to the establishment of libraries in connection with most of our Sabbath Schools. And any Teacher who has chanced to know the contents of the book which one of his class has been reading, will at once acknowledge the great advantage he has experienced in pressing home truth, or illustrating a doctrine, through the medium of that book. Who has not found this in referring, say to the "Pilgrim's Progress," Williams's "Missionary Enterprizes," or the like?

But how much more efficient for such a purpose would be *a Magazine*, with its varied contents, read by the teachers and taught!

There is the anecdote with its moral; the sermon with its appeal; the biography with its warning close. Extracts are there; the wise words of wise men. There Missionary intelligence; there advice and needful caution.

What opportunity of questioning a scholar as to his impressions on reading that sermon—of kindling in his breast the fire of Missionary zeal—of affectionately pressing upon his mind the lesson of mortality taught by the sketch of some youthful Christian's brief career which he has just been reading!

Any teacher who will make the experiment for a month or two will be convinced of its beneficial result.

And now we say that the contents and price of "The Church" render it the most desirable publication to introduce into our Sunday Schools. The three or four eldest classes of both boys and girls in our larger schools would understand and enjoy that Magazine, and the price places it within the reach of almost all, if the following plan be adopted:

The Teacher seats himself with his class and produces the current number of "The Church," and the bound up volume for 1848. He explains its contents, shews what a neat and valuable volume will be gathered at the end of the year; and offers, if any of his boys will take it in, to bind it for them at the end of the year, and (if his means permit him to do so) he adds that he is willing to pay a halfpenny towards each number as well.

No boy or girl in the class but will at once accede to the proposal; and the result will much more than compensate the outlay of three or four shillings per annum on the part of the Teacher.

The plan appears to me so replete with advantages, that I earnestly commend it (if only as a brief experiment) to the attention of Sabbath School Teachers.

Some of these advantages may thus be hinted at:—

1. Here is a means of giving variety to the teaching, and of enforcing truth upon the young with a power and searching faithfulness which the want of early education, or a certain shyness or reserve, denies to some of our Teachers.

2. You put a Magazine into the hands of your scholars which may preserve them from the poisonous influences of much of our cheap popular literature.

3. The plan has a tendency to attach the class to yourself, and retain them in the school.

4. It may be the instrument of great good to parents.

5. It will give you an opportunity of testing the manner in which your class read, and will enable you to enforce the necessity of reading so as to understand and remember and afterwards rightly apply knowledge.

6. It will tend to increase the general intelligence of your class, and will bring before their notice the great principles of nonconformity, and the reasons for our being Dissenters and Baptists.

7. The preservation of the numbers for binding will foster those habits of carefulness in the use of books which are too often neglected among the poorer classes. And,

Lastly. It will increase the circulation of a valuable and tried Magazine, and cheer the hearts and uphold the hands of the Editors and Publisher of "The Church" in their new efforts for your benefit and gratification.

If any of our wealthy members see force in the above remarks, they might place in the hands of the Superintendent of their several schools small donations to be thus employed. But we consider it essential that the scholars should pay *a something* towards the Magazine. What costs us nothing is too often valued at the same rate.*

Evesham. C. C. P.

* We have no doubt our esteemed correspondent will permit us to suggest the use of "The Appeal," in the same way as he has suggested the use of "The Church," and in addition to it. "The Appeal," of course, presents the additional advantage of being addressed to the unconverted, and suited therefore for parents as well as children.

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Notices of Books.

THE EXAMINER ANSWERED, AND THE APPEAL SUSTAINED: A Reply to Mr. Miall's Observations on "The Importance of Right Views on Baptism, an Appeal to Pious Pædobaptists." BY F. CLOWES. pp. 24. London: Benj. L. Green.

The admirable Appeal to Pædobaptists on the Importance of Right Views on Baptism, noticed a short time ago in our pages, has not been published in vain. Mr. Miall, one of the Independent Ministers of Bradford, has made an assault upon the writer, and tried to answer him, by an appeal to the passions and prejudices of his readers. To this attack Mr. Clowes has replied. His reply is calm, dignified, and christian. He follows his opponent through all his windings, and unmercifully drives him from every refuge. The form of dialogue is happily chosen, and has been managed with great skill. The publication of this reply must tell. It is suited to the intelligent masses, and will be read everywhere with great interest. We will only add, that we trust our brother will speedily give us a tract on the *mode* of baptism, adapted to the popular mind. Few men can do it better. B. E.

THE PULPIT ORATORS OF FRANCE AND SWITZERLAND. BY THE REV. ROBERT TURNBULL. London: Wm. Collins.

We are sorry to have delayed our notice of this interesting volume so long. We had intended to commence with it a practical article or two on the pulpit and sermon-making, intended principally for the benefit of our lay preachers (if we may use the word), a class of labourers deserving every encouragement and all the aid which can be furnished by the press. We can, meantime, most cordially commend this volume to such of our readers as would like to see specimens of sermons of a very different cast to those of Englishmen, not at all suited for *servile* imitation, yet well adapted to interest sermon readers, and to suggest useful *hints* to sermon makers. The introductory sketches of each preacher, twelve in number, will be read with interest.

THE POOR MAN'S DAY. BY J. B. PIKE. pp. 24. London: Benj. L. Green.

This tract is worthy of the *widest* circulation. It shews the Sabbath to be conducive to the *temporal* well-being of the working classes, in a full and impressive way. That the observance of it has a tendency—1. To promote *cleanliness*. 2. Health. 3. The *social* affections. 4. Enables us to discharge some most important duties of domestic life. 5. To promote social respectability. 6. To protect the working classes against mercantile oppression. 7. To preserve from many seductive temptations (when rightly observed). 8. To promote intellectual improvement.

A LETTER TO THE HON. AND REV. BAPTIST W. NOEL, M.A. BY AN EX-MINISTER OF THE CHURCH OF ENGLAND. pp. 16. London: Benj. L. Green.

Our readers will be pleased to know that the Ex-minister is the "Senex" who sent us six admirable letters last year to the Evangelical clergy. We cannot conceive a more suitable tract than the present one to give to a *pious* Churchman. It shews, in a very striking manner, that when the Church is separated from the State, the great work of its purification and reformation will be all to do. It points out vigorously and kindly what must be done to convert that unscriptural *thing*, bearing the unscriptural *name* of "the Church of England," into real scriptural churches of Christ. While full of cogent reasoning, its *spirit* and tone is such that no one will grieve in the least the feelings of any Church of England friend or relative by giving it to him. We cordially recommend it to Dissenters to circulate, as equally adapted to conciliate and to convince.

IDOLATRY. ITS WIDE DIFFUSION AND CERTAIN EXTERMINATION. A LECTURE BY THE REV. F. A. COX, D.D. LL.D. London: Benj. L. Green.

A valuable discourse. The author refers to the striking fact, "that idolatry has nowhere conquered christianity." Alas, that Drs. Pusey, Newman, &c. should be living witnesses how idolatry may reconquer English minds, and *share* at least with christianity!

YOUNG MEN'S ASSOCIATION, FOURTH ANNUAL MEETING, WITH THE ADDRESSES DELIVERED ON THE OCCASION. London: Benj. L. Green.

We cordially commend this report and the speeches to the notice of all our young men.

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VITAL CHRISTIANITY. BY THE REV. W. H. ELLIOTT. London: Ward & Co.

The contents of this useful little work are as follow:—1. Religion the great business of life. 2. Conversion to God. 3. The service of Christ. 4. A fervent spirit. 5. Christian fidelity. 6. Christian fidelity enforced. 7. The claims of religion upon the young.

THE MISSION OF JESUS ATTESTED FROM HEAVEN. A SERMON, PREACHED OCTOBER 22ND, 1848. BY ROBERT BREWER. 12mo. pp. 18. London: Houlston and Stoneman.

An interesting discourse on Matt. iii. 17. 1. The *particulars* of this testimony,—2. Its *value*,—3. The *occasion* on which it was given, are illustrated in a chaste and pleasing manner. The publication of it was recommended not only by friends, but by a "gentleman, who, for the soundness of his learning and the purity of his taste, has been created head of one of our public institutions."

A CONFESSION OF FAITH, AND A DISCOURSE ON THE NATURE OF A CHRISTIAN CHURCH, By JOHN STOCK. pp. 28. Huddersfield: Bond & Hardy.

Those who agree with the writer in all points, may be best pleased with this tract; but there is nothing to offend those who do not. It is thoroughly *orthodox*, and will be generally acceptable.

Obituary.

MR. H. J. COLLIER, OF THRAPSTONE.

"The Church" is a magazine intended and adapted to instruct, to animate, and to console the "holy brotherhood," whose scriptural and ordinary designation it has assumed. Most appropriately therefore, with its title and its object, may the memory of "the pious dead" claim to be embalmed in its pages. The inspired books themselves are, to a great extent, records of the exertions, and sufferings, and utterances of eminent saints; and thus they authenticate a mode of teaching which experience also pronounces to be the most winning and impressive.

The name prefixed to these remarks will long be regarded by not a few persons as the symbol of a character and a life to be reverted to with respectful and admonitory interest, and worthy of being known beyond the district in which they were exhibited.

Henry J. Collier was born at Thrapstone, Northamptonshire, in 1785. He was the youngest but one of eleven children. His parents lived in the fear of God; he was therefore from infancy encompassed with evangelical influences. At an early age he was the subject of deep religious emotion. From occasional and scattered memoranda which have fallen into the hands of his family, it appears that through a protracted period he was oppressed with a fearful consciousness of his exposure to the just indignation of the Almighty. He communed much in secret both with God and his own heart. At length, released by faith in Christ from the burden of sin, he was baptized by Andrew Fuller (of whose character, theology, and labours he was an ardent admirer), and at the same time (1810) he became a member of the Church at Thrapstone. He diligently embraced opportunities of acquiring knowledge and of improving his gifts, so that he soon purchased to himself a good degree of respect and confidence among the brethren, and great boldness in vindicating, before those that are without, the faith which is in Christ Jesus. During many years he was a frequent preacher, officiating with acceptance for his own pastor, and for other pastors of divers denominations in the neighbourhood. In 1829 he was chosen a deacon; the writer can testify from personal experience that he filled the office well. From 1837 until his death on the 15th of January, he was called to endure a great fight of affliction. Personal sicknesses, protracted and dangerous; repeated strokes of death among his beloved children; and a complicated series of official trials, filled this period with mourning, lamentation, and woe. His departure hence was nevertheless serene. He moved away into eternity consciously leaning on the arm of his Almighty Redeemer.

To this brief registry of biographical incidents, let me append a few *points* of character which were conspicuously exemplified by my departed friend.

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1. *Scrupulous integrity.* Artifice or trickery in trade he loathed. Concealment or compromise in regard to his political or religious sentiments he ever bravely eschewed. He was no "reed shaken with the wind."

2. *Manly fortitude in suffering.* I have seen him writhing in agony when his lips opened not, except to utter one of the "lively oracles." I have seen him hanging over the corpse of his "fine boy," when his countenance betokened the mighty heavings of his spirit; yet was there no voice of wailing. A big tear at solemn intervals rolling down his pallid cheek gave dignity and tenderness to his silent grief.

3. *Self-denying benevolence.* He *pursued* "the luxury of doing good." He lived in a style of simplicity belonging to a past age, and this that he might amply educate his children, and also emulate those about him of more property, or more remunerative occupations, in contributing to the relief of the needy, and the sustentation of the house of God at home and abroad.*

These characteristics he had in alliance with those general attributes of an evangelical believer which it is needless to chronicle. In the particulars specified, the writer can hold up his venerated friend as a distinguished example of the power of godliness, and can sincerely pray—"O that we may often see his like again!"

Trowbridge. W. BARNES.

Miscellaneous.

THE DUTY OF CHRISTIANS IN REFERENCE TO THE UNION OF CHURCH AND STATE.—The Union of the Churches with the State is doomed. Condemned by reason and religion, by scripture and by experience, how can it be allowed to injure the nation much longer? All the main principles upon which it rests are unsound. Its State-salaries, its supremacy, its patronage, its compulsion of payments for the support of religion, are condemned by both the precedents and the precepts of the word of God. We have seen that it sheds a blighting influence upon prelates, incumbents, curates, and other members of churches. It excludes the Gospel from thousands of parrishes; it perpetuates corruptions in doctrine; it hinders all scriptural discipline; it desecrates the ordinances of Christ, confounds the church and the world, foments schism among Christians, and tempts the ministers of Christ, both in and out of the Establishment, to be eager politicians. Further, it embarrasses successive Governments, maintains one chief element of revolution in the country, renders the reformation of the Anglican Churches hopeless, hinders the progress of the Gospel throughout the kingdom, and strengthens all the corrupt Papal Establishments of Europe. Worst of all, it "grieves" and "quenches" the Spirit of God, who cannot be expected largely to bless the churches which will not put away their sins.—But when it shall be destroyed, we have reason to hope that the churches will revive in religion speedily. Sound doctrine will then be heard from most of the Anglican pulpits; evangelists will go forth into every part of the land; scriptural discipline will be restored; schisms will be mitigated; Christian ministers will cease to be political partisans; we may look for a larger effusion of the Spirit of God; and England may become the foremost of the nations in godliness and virtue.—Let all who fear and love God arise to accomplish this second Reformation. The work which our martyred forefathers began in the face of the dungeon and the stake, let us, in their spirit, complete!—Since many will hold back from even an examination of truths which entail momentous consequences to themselves, each disciple of Christ, who ascertains the separation of the churches from the State to be his Master's will, must count it an honour to serve him singly, if need be, in this conflict. Great events in history have waited on the actions of a few intrepid men. Hampden, by his resolute resistance to an act of tyranny, awoke in his countrymen the spirit which secured our liberties. The gallantry of Clive saved our Indian army. Luther long thought and laboured almost alone. The extensive revival of the last century was owing, under God, to Wesley and Whitefield, with very few companions. Let each member of the Establishment, therefore, who comprehends this duty, determine that he will, without waiting for the decision of others, do his

* We cannot refrain from adding a word here to such *faithful brethren* in the Lord as are *growing* rich. To change a more costly mode of living is sometimes a severe trial; but is it not comparatively easy to avoid adopting it? By retaining a comparatively homely style of living we *have* known Christians give in a princely style, relieve every Christian "beggar" with a heart-cheering smile, and encourage good men in the task of asking for money, more by the manner of giving, than by the gift itself. The memory of *one* instance of this kind in the town where this Magazine is printed will be "blessed" as long as this generation lasts."—*Ed.*

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utmost in the name of Christ to secure the freedom of the Anglican Churches from the shackles of the State.—Members of congregations, who already maintain your ministers fettered, release them, and recover your own sacred rights, by declaring that you will be free! A few such instances in London, Manchester, Liverpool, Leeds, and Birmingham, would awaken the whole nation to their duty.—With greater confidence I address my brethren of the free churches. There should be no longer disunion or sloth. Independents and Baptists, Wesleyans and members of the Free Churches of Scotland, let us all, with united voices, from Caithness to Cornwall, claim, in the name of Christ, the Christian liberty of the British Churches; and this generation may yet see accomplished a second Reformation more spiritual, and not less extensive, than the first.—Above all, let us take care to fulfil this duty in a Christian spirit. No religious cause requires irreligious means for its advancement. Let us disgrace ourselves by no railing, condemn all personal invective, and be guilty of no exaggeration, for these are the weapons of the weak and the unprincipled; but uniting with all those who love the Redeemer, let us recognise with gratitude every work of the Spirit within the Establishment as well as without it. And with much prayer, with constant dependence on the Holy Spirit, with a supreme desire to glorify God, and with an abundant exercise of faith, hope, and love, which are our appropriate armour in every conflict, let us persevere in our efforts till the blessing of God renders our triumph a decisive step towards the evangelization of the world.—*Noel on Church and State.*

THE MISSIONARY'S FAREWELL. — "My heart is heavy with sorrow. The cup at my lips is very bitter. Heaven help me! White hairs are bending in submissive grief, and age-dimmed eyes are dimmer with tears. Young spirits have lost their joyousness, young lips forget to smile, and bounding hearts and bounding feet are stilled. Oh, the rending of ties, knitted at the first opening of the infant eye, and strengthened by numberless acts of love, is a sorrowful thing! To make the grave the only door to a meeting with those in whose bosoms we nestled, in whose hearts we trusted long before we knew how precious was such love and trust, brings with it an overpowering weight of solemnity. But a grave is yawning for each one of us; and is it much to choose whether we sever the tie that binds us here to-day, or lie down on the morrow? Ah, the 'weaver's shuttle' is flying; the 'flower of the grass' is withering; the space is almost measured; the tale nearly told; the dark valley is close before us—tread we with care! My mother, we may neither of us close the other's darkened eyes, and fold the cold hands upon the bosom; we may neither of us watch the sod greening and withering above the other's ashes; but there are duties for us even more sacred than these. But a few steps, mother—difficult the path may be, but *very* bright—and then we put on the robe of immortality, and meet to part never more. And we shall not be apart even on earth. There is an electric chain passing from heart to heart through the throne of the Eternal; and we may keep its links all brightly burnished by the breath of prayer. Still pray for me, mother, as in days gone by. Thou bidst me go. The smile comes again to thy lip, and the light to thine eye, for thou hast pleasure in the sacrifice. Thy blessing! Farewell, my mother, and ye loved ones of the same hearth-stone!"—*Mrs. S. B. Judson. From her Memoir, by Fanny Forester.*

IT IS WELL.—That is, God is WISER than I am. *He knoweth the way that I take, and when I am tried I shall come forth as gold.* He knows how to bring good out of evil. What can he take away that he cannot make up to me? Pain, loss, solitude—what are ye? The way home! He knows the way: that is enough. He has promised to be with me in the way: that is more than enough. *It is well:* that is, God is MIGHTIER than I am. He can make this dying and painful way the way of life—the way of comfort—the way of joy, as well as holiness. He has done it ten thousand times: I have seen it done. *What child is he whom his Father chasteneth not?* I would be a son, but not scourged. I am a fool, whom even experience can scarce make wise. I see —— and ——, who are sinking under their troubles, and going to Satan for comfort, because they are not sons. *It is well:* that is, he is BETTER than I am. He has *thoughts of peace*, while I indulge *thoughts of evil.* He means better than I can give him credit for. He asks me for nothing but time and trust, in order to make the whole plain and gracious to my eye. "No," say I; "shew it to me NOW, and it sufficeth." "What!" saith he. "Am I alone not to be trusted? How many of my creatures have you trusted for what you could not see! How often have you rested on dust and ashes as on a sure foundation! Go—go, and learn your horn-book, and then you will say, without stammering, *It is well!*" *It is well:* God is more HOLY than I, and will burn up the dross. He is more FAITHFUL, and does not forget his promise, to purify the sons of Levi, that they may first present a pure offering, and then be offered up themselves. —*Cecil.*

SECRET BACKSLIDING.—We live in a day when too many professors have a name to live and are dead. Too many who, though we would hope they are not destitute of some spiritual truth and grace in their hearts, yet are drawn, through an attachment to present things, to live sadly below their privileges and callings. They have but little of the comforts of the gospel in their own souls, and bring in but a small revenue of glory to God. If we were to ask them the cause, and they would speak out, they could tell us that there was a time when they, likewise, were warm and lively in their souls,—when they little expected such a change as they had lived to see.

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They did not grow cold all at once, but by imperceptible degrees. Worldly attachments stole upon them; they became remiss in secret duties, content in being found in a round of outward appointments, entangled more and more by the temptations which they neglected to shake off in time, and now that blessedness which they once spoke of is gone. They have lost the savour and relish of spiritual things; their strength is departed; and though at times they cry out, "Oh, that it was with me as in times past!" they find themselves unable to recover what they have lost, and unable to set heartily about seeking the Lord for deliverance. Instances of this sort should be warnings to us. As rumoured robberies endear our gold, so when we hear what subtlety Satan employs, and what advantages he gains over others, it should make us redouble our diligence and guard, lest we, likewise, should be stript and spoiled of our best things, grieve the Holy Spirit, and be appointed to walk in darkness. It is a mercy to be kept from backsliding in life, from bringing an open reproach upon our profession; but there is a backsliding in heart, likewise, which is exceedingly uncomfortable, and often proves an inlet and occasion to the other.—*John Newton.*

God our Guardian.—The eye of God is upon every hour of my existence. The Spirit of God is intimately present with every thought of my heart. His inspiration gives birth to every purpose within me. His hand impresses a direction on every footstep of my goings. Every breath I inhale is drawn by an energy which God deals out to me. This body which, upon the slightest derangement, would become the prey of death or of woful suffering, is now at ease, because He, at this moment, is warding off from me a thousand dangers, and upholding the thousand movements of its complex and delicate machinery. His presiding influence keeps by me through the whole current of my restless and ever-changing history. When I walk by the wayside, He is along with me; when I enter into company, amid all my forgetfulness of him, He never forgets me. In the silent watches of the night, when my eyelids have closed, and my spirit sunk into unconsciousness, the observant eye of Him who never slumbers is upon me. I cannot fly from his presence. Go where I will, He tends me, and watches me, and cares for me; and the same Being who is now at work in the remotest dominions of Nature and Providence, is also at my right hand, to eke out to me every moment of my being, and to uphold me in all the exercise of all my feelings, and of all my faculties.—*Dr. Chalmers.*

God is rich in Mercy.—It is because God is rich in mercy, that he forgives so readily and so freely. He does not upbraid the returning sinner with his aggravated offences; but is merciful to his unrighteousness, and remembers his sins and iniquities no more. He pardons the sins of the whole life, however great their number, and however heinous their nature. He pardons them unreservedly, and in such a way as to free for ever from all exposure to condemnation. The least of your sins is worthy of death; and yours may, in mountainous height, reach to heaven, and so completely darken the prospect before you, as to leave you only a fearful looking for of judgment and fiery and devouring indignation. And far be from me the wish to diminish their guilt, or to lessen the misery to which they lead, in your estimation. Every single act of transgression is an under-valuing of God,—a dishonour done to his attributes,—an attack on his government and throne,—and spreads misery over that workmanship of God which was pronounced to be very good. But though your lives have been full of such acts, and accompanied, in their commission, with circumstances of deep aggravation, I can scripturally hold up to you the mercy of God, as infinitely surpassing, in fulness, the measure of your guilt; as having already, in innumerable instances, displayed its richness in saving those who have been foremost in disobedience and impenitence; and as being capable of pardoning, through the sacrifice of the cross, far beyond what you are able either to ask or think. Is it not God himself who hath said, "Let the wicked forsake his way, and the unrighteous man his thoughts; and let him return to the Lord, for he will have mercy upon him; and to our God, for he will abundantly pardon. For my thoughts are not your thoughts, neither are your ways my ways, saith the Lord. For as the heavens are higher than the earth; so are my ways than your ways, and my thoughts than your thoughts."—*Dr. Dewar.*

A Father's Love.—God has not forgotten us in the far country of our banishment. He has devised means whereby his banished be not expelled from him (2 Sam. xiv. 14). He pities, nay yearns over us. Distance has not made him forget us, or cease to care for us. Nay, our exiled condition is one of the things that calls forth his compassion. The Father sees his prodigals in the land of famine. His eye follows them. They may have lost sight of him but not He of them. He sends out his *grace* in search of them. He shrinks not from entering the place of exile. He becomes a banished man for them. He lives an exile's life; He endures an exile's shame; He dies an exile's death; He is buried in an exile's tomb. All for us, the outcasts, the exiles. He takes our place of banishment, that we may take his place in his Father's many mansions. He stoops to our place of shame, that we may rise to his place of honour and glory. All that kept us in banishment, and that made it needful for God to banish us, he takes upon himself; and thus it becomes a righteous thing in God to repeat the sentence of exile, and re-admit us to his favour and presence,—to put us in the place of children,—nay, even in *His* place who came to seek that which was lost. For "He was made sin for us who knew no sin, that we might be made the righteousness of God in him" (2 Cor. v. 21.)—*H. Bonar.*

CHRIST IS ALL.—Christ is all with God, he is all to God, and he is all from God; we have no acceptance but in him, we only come to God by him, and receive all from God through him; he is all in redemption, all in satisfaction, reconciliation, justification, union, and communion, and in regeneration and sanctification, in pardon, peace, and glorification. Christ is the foundation on which we are built, the fountain in which we are washed, the bread of life with which we are fed, and the water of life of which we drink. In a word, he is our life, our light, our strength; he is made everything to our souls that we need; he is the power of God, and the wisdom of God; Christ is the great repository of all sacred truth, and of all grace; and Christ is the great outlet or conduit-pipe of all that grace and goodness we receive from God also.—*Keach*.

Intelligence.

BAPTIST FOREIGN MISSIONS.

AFRICA.

We have just been favoured by Mr. Neal, of Liverpool, with a letter from Mr. Merrick, from which the following is an extract:—

"... I am now engaged with my book of selections from the Old and New Testament, and the Gospel by St. John. When I next write, I shall send you a part of the latter and a continuation of the former. King William has lately made a law to prohibit Sabbath-breaking, since which time our Lord's-day morning services have generally been well attended.

"Moindu is a real Christian; and my old interpreter and his wife, if not real Christians, are enquiring the way to Zion, with a steady determined will. I cannot say that Moindu's husband is converted, but he comes regularly for instruction, and wishes to know the truth. A woman called Dimmigge is a sincere enquirer, and comes regularly for private instruction. Another female called Inboti comes with the other enquirers for instruction, and is I think awakened, but not yet convinced of sin. She was with me this morning, and I did all I could to reuse her conscience. All these meet together in each others' houses, from day to day, for social prayer. A few days ago I met them by appointment at Moindu's house, and there spent a pleasant season in prayer with them. For the first time I heard Moindu pray, and was delighted with the manner in which she expressed her dependence on the atoning merits of Christ. May she be faithful until death.

But while we have a little to cheer, we have much, very much to depress. One of the Bimbian chiefs, named Dick Merchant, lately hanged a man and a poor woman on the charge of witchcraft. A canoe from Dick Merchant's town, in returning from market, upset, and a young man was killed by a shark. The celebrated necromancer Esonga Pa was immediately consulted, and the consequence was the murder of two innocent persons. I heard of Dick's determination too late to arrest the evil. When I arrived at Dickolu the poor old woman was a corpse, and laid shrouded in her house. The man was cut down before he died, and his skull broken and arms mangled in a most barbarous manner. I met him breathing strong, and offered to take him away, but they would not listen to me. When I ordered some water to be put on the fire in order to endeavour to resuscitate him, they broke the pot, and ordered his grave to be dug as quickly as possible. Next day I learned that the poor fellow was actually buried alive. Only a few months ago this same Dick Merchant entered into a treaty with the Queen of England, through Captain Eden, of H.M. frigate *Amphitrite*, never again to offer human sacrifices. Not satisfied with having imbrued his hand in the blood of two of his own people, Dick Merchant left his town a few days ago with a large body of men, to make war with an inland chief called Mofe-mo-Kenia, on account of a canoe. King William sent off two large canoes filled with men, to Mofe's assistance. We must begin to pray more earnestly than we have yet done—"Have respect unto thy covenant, O Lord, for the dark places of the earth are filled with the habitations of cruelty." I am glad that the school-room at Dick Merchant's town is nearly finished, and that we shall soon be able to carry on more vigorous operations than we have yet done. Nothing but the gospel will reform the natives. May the Lord make us wise to win souls to Christ!

PRIZE ESSAYS ON THE SABBATH.

During the last week in December, several very interesting meetings were held in London to award the original 3 prizes, and 50 additional £5 prizes, for the *Working Men's Essays on the Sabbath*. The meetings were crowded and enthusiastic; at the one for the distribution of the prizes, Lord Ashley presided; at another, of the working men themselves, S. M. Peto, Esq., one of the largest employers of labour in the country, and one of the best masters. The essays amounted in number to 1,045! all written by operatives, all good, and some spoken of in the highest terms,—of course the successful ones will soon be published, —all advocating the *claims* of the Lord's-day, and the claims of working men to have that day unimpaired; all appealing *to the Bible* as the great authority, but also shewing the immense *advantage* to working men themselves of using the day worthily. Two

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of the writers furnished us with pieces for our January "Appeal:" The Labourer's Daughter, and John Gaze, Brighton. There seemed to be in the meetings a general feeling that the true and best way to get the Sabbath observed, was not by prohibitory Acts of Parliament, but by diffusing amongst all classes, the working classes especially, right views of the value of the day, of the purposes to which it should be applied, and of the injury done to his class by every working man who misuses the Sabbath, or consents to do unnecessary work in its hours. We shall give extracts from the Essays soon. One remark to Christian *masters* and *mistresses*. We have always held that you who regard the day as the *Lord's*-day should scrupulously give your *servants* equal spiritual privileges with yourselves on the day which belongs to neither of you. Indeed, servants generally need more instruction than those who have enjoyed better education, and it is easier to the latter to profit at home. *Hearing* the Word is most valuable proportionally to the *least* educated. Let us consider that so far as *necessity* allows, our servants claim at least equal opportunities of public worship with ourselves.

THE REV. JAMES HERVEY AND THE CHURCH OF ENGLAND.

All our readers must be acquainted with the works of the Rev. James Hervey, the excellent author of the MEDITATIONS. The following extract from his Life by Dr. Ryland may not be uninteresting:—

"With respect to the glorious ordinance of Christian Baptism, Hervey was no sour bigot on the one side or on the other. I never observed in him the least prejudice against what is called Believers' Baptism. He was not so happy as to be led into it for himself. This was one of the disadvantages of his education, and to the connections he had formed in all the first parts of his life. I used to represent to him the sentiments of the most rigid Dissenters concerning him. I told him that they wondered he should continue in a Church that had so many marks of imperfection, and so many blemishes from human invention. He freely replied with his usual frankness and candour, which hid nothing from me, nor ever denied or disguised one sentiment of his soul, 'My dear friend, I had not the forming of the constitution of the Church of England. I had not the establishing and instituting of the modes of worship. Divine Providence brought me forth in the Church. I am in great weakness of constitution, and have no health and spirits to make any great exertions. If I was to omit reading the prayers they would suspend me; if they did *I would come amongst* YOU, *for I love you dearly*. With respect to the errors and blemishes of the Church of England, as I was not the author of them, so I can neither correct or remove them. In truth, I strive never to think of them, but to fix all my attention on the person of our Lord Jesus Christ.'"

THE ENGLISH CAUSE ON THE WELSH HILLS.

In the year 1844, three or four friends began to raise an English cause at Blaenavon Iron Works, Monmouthshire. "We rented a room until it became too small to hold the congregation. In the latter end of the year 1847, we erected a neat little chapel, 40 feet by 34, with a gallery in front; the cost, including a house adjoining thereto, was £400. In May, 1848, at the association held in this place, our number of members given in was 44. Out of this number (in consequence of the stoppage of the Works) 8 emigrated to America, and others went off in search of employment, so that we were reduced to but few; and many said we should be obliged to close up the chapel, as we should not be able to pay the interest of the debt on the chapel. But the few that remained cried mightily to God for help to revive His work, and for the conversion of souls; and He that said 'call upon me in the day of trouble and I will deliver you, and he shall glorify me,' came to our help, so that we have not only our year's interest ready, but have it in contemplation of calling out a pastor. Our list contains 69 members, exclusive of 7 candidates for admission. The church appointed the 10th January for our general thanksgiving to God for the in-gathering of precious souls amongst us. The Lord heard the spontaneous effusions of grateful hearts, honoured us with His presence, 'glorified the house of His glory.' Truly it was a melting time; we could experimentally say, 'it was no other than the house of God, and the gate of heaven,' to our souls. We are constrained to say, 'What hath God wrought?' Unto God be all the praise, honour, and glory.!"

CRICKHOWELL.

In the year 1840, a few friends residing in Crickhowell, feeling the urgent necessity of a place of worship in that locality, erected a commodious chapel. The sum of £339 was contributed by the movers in this cause, when and after it was set on foot. A church, consisting of about forty members, has been formed, and an increasing congregation gathered. But a debt of somewhat above £425, bears heavily on the limited resources of the people. Sometime since, the friends made their case known by means of circulars, in which the case was strongly recommended by several ministers of high standing. To their circulars very few replies have yet been received. The friends wish to bring their case again before the attention of their brethren, and earnestly to request their kind sympathy and assistance. Donations may be forwarded to the Rev. John Evans, Baptist minister, Brecon.

TOWCESTER.

The Rev. J. P. Campbell, late student of the Baptist Theological Institution, Clipstone, having accepted a unanimous invitation to become the pastor of the Baptist Church, Towcester, Northamptonshire, commenced his stated labours there on the first Lord's-day of the new year.

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THE CHURCH.

"Built upon the foundation of the Apostles and Prophets, Jesus Christ himself being the chief corner-stone."—Eph. ii. 20.

APRIL, 1849.

SUBMISSION TO DIVINE DISPENSATION.

BY THE REV. S. J. DAVIS.

"Humble yourselves, therefore, under the mighty hand of God, that he may exalt you in due time."—1 *Pet.* v. 6.

By the "*hand*" of God we are to understand his dispensations of providence and grace. The epithet "*mighty*" indicates that these dispensations are comprehensive, vast, efficient,—the result of the combined action of all the Divine perfections,—sovereign, immutable, irresistible. To "*humble ourselves*" under the mighty hand of God, is to *submit* to these dispensations; not from constitutional apathy,—not on principles of fatalism or stoicism, but in a godly, christian spirit,—because we feel aright as creatures and as sinners, and have full confidence in the Divine perfections and government. The parties to whom the Apostle wrote had already submitted in certain essential particulars. They had submitted to the humbling truths presupposed in the gospel, that men are corrupt, guilty, helpless. They had submitted to the Divine method of reconciliation; had received salvation on principles of free mercy through the redemption that is in Christ Jesus. They had submitted also to the practical requirements of the Christian system; and had begun to form their characters on the model character of its Divine Author. They are exhorted to go on to submit in these important particulars, and to submit in others, some of which will now be indicated.

We are to submit to the Divine dispensations in reference to our *personal condition*. Men are born with various *kinds* of talent. Some are mere labourers, "hewers of wood and drawers of water;" others have an aptitude to be mechanics—to fabricate, to manufacture; others are fitted to be tradesmen and merchants—to conduct the commerce of the world; others are qualified to be philosophers—to think more profoundly than the rest of mankind; and others find their places a legislators. They are born with various *degrees* of talent. The brow and mental manifestations of some indicate mediocrity; of others, the intellects are lofty, exciting in the mean-spirited, envy, in the generous, admiration. Men are born in conditions and with opportunities widely different; and their after circumstances and possibilities are immensely dissimilar. In relation to these things the Sovereign Disposer requires submission. Men, for example, of great talents and large opportunities, instead of shrinking from the responsibility they involve, and wishing it had been their lot rather to have been made mere animals or stones, are to be grateful for their distinction, and with the full force of their talent "serve their generation b-

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the will of God." While those whose talents or circumstances, or both, are characterized by mediocrity or poverty, instead of fretting, as though the dispensations towards them of the great Disposer had been unwise or unkind, are to acquiesce in the Divine appointment, and do their best to benefit man and glorify God. By being satisfied with the capacities HE has given us, and the condition HE has assigned us, we are to "humble ourselves under the mighty hand of God."

We are to submit to the Divine arrangements in *social and civil life*. In *social* life, the husband is the head of the wife; parents have authority over children; masters over servants. That this is the will of God is evident from our nature, and from the circumstances in which Providence has placed us. Of course the rules of Scripture harmonize with the teachings of both. (Read Ephesians v. 21—25, and vi. 1—6.) To these arrangements, made in infinite wisdom and goodness, the parties interested are cheerfully to submit. Obedience is not to be withheld on the part of wife, or children, or servants, on any ground of natural equality; neither is husband, or parent, or master to attempt to escape his responsibility, or surrender the authority with which he has been invested by Providence and the Bible. In *civil* life, submission is equally imperative. The language of Scripture on this point is singularly precise and unqualified: pity it should have been perverted to purposes of tyranny! (Read Romans xiii. 1—7; 1 Tim. ii. 1—3; and 1 Pet. ii. 13—15.) From these passages it is evident that obedience to the civil magistrate is to be unhesitating, patient, cheerful. Instead of openly rebelling against his authority, or heaping upon him unmeasured vituperation or ridicule, in all things in which his commands do not violate the law of the State or the law of God, we are to obey and honour him. It is not meant that christians ought not to be politicians, for christianity, instead of relaxing, confirms our obligations to benefit our fellow-citizens in their political as well as social and religious capacity; neither is it meant that we should not in a temperate yet earnest manner, and in a constitutional mode, appeal against the wrong doing of the civil governor, and endeavour to urge him to a wiser and juster course. But it is meant that we should resort to no violence, whether of temper, or tongue, or conduct; that we should *bear* evil rather than *do* evil; that our efforts to obtain reform, while firm and earnest, should be temperate and generous; that we should be manifestly good, obedient, loyal. In this way we are to "humble ourselves under the mighty hand of God."

We are to submit to the Divine arrangements in *the church*. While in certain essential particulars all Christians stand on a common level, in the church there are distinctions as to qualifications, and character, and office. Some are governors in the spirit and according to the laws of Christ, while others are the governed. Some ministers move in spheres of lesser, others in spheres of higher or the highest importance. Amongst the "fellow-helpers to the truth," to some are assigned subordinate, while others are called to fill more commanding stations. In the mystical body, as in the natural, there are "many members, and all the members have not the same office." Such, substantially at least, is the will of the Head of the church, who brings to the discharge of his supreme functions infinite intelligence and love. To His arrangements there should be meek and hearty submission. A minister is not to abandon his appropriate work because his sphere of action is below the aspirations of his ambition; a private member is not sullenly to refuse to do anything because he has not been elected to the diaconal or some other office; a Sunday School Teacher is not to say, I will not take the fifth class because I have not been entrusted with the first,—nor the first, because I have not been made Secretary or Superintendent; neither is any other party to decline what it is his pro-

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vince or in his power to do, because it is not his province or in his power to do something else. The feet are not to say, because we are not the head we will not walk; nor the hands, because we are not the head we will not work. But while the head discharges its proper functions, all the other members should as readily discharge the functions appropriate to them, that by the cordial and earnest co-operation of every single part the grand result may be secured. Each should take the post assigned him by circumstances, vigorously discharge its duties, and so prepare, if called, to take a higher. Instead of sulkiness, there should be cheerful compliance; instead of envy, generousness; instead of paltry pride, the dignity of humility; instead of fitfulness, patience; instead of insubordination, christian submission. In the *church*, emphatically, we are to "humble ourselves under the mighty hand of God."

We are to submit to the Divine dispensations which operate in the way of *moral discipline*. Afflictions are of necessity the present portion of the servants of Christ. When Peter wrote they arose, in considerable part, from *persecutions*, to which there is distinct allusion in this chapter and throughout the epistle. Although this is not their principal source now, they are often complicated and severe, sometimes appalling, overwhelming. Whatever their precise kind or degree they are the fruits of Divine paternal love; they are a moral discipline intended to *recover* us to earnestness in the divine life, or to *prevent* us from wandering from God, or to exercise and develop our christian principles. Here too, and pre-eminently, there should be submission. Instead of giving way to rebelliousness of spirit, to which we are grievously prone, having confidence in the wisdom and benevolence of the moral government of our heavenly Father, and assured of the sympathy and almightiness of our Redeemer, by whom that government is administered, we should endeavour, by the help of the Holy Spirit, to submit, and acquiesce, and hope; thus "humbling ourselves under the mighty hand of God."

Our *encouragement*, even as intimated in this one verse, is great. Submission is rewarded in the *present world*. From how many mental and other evils does it save its subjects. How great is their peace, and their joy in the light of the Divine countenance. How often are they openly rewarded. And in how many cases do their names go down with honour to distant generations. The *chief reward* will be bestowed in the world to come. While the most vivid imagination cannot conceive, nor the most burning eloquence describe its detail, its certainty and grandeur admit not of question. "God is faithful who hath promised." "In due season we shall reap if we faint not." "Our light afflictions, which are but for a moment, work out for us a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory."

Salter's Hall, London.

THE SAFEGUARD.

"When I see the blood, I will pass over you."—*Exod.* xii. 13.

The period for Israel's deliverance from Egypt had now arrived. God was faithful to His word. But while he fulfils his promise, he instructs his people; and through them, he instructs his church in all ages. The first-born of Egypt are to be destroyed; but how shall Israel escape? A lamb was to be selected, separated, and slain; his blood was to be caught in a basin, and to be sprinkled on the side-posts and lintels of their doors; and God said, "*When I see the blood, I will pass over you.*" Blood!

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there is something repulsive in blood. Who can look upon it without a shudder? Yet blood is to be the means of Israel's safety. Beloved, God speaks to us. "Christ our passover is sacrificed for us." His blood is the blood of the new covenant. It cleanses from all sin, and it secures all it cleanses. Let us look at

This attractive object. Justice demands blood. God acknowledges the equity of the demand. But if the sinner bleed, his blood makes no atonement; if, therefore, he die once, his unatoned guilt demands that he suffer the second death, or never-ending punishment. But here is blood that attracts the eye of Justice, meets all its claims, and satisfies all its demands. Precious blood! It is the blood of *the Lamb*, which taketh away the sin of the world. The Lamb of God, the accepted substitute for man! The Lamb of God, slain in the sinner's stead! The Lamb of God, who becomes the food of all for whom he was slain. His blood is our safety. Sprinkled upon the door, no enemy can pass through to harm us! Sprinkled upon the door, we are certainly and eternally safe! Our safety is not in the door, however strong; nor in the lock, however curious; nor in the bolts, however numerous; but in the blood. No blood on the door, no safety for the inhabitants within. No blood on the conscience, no safety from the messenger of death. Oh, reader, see to it that the blood of Christ is thy confidence! See to it that the blood of Christ is sprinkled on thy soul! For

God requires application. It was not enough that the Lamb was slain, roasted, and eaten, or that his blood was in the basin in the house. It must be on the door-posts and lintels. Nor is it enough for us that Jesus died, that he is gone into heaven, that his people feed upon him, that his blood is in his church; it *must* be applied to us. *God looks for the blood.* Every Israelite had blood on his door. God looked on every door and saw it, and then he passed over. My dear friend, God looks upon your heart, upon your conscience; but does he see the blood—the blood of his own dear Son there? If he does, he is satisfied, he is reconciled to you; but if there is no blood, there is no satisfaction, no reconciliation, no peace. He will accept of no sacrifices, however costly; He will hear no prayers, however earnest; He will regard no sufferings, however painful; He will receive no services, however scriptural in outward form, if they are intended to be a substitute for the blood. You may give all the substance of your house,—you may pray until your knees become like camels' hooves,—you may inflict sufferings upon yourself until nature faints under them,—you may perform religious services without number and without end, but except the blood of Christ be applied to you, all is in vain. God is fully satisfied with the blood of his dear Son, and he is fully satisfied with every one that places his dependence on it; but he is satisfied with nothing without this. Oh, see to it, then, that your reliance is on the blood of Jesus alone! If any Israelite had substituted anything for the blood on the door, however costly, however beautiful, or however apparently reasonable, he must have perished: the destroying angel would not have passed over him. Trust, then, in the blood of Jesus alone, and see

The beneficial result. There was danger, for the minister of justice was going through the land. There was danger of a violent death. So now, we are all in danger as sinners—in danger of the second death. But when the blood was sprinkled there was safety—perfect safety. So now, when the blood of Jesus is sprinkled on our consciences we are safe—eternally safe. God is then satisfied, for the law has received all it demands. He is pleased, for justice unites with mercy in our salvation. He is pledged to secure us, for his word is passed, and he is faithful to that word. He says of all on whom he sees the blood, "They shall never perish. No

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weapon formed against them shall prosper. Israel shall be saved in the Lord with an everlasting salvation; they shall not be ashamed or confounded, world without end." The blood-sprinkled Israelite is safe, distinguished, and happy; for when God sees the blood, he passes over him.

See then, beloved, first, What we *all need*—the blood, the precious blood of Jesus; for it is the blood alone that maketh atonement for the soul. In Jesus we have redemption *through his blood*, even the forgiveness of our sins. See, secondly, To what we should *all look*—to the blood. Do you want pardon? Look to the blood! Do you want peace? Look to the blood! Do you want victory over Satan? Look to the blood! Do you want perfect safety in life and death? Then look to the blood! See, thirdly, In what we should *all trust*,—in the blood. Not in our convictions, not in our comforts, not in our prayers, not in our sufferings; but in the blood of Jesus only should we trust, for access to God, acceptance with God, and safety from God. See, fourthly, Of what we *should boast*,—the blood. "God forbid," exclaimed the Apostle, "God forbid that I should glory, save in the cross of my Lord Jesus Christ." "God forbid," exclaims every true believer, "God forbid that I should boast of anything, save the glorious person, perfect work, and precious blood of my Lord Jesus Christ." See, fifthly, What we *should teach*,—the blood. In the pulpit, in the Sunday school, and in the social circle, we should teach all to look to, trust in, and place entire dependance on, the blood of Jesus alone. Whether we speak, or whether we write, we should constantly say, "Not the crucifix, but the cross; not Mary, but Jesus; not men's works, but a Saviour's precious blood." See, finally, Of what we *should beware*,—of neglecting the blood of Jesus, of substituting anything for the blood of Jesus, of mixing anything with the blood of Jesus, or of thinking lightly of the blood of Jesus. It is precious blood! It is invaluable blood! Without it, *no sinner* can be saved; with it, *any sinner* may. Oh, my soul, meditate on this blood; plead nothing before God, but this blood; teach nothing as the ground of acceptance with God, but this blood; depend on nothing for comfort or salvation, but this blood; look to nothing for peace in life or in death, but this precious, precious blood! O Lord,—

"Wilt thou not a difference make
Betwixt thy friend and foe;
Vengeance on the *Egyptians* take,
And grace to Israel shew?
Know'st thou not, most righteous God,
We on the Paschal Lamb rely?
See us covered with the blood,
And pass thy people by.

New-Park-Street, London. JAMES SMITH.

SATAN AN EXAMPLE TO CHRISTIANS.

Is this possible? some may be ready to enquire. Most certainly it is,—not, however, in his *intentions* and *objects*, but in the *mode* of his actions. He adopts a course of conduct in his endeavours to destroy souls, which Christians would do well to imitate in seeking to save them.

1. *There is fixedness of purpose.*

He has resolved,—and oh, what a resolve in such a being!—he has resolved on the everlasting destruction of souls! He proposes to himself one object, which is to continue in sin, in misery, in degradation, and awful ruin, every son and daughter of the human race over whom he can

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exercise an influence; to hold them in chains, and to drag them down with him to the bottomless pit to be tormented for ever and ever. This is the purpose of Satan, and his only purpose. Nor can anything make him alter that purpose. He is assured in some cases he will not succeed. He knows full well that his success will only aggravate his own ruin. He believes there are limits set to his power by Omnipotence itself, and though a roaring lion, he is but a lion in chains. Yet, with this knowledge, his purpose remains unchanged, and he is bent on the destruction of souls.

But here is an example for you, Christian,—an example, so far as constancy of purpose is concerned, worthy of imitation. If Satan can be stedfast in a bad cause, cannot you in a good one? If his purposes ever remain the same to destroy souls, cannot yours in saving them? If he has resolved to drag them down to hell, should not you resolve, in Divine strength, to raise them up to heaven, and thus to add to the glory of the Saviour, and to the happiness of an immortal spirit? Oh, the folly, shame, and solemn responsibility which will attach to you if you possess not an unalterable resolve

"To snatch the fire-brand from the flame!"

2. *There is great art in the adaptation of means.*

Satan does little without thought, contrivance, and consummate skill. He is ever devising and planning, and never did angler, fowler, or general discover more cunning in taking the objects of their pursuit than does Satan in taking sinners captive. He was originally very subtle, but it is practice which makes perfect; "and Satan," as Mr. Jay remarks, "has been improving his skill in seduction for six thousand years." This adversary "never spreads his net in the sight of *any bird*," nor does he allow his gins and snares to be seen until we are caught. Satan perfectly adapts himself to characters, circumstances, and seasons, and thus, by consummate art, deceives and destroys. Well does the poet say—

"The serpent takes a thousand forms
To cheat our souls to death."

Now, though it is improper to practise deception under any circumstances, yet it would be well if Christians discovered the same art in saving souls which Satan employs in destroying them. The Apostle became all things to all men, that he might by all means save some. Not that he used artifice and craft, as some of his enemies believed; but he made himself acquainted with the prejudices, character, and circumstances of sinners as Satan does, and adapted his means accordingly. The great adversary studies human nature, and we should study it too. He knows every avenue to the human heart, and our endeavour should be to know them too. He knows how to time and present his temptations, and we should be as wise too. There is a casting of pearls before swine, so that they turn again and rend us; and there is a time to present Divine truth to sinners, when they are in a fit state to receive it. May this work occupy our most serious thought, our most considerate and skilful attention, so that as Satan is artful in destroying souls, we may be *wise* to win them to Christ.

3. *There is incessant diligence in the accomplishment of his purposes.*

He is constantly going to and fro in the earth, and walking up and down in it. No part of the world is unvisited by him, and no part of it unknown to him. There seems a kind of omniscience and omnipresence in Satan. He appears to be everywhere, and acquainted, externally at least, with everything. No being escapes his notice, and no character is beyond the reach of his temptations. Hence wherever we go, and in whatever we engage, Satan or his emissaries are about us.

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But if it be so, as so indeed it is, does it not become christians to evince an equal diligence to "seek and to save that which is lost?" It is true we cannot transport ourselves, like Satan, to every place, and observe everything; but we might distribute our representatives in every direction, so that wherever there was an emissary of Satan, there might be an agent of mercy. Did we feel as we ought to feel, our efforts to save souls would be multiplied a thousand-fold. We could not be silent and at ease till every member of our families, every fellow-townsman, every fellow-subject, and every fellow-creature had heard and received the grace of God. Mr. Binney relates an incident which is worthy to be pondered by us all. "I remember," he says, "a very striking circumstance which a neighbouring minister mentioned to me. There was in the town in which he preached an avowed and determined infidel. He saw this man one Sunday evening in his place of worship. He was preaching on some of the great verities of faith, and the duties resulting therefrom. As he was the next morning passing the door of the man, he was standing at it, and he said to him, 'I saw you at worship last night, and was rather surprised to see you there, as you do not believe what I was preaching.' 'No,' he said, 'nor do you either.' 'Indeed!' 'No,' he went on to say; 'why if I were to believe the things you affirm to be true, and which are written in your books, I should not know how to contain myself. I should feel their importance so much that I should exhibit them wherever I went. I should not know how to hold, in the enthusiasm they would excite. But I do not believe them, nor do you, or you would be very different persons from what you are.'" Dreadful sarcasm! cutting irony! withering rebuke! But how shall it be removed? Only by shewing the same diligence to save sinners which Satan does to destroy them.

4. *There is a restless anxiety till his purposes are realized.*

He longs for the destruction of souls, their everlasting depravity and despair. This is his meat and his drink, his care and his comfort. And though thousands perish daily through his influence, yet they perish not fast enough to satisfy his voracious appetite and insatiable thirst! He is happy as souls are wretched, and wretched as souls rejoice in the Lord. He feasts on scenes of debauchery, wretchedness, cruelty, and death, and laments that he can feast no more.

And is it so that Satan is anxious to destroy souls, and shall not Christians be equally anxious to save them? Are we not aware that thousands are perishing through him, and are daily going down to perdition to be bound and enslaved for ever? Can we believe this and "not feel the mournful scene?" Can we believe this and not say with some of old, "I beheld the transgressors, and was grieved; because they kept not thy word." "Horror hath taken hold upon me because of the wicked that forsake thy law." Parents, do you feel as you ought to feel in regard to your unconverted children? Masters, do you feel as you ought to feel in regard to your unconverted servants? Sunday School Teachers, do you feel as you ought to feel in regard to the unconverted of your scholars? Ministers, do we feel as we ought to feel in regard to the unconverted of our congregations? Do all Christians feel, and feel as they ought to feel, on this subject? Do our feelings amount to *anxieties;* do our anxieties lead to prayer and self-denying labours? Do we imitate Satan, not in his designs, but in the *mode* of his actions? in his fixedness of purpose,—in his skill,—in his untiring diligence,—in his restless anxiety? Till this is done, sinners will perish, and who says their blood will not be required at our hands? Christian,

"Do something, do it soon, with all thy might;
An angel's wing would droop if long at rest,
And God himself inactive, were no longer blest." W. B.

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HOW CAN I LIMIT MY PASTOR'S USEFULNESS?

Much every way, but chiefly,

1. *By neglecting his ministry.* This will grieve and depress him, and fill his mind with the most torturing anxiety whenever he appears in public. Everybody around you will also see that in your opinion he is not worth hearing. Moreover, it will effectually lessen in their estimation the value of the public ministry, and the importance of attending the worship of God. For how can the Sabbath-breaker and the ungodly of any class attach importance to these, when they see you, who profess to "*love the habitation of God's house, and the place where his honour dwelleth*," practically disregarding them? Be assured that you cannot more effectually keep others from hearing your pastor than by neglecting his ministry yourself.

2. *Do not pray for him!* He may request it a thousand times as the most precious influence you can throw around him; but never give it. Should you occasionally engage in the social circle of your brethren, be sure that they never hear from your prayer that you are interested in the success of his ministry. If you gather your family around you, forget him, lest your children or domestics should incidentally discover that you feel for him. Do not carry his wants, with deep and intense earnestness, before God in the closet. No; withhold all these, and you will accomplish your object. Deprive him of the prayers which his office claims, and you will paralyze his right arm, and deprive him of success.

3. *Never speak well of him.* Not only never admire or commend him in the presence of others, as *one who should be loved for his work's sake*, but be sure you play the great man! If occasionally you hear him, be the critic for the remainder of the day. Analyze the whole sermon. If a figure was not quite appropriate, spare it not. If an action was not classical, condemn his want of taste. If any error in language is discovered, expatiate upon his ignorance; and should a sentence be badly constructed, dissect it with great glee. This will effectually serve your purpose. It will eradicate from the minds of your family any feeling of respect for your pastor. Nay, it will do more; for as you will no doubt exercise your power on other occasions, so a greater number will see, that a profession of religion is only hypocrisy, and that attendance upon the service of God is only for amusement rather than the solid advancement of the mind in holiness and piety. I will only add,

4. *Let your example in daily life be a full refutation of his ministry.* Always stand in contrast with the truth he preaches. Never let it be seen in the circle in which you move that it exerts any influence upon you. If he urges you to be heavenly-minded, spiritual, holy, then be as worldly as possible. If he cautions you against the world, rush into it headlong. If he inculcates the spirit of love, and advises you to be clothed with humility, be sure and assume all the airs and pride of the worldling. Whatever he may commend from God's word, admit it but never practise it. Be satisfied with the form, but never exhibit the power, the reality of religion. Do this, and you are sure of success. He cannot stand before it. He will be weak as an infant in your presence, and the might of your principles will be seen in leaving him powerless for good.

Reader, you will understand us. The success of the pastor, under God, is dependent upon the church. Its responsibilities are grave, its iniquities are fearful. Long and loud has been the cry about the ministry, and the condition of the church. We think the former is paralyzed by the latter. Let the church awake. But the church will only awake as individuals

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awake; and it becomes us therefore individually to ask, How far have we limited the success of the ministry? Dear reader, is this your condition? Do you frequently neglect the ministry? Do you never pray with earnestness and faith for your pastor? Are you ever captiously finding fault with his ministry, and lowering him in public estimation? Are you living inconsistently with the high profession you have made? If so, you have been hindering the gospel of Christ and limiting the usefulness of your pastor. The blood of souls is in the skirts of your garment, and God is angry with you. Form immediately the holy purpose in everything to sustain the ministry, and a new era, we believe, will dawn upon and bless the church of Christ. S.

WHAT IS CONVERSION?

BY THE REV. JAMES LISTER.

"Except ye be *converted*, and become as little children, ye shall not enter into the kingdom of heaven."—*Matthew* xviii. 3.

The apostles knew little of Christ's kingdom as a spiritual institution while under his personal ministry. Hence they put the question, "Who shall be the greatest in the kingdom of God?" Our Lord's reply was direct: "the humblest is the highest in that kingdom." He then places before them a principle of the highest moment,—a principle affecting not their rank in the heavenly empire, but their admission to it. *Conversion* is indispensable. No sinner can enter into the holy city except he be renewed. But what is "Conversion?" Let me attempt to give a brief and perspicuous reply. Conversion involves three great elements.

The first is, *Repentance towards God.* The necessity of this to a safe state is evident from the whole current of revelation. "Except," says our Lord, "ye repent, ye shall all perish." The spring and soul of repentance is godly sorrow for sin. Sorrow for sin *as such* implies a knowledge of God's true character, and of his law in its wide requirements and its righteous sanction. This conviction of sin works more or less deeply in every penitent, as expressed by David in Psalm li.; "Against *thee*, thee *only* have I done this *evil* in thy sight: my sin is ever before me;" or in the words of Job, "Wherefore I abhor myself, and repent in dust and ashes." Such repentance is always accompanied with confession to God (see Psalm xxxii.), by a renunciation of it, and by a sincere and warm desire of deliverance from its love and power. Impotence to escape from it is lamented and deplored (see Romans vii.), and recourse is had to a higher source for power to conquer. "Turn Thou me, and I shall be turned." "Save, Lord, or I perish."

I do not enter into the mental anguish which accompanies it throughout, or whether it be short or long, or into the impediments by which it is retarded, or the means by which the Holy Spirit commences and carries it on. Diversity in all these is very great.

A second element of conversion, and inseparable from repentance, is, *Faith in Jesus Christ.* True faith involves

1. A belief of God's testimony to the person, and sacrifice, and righteousness, and grace of our great Redeemer. The extent and clearness of this belief will depend on the measure of light derived from the Word and Spirit of God. Faith involves also,

2. A cordial reception of this testimony, an approbation of the salvation, and of the method by which Jesus saves the sinner.

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3. Faith involves an application by prayer to the Saviour for deliverance. Believing sinners look to Him, and they *call* on his name that they may be delivered.

4. Faith implies an adherence to the Lord for his blessings. It is not a solitary request for mercy which satisfies the believer. He feels the urgency and number of his wants, and *lives* daily by the faith of the Son of God for all his supplies.

Conversion involves, thirdly, *A voluntary surrender of the convert to the service of Christ.* Repentance has brought him out of the broad road, and faith has led him into the narrow way which ends in life. In that way faith and repentance bring to bear on the convert considerations the most powerful to obedience and holiness. Gratitude to the Saviour, a view of his love, a regard to his authority, a concern for his glory, a hatred of sin as the crucifier of his Lord, affection to his people and cause: these and other considerations combine to operate on the convert's mind to consecrate himself and his all to Christ and his service.

How important is genuine conversion! Regeneration is the name which marks it as the work of God in us. He works in us to will and to do; and we turn, and believe, and cheerfully consecrate ourselves to Him who has saved and called us.

Are we converted? Am I renewed in the spirit of my mind? Have I seen and felt the sinfulness of sin, not merely as injurious to myself and to my neighbour, but chiefly as offensive to the great and holy God? Have I confessed and renounced it? Have I repaired to the Saviour for deliverance from sin, and met with a reception from Him who delights to save such, as has gladdened my heart, and decided me to yield myself cheerfully to his service? Am I now cleaving to Him, and seeking first of all His kingdom?

"YET THERE IS ROOM."

Luke xiv. 22.

Ho! ye despairing,
Ye guilty, and vile!
See the kind Saviour
Look on you and smile.
He to his bosom
Invites you to come,
And doth assure you
That "yet there is room."

Room for the aged,
And room for the young;
Room for the feeble,
And room for the strong;
Room for the sinner,
And room for the saint;
Room for the healthy,
And room for the faint.

Room in his temple,
And room in his school;
Room for the learned,
And room for the fool;
Room in his promise,
So graciously given;
Room at his footstool,
And room in his heaven.

Room in his justice,
And room in his grace;
Room for the noble,
And room for the base;
Room in his churches,
And room at his board;
Room for poor rebels
To feast with their Lord.

Room for the mighty,
And room for the weak;
Room for the Jew too,
And room for the Greek;
Whoever is anxious
From sin to depart,
Finds room in his mercy,
And room in his heart.

Room in his goodness,
And room in his love;
Room for the needy
His bounty to prove;
Room in his wisdom,
And room in his power;
Room at this moment,
And room evermore.

Room for the poorest,
And room for the rich;
For thousands or millions,
'Tis no matter which;
Room for the greatest,
And room for the small;
Room for the vilest;
Yes, room for you all.

Kettering. J. JENKINSON.

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Biblical.

HOURS WITH MY BIBLE CLASS. No. 3.

BY THE REV. J. A. BAYNES, OF NOTTINGHAM.

III. THE EDITOR OF THE BOOKS.

When we have ascertained what the books are in the complete canon of the Old Testament, it remains that we ask, How came they there? By whom was this catalogue thus arranged, closed, and settled as we have it now? To answer this we must look to history, and to the best received and authentic tradition.

The first Bible consisted of the Pentateuch. These five books were nearly completed by Moses himself. It was then laid up as one of the sacred deposits in the ark (Deut. xxxi. 24–26). There it was guarded with the most watchful care. Each king of Israel was commanded to make a copy of it (Deut. xvii. 18, 19); the people were to teach it to their children, and to wear it "as signs on their hands and frontlets between their eyes;" and the Jews maintained that God had more care of its letters and syllables than of the stars in heaven.

To this same sanctuary in the Ark of God were consigned all the sacred books written from the time of Moses down to Solomon. When this monarch built his magnificent temple, he caused the precious writings to be therein deposited. This temple, after standing about 420 years, was plundered and burnt by Nebuchadnezzar, and the Law and the other Scriptures were carried into Babylon. Daniel possessed a copy there, and Ezra was well versed in it before his return. During the 70 years' captivity were written the Lamentations of Jeremiah, the consolatory prophecies of Ezekiel, and the history and prophecies of Daniel. After their return under Cyrus, the Jews, though much opposed by the Samaritans, rebuilt, in about 20 years, their temple, and without doubt restored the sacred books to their holy place.

With regard to the reception of these books as sacred, we are sure that they must have been given with such external signs, or accompanied by such internal evidence, as declared them divine. This was the case, for instance, with the prophecies. Such books were of course, and immediately and without question, added to the sacred list. So no doubt were others, for reasons unknown to us. Enough that they were so added, and that none objected. That amount of authority which could prevent sceptic objection at the time may well be deemed enough to confirm our confidence now.

In reference to their collection and arrangement, traditional history, with all but unanimous voice, attributes the work to Ezra the scribe, and his coadjutors. He flourished about 50 years after the building of the second temple; at least we have reason to believe that then the canon was closed, and that by Ezra.

The testimony on which the claim of Ezra as the first Editor of the Old Testament is resting we have no right to doubt, especially as we have not even a plausible supposition to offer instead of it. The amount of his labour we cannot tell. Perhaps the three-fold division of Law, Prophets, and Hagiographa is his. Perhaps it was he who changed obsolete names into such as would be more generally understood, as Laish into Dan, Kirjah-Arba into Hebron. It is almost certain that he re-wrote the Scriptures in Chaldee letters, the Hebrew character having been lost during the captivity. He also completed the history by adding his own account and that of Nehemiah, of the deliverance from Babylon, and the restoration of Jerusalem. Inspired as he was of God for this holy undertaking, we have a sufficient, even a divine sanction, for the right completion of the work we thus attribute to him.

Here, then, we have this Sacred Volume —God's many messages to man—given by the inspiration of His Spirit,—placed on record in the various ages, and by the several persons to whom they were delivered,—preserved by human instrumentality under Divine superintendence,—the false kept out of the record, and the true kept in, by the unerring direction of God himself,—the true character of the book in its simplicity and entirety witnessed to us now by the unanimous consent of the Hebrew guardians of the whole, by the evidence of all the wisdom and research of Alexandrian resources three centuries before Christ's coming, by all the trustworthy apostolic successors and the Fathers of the early Church, and by the strong and constrained

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testimony of those whose studies helped them to know most truly, both friends and foes, "even our enemies themselves being judges,"—its character as inspired being guaranteed to us by all these witnesses, and still more by the attesting of Apostles, themselves inspired, and highest of all, by the sanctions of the Great Teacher whom the voice from Heaven above the baptismal wave, and the voice in the Mount from the excellent glory, alike summon our spirits reverently to hear and humbly to obey.

And above this holy treasury of truth a superintending Providence seems to have kept guard. Age after age, as copies have been made and multiplied, men have not been inspired to transcribe its pages any more than they are now to print them. Imperfection mingles with our best doings, and "to err is human." Yet whilst the frailties of man's work have been permitted to appear in connexion with the perpetual transmitting of these records, no error has ever been suffered to enter into them that could affect a single attribute of the character of God, or a single foundation of the hopes of man. Men of various principles, and men of no principles at all, have handled that volume and written copies of it, oftentimes without understanding its character and its glory,—men of ignorance and men of prejudice have been concerned in its perpetuation; and yet there it is to-day, the same—identically the same in every important point—as when it came fresh from the lips or the finger of the Eternal.

"I thank my God," exclaims a scholar who toiled through a life-time in searching into manuscripts, and examining differences, and discovering errors, "I thank my God that I am thus assured of the immoveable ground of my faith, and that I am able to walk without one misgiving over all that sacred field which God has given me to explore. Let the illiterate and plain reader of the Bible take comfort to himself when he learns that the Word he is accustomed to read is, in everything that is important, the very same that men the most learned and the most diligent have obtained after the severest study of the longest life."

"Let all the forms that men devise
Assault my faith with treacherous art,
I'll call them vanity and lies,
And bind this Bible to my heart."

Tales and Sketches.

A WORD IN SEASON.

BY THE REV. J. WILLIAMS.

"Well, Miss C." said I to a young female at the close of a watch-meeting, "I wish you a very happy new year, and a *very happy new heart.*" There was nothing very remarkable in this expression of good will; but it was a word in season. Miss C. now began to think about this happy new heart. Hitherto she had lived a gay and godless life. For years she had attended the Parish Church, and but recently had come to our place of worship. Her attention was now fixed, she could not free herself from thinking about this "new heart;" and though, according to her own confession, she strove long against the operations of divine influence, repeatedly impressed by the discourses she heard, and still refusing to yield herself to God, yet a few months ago, she was led cheerfully to consecrate herself to the Lord, and in the spirit of entire submissiveness to the authority of Jesus, to adopt the language of the poet as her own,—

"Welcome, welcome dear Redeemer,
Welcome to this heart of mine;
Lord, I make a full surrender,
Every power and thought be thine;
Thine entirely,
Through eternal ages thine!"

And on the first Sabbath in November last, I had the privilege of baptizing her, with two other of our Sabbath School Teachers. May she, and all who put on the Lord Jesus, live to honour the religion they profess!

The above incident leads us to admire the ways of God. The few words which first arrested the attention of Miss C., according to human calculation, were not likely to issue in the conversion of a sinner. "But my ways are not your ways, saith the Lord." A word fitly spoken, though appearing to be foolishness in the eyes of man, is often "like a fire, and like a hammer that breaketh the rock in pieces." The follow-

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ing pleasing incident beautifully illustrates this sentiment. One day as Felix Neff was walking in the city of Lausanne, he saw at a distance a man whom he took for one of his friends. He ran up behind him, tapped him on his shoulder before looking in his face, and asked him, "What is the state of your soul, my friend?" The stranger turned; Neff perceived his error, apologized, and went away. About three or four years afterwards a person came to Neff and accosted him, saying, he was indebted to him for his inestimable kindness. Neff did not recognize the man, and begged he would explain. The stranger replied, "Have you forgotten an unknown person, whose shoulder you touched in the street in Lausanne, asking him, 'How do you find your soul?' It was I. Your question led me to serious reflection, and now I find it is well with my soul." This proves what apparently small means may be blessed of God for the conversion of sinners, and how many opportunities for doing good we are continually letting slip, and which thus pass irrecoverably beyond our reach. One of the questions which every christian should propose to himself in setting out upon a journey is, "What opportunities shall I have to do good?" and one of the points on which he should examine himself on his return is, "What opportunities have I lost?"

Let us further remind the reader, that the little incident with which we set out, *affords us great encouragement to make efforts for the salvation of others!* Nearly three years had passed away, ere we knew that the good wish expressed at the watch-meeting, had lodged in the heart, and was the first of a series of events to bring about the conversion of a sinner! Let us learn from this to labour in faith, to sow the seed in confident expectation of a harvest. This is a complaining age. "No good is being done," is the almost universal lamentation, —a lamentation too frequently uttered by persons *who never seek to do good!* It is well for us to bear in mind, that though we do not *see* much good being done, appearances may deceive us, a good work may be going on, and grace, like the leaven in the meal, may be silently yet powerfully working in many hearts, and by and bye "he that goeth forth weeping bearing precious seed, shall doubtless come again rejoicing, bearing his sheaves with him." Let us not attach too much importance to *numbers professing religion!* It is not a safe criterion by which to judge of the state of our churches, or the success of our efforts. True, it is delightful to *see* the fruit of our labour,—much to be desired and sought, that there should be "the outward visible sign" of an extensive "inward spiritual change" among our neighbours and the members of our congregations! But yet it is quite certain that there may be a considerable accession of *numbers* to a church, and yet no *real* addition of strength to "the body of Christ." Alas, how many are introduced to our churches, who afterwards give very feeble evidence that they have the root of the matter in them; and of multitudes who, within a very short period, have been added to one and another of our churches, the bulk of them have turned back to perdition. I make these remarks to shew that we must not estimate the amount of good accomplished, by the *numbers* who are baptized and join our respective communities. We conceive it possible, that there may be but *few* baptisms, and yet a good work may be going on in the congregation; and there may be *many* baptisms, and little or no prosperity in the church! One thing perhaps which has induced the present *apparent* low state of things in our churches, is the unbounded anxiety which everywhere has obtained to swell the numbers of our church members, —while there has not been a proportionate anxiety to add to our churches *only* those who have received the grace of God in truth,—who have really been *converted to God?*

It may be true that our churches are in a low state, that any very large amount of good is not being accomplished; but we are not quite sure that we *see* the full extent of the success of our efforts. We can hardly reconcile our minds to the idea that all the christian endeavours of our day, and in our country, are without any good results, —that the faithful ministry of the truth, that all the efforts of Sabbath School Teachers, Village Preachers, Tract-distributors, &c. are comparatively fruitless. We conceive there is much in the spirit of the age that is prejudicial to the development of the christian life,—much that is hardening the soil, and preventing the seed from springing up so soon, and with such fruitfulness as we could desire. But the seed *is* sown, we hope, to a much wider extent than we have supposed; it is cast "into

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good ground," is vegetating, and though only here and there, now and then, we observe a shooting blade, yet may we not confidently anticipate that by and bye, contrary to all our fears, God will raise a harvest great and glorious? We have to see to it, that as christians we labour faithfully, one planting, another watering, *all* at work "according to our several ability,"—labouring together with God,—making our efforts in the spirit of christian devotedness, "full of faith," and in ever-abiding dependance upon Him from whom all blessings flow,—not forgetful of our obligation to sustain every effort by the purity of a christian character. What then can stay the increase, prevent success, or hinder the conversion of sinners?

"Let those that sow in sadness, wait
Till the fair harvest come;
They shall confess their sheaves are great,
And shout the blessings home.
"Though seed lie buried long in dust,
It shan't deceive our hope;
The precious grain can ne'er be lost,
For grace insures the crop."

And now a word to the unconverted reader! Could we wish for you a richer gift than a happy new heart? Dear reader, you *need* a new heart. The unconverted heart is a bad, a wicked, a deceitful heart, a carnal heart that is at enmity against God, and a heart that, if you retain it, will keep you out from heaven, and for ever from God.

"The heart unchang'd can never rise
To happiness and God."

You must have a *new* heart! The old one cannot be repaired! "The whole head is sick, and the whole heart faint. From the sole of the foot even unto the head there is no soundness in it; but wounds, and bruises, and putrifying sores" (Is. i. 5, 6). "Old things must pass away, behold all things must become new." "You must be renewed in the spirit of your mind; and must put on the new man, which after God is created in righteousness and true holiness" (Eph. iv. 23, 24). You *cannot be happy* unless you have a new heart. "There is no peace, saith my God, to the wicked." You may deceive yourselves, and cry, peace, peace, when there is no peace. *Your* peace is like the calmness of the treacherous ocean that forebodes the approaching hurricane. It is like the stillness of the hushed elements which portends the coming storm or destructive earthquake. *Your* misery is like a pent-up fire, which, when it obtains egress, will burn with terrific fury. The storm will come, the deadly malady of sin will be felt, and when sickness, death, and eternity shall come upon you, as true as God hath said it, there will be no peace for *you*. Dwell, in serious thoughtfulness, on our Lord's words to Nicodemus: "Except a man be born again he cannot see the kingdom of heaven." Be sure *you* cannot. Solemn thought! if you die *as you now are*, you will surely perish! If you pass into eternity with your unconverted heart, you can never see God! And in eternity no change can pass upon you! *Then* he that is unclean must be unclean still, and *once* lost you are *for ever* lost. Remember, your life-time is to you the day of salvation; and while life lasts there is hope; you may return to God and live; nothing stands between you and salvation now, but your own guilty unbelief, and it is your own fault if you perish. But know, your present privileged condition will end, and when the present life is past, the future will be eternally a *fixed* state. Dear reader, have you remained till now without a happy new heart? Will you yet retain the old, hard, sinful, godless heart? No, you say, I purpose a change, as sure I am that it is needful; but you calculate on a change *some years* hence, or wait for a more convenient season! What infatuation! postponing happiness! putting off the joys of religion to a future period! and all this, amidst a dread possibility that death may even now be at the door. "Boast not thyself of to-morrow, for thou knowest not what a day may bring forth." It is not going beyond the range of probabilities, when we say, that some who will read this paper, will be numbered with the dead before the present year is closed. Reader, *you* may! Oh, prepare to meet your God. Without a new heart, you cannot be prepared, and that new heart cannot be secured but by believing in our Lord Jesus Christ. (1 John v. 1.) Oh, reader, hesitate not to believe and live!

Walsall.

THE FIRST FRUITS.

A FRAGMENT FOR RAGGED SCHOOL TEACHERS.

The first summer's instruction had closed—dark December had arrived, with its cold nipping frosts, which told powerfully on the half-naked bodies and unshod feet of the children. Their ankles and feet were very

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often chapped and bleeding; yet, suffering as they did, nothing would keep them from the school. Why? Because the teacher was kind, and the hand of kindness was held out by all who met them there.

Our hearts were often grieved to witness them shivering in the cold, and especially as we could render them no assistance, for it was with great difficulty that sufficient funds were raised to carry on the school. We have seen many of the children taken ill and die, through exposure to the inclemency of the weather. Poor James S——! We shall never forget his death-bed scene. Cold settled on his lungs, which ended in rapid consumption. When we first visited him, he was lying in the corner of a cheerless room, on a pallet of dirty straw. The mother provided a chair, the only one in the room, and it was broken. A large deal box stood in the middle of the floor, which served as a table. The mother was both dirty and ragged. James said he was dying, and that he was going to Jesus. He requested us to read the Bible to him, that he might learn more about the Saviour. The next day that we visited the little sufferer, we found him much worse. He had a brother and sister, for whose welfare he shewed much anxiety. He first said to his brother, "You must pray for a new heart;" and told his sister to go to school, where she would learn about Christ and the way to heaven. Then, fixing his glazed eyes upon his father and mother—for they were both in the room, looking on their dying boy for the last time—poor James said, with a faltering voice, "Oh, mother, will you give up drinking, and go to chapel, and pray for a new heart? I want to meet you in heaven; do, mother!" The mother's heart was full—tears ran down her squalid cheeks. We had often made the same request to her, but our words fell upon her ears like rain-drops on the adamantine rock. But the voice that now spoke broke open the well-springs of her heart: like a voice from the grave, it came from the lips of her own boy, which were soon to be closed in death. The accusations of a guilty conscience added force to the request of the dying child, for she knew that his disease was the effect of her own neglect, through intemperate habits; and that, through his short and sharp existence, from her he had experienced more of a parent's negligence than a mother's care.

When he had a little recovered—for he was very feeble, and could scarcely articulate—he told his father he would soon leave him, but he was going to his heavenly Father. Looking wistfully at him, he continued, "Will you give up swearing and bad words, father, and read the Bible, and go to a place of worship, and pray to God to give you a new heart, and I shall meet you in heaven?" The father could not answer the child, but stood wiping away the tears with the sleeve of his tattered flannel jacket; but the mother answered for him, and, kissing the child, she said, "He will, James; yes, he will."

Poor little James knew that Mary, in the next room, who had been his school companion, was very ill of the same complaint. He requested his mother to carry him to see her, for the last time. On seeing the little girl, whom he kissed with much tenderness, he said that Jesus loved her, and then bade her farewell.

He was brought back, and laid on his pallet of straw, but his work was not yet done. He had a grandmother, who had treated him kindly when in health, but was not then present to hear, from his own lips, his dying counsel, but we were requested to convey to her the following message: "Tell grandmother to give up buying things on Sunday, and read the big Testament you gave her, and go to chapel."

We closed this affecting scene by offering up prayer to God in behalf of the little sufferer. In one short hour afterwards, the Saviour took home to himself this, the first ripe fruit gathered from our labours in the old stable.—*Ragged School Union Magazine.*

AN INTERESTING DEATH BED.

BY THE REV. BAPTIST W. NOEL, M.A.

Not long since, a protestant lady, in the south of France, supposing herself to be near death, was seized with deadly terror. It was in vain that her husband sought to console her. They had lived a thoughtless life, and she could not bear to stand before the judgment-seat of God. "Then let us send for the minister," said her husband. "What use is it?" replied the sick person; "I know what he will say; it avails nothing." However, the minister was sent for. Being a young rationalist, who had often opposed evangelical doctrine, he endeavoured, when he had reached the chamber of sickness, to console her by the memory of her domestic virtues, and by assurance of the boundless

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mercy of God. But his efforts were utterly in vain; all his fine speeches could not silence a reproachful conscience. She felt that the justice of God was in terrible array against her ungodliness, and the very mission of Christ convinced her of unpardonable ingratitude to the Redeemer. The minister was perplexed; all his stores of common-place, heartless palliatives to mental anguish were exhausted; and she wildly told him that she was wretched and undone. What could he say more? At that moment it flashed upon his mind that the evangelical doctrine which he had so often opposed, would silence all her fears; it was precisely what her agonized mind was asking for; it would be to her like water in the scorched desert. He knew the doctrines of justification by grace through faith well, for he had often maligned it; he was familiar with the texts cited by evangelical ministers, for he had employed his powers of criticism to refute their evangelical meaning. If he could but speak to her as an evangelical minister, he could hush that awful tempest which he could scarcely bear to witness. But how could he say what he did not believe? How calm even that agony by a lie? At least he could read those passages supposed to contain evangelical doctrine—there could be nothing wrong in that. Baffled and perplexed, he directed her to the word of God for consolation; and read to her such passages as these: "God so loved the world, that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life." "He that believeth in the Son hath everlasting life." "As many as received him, to them gave he power to become the sons of God, even to them that believed in his name." "Therefore, we conclude a man is justified by faith, without the deeds of the law." "Being justified freely by his grace through the redemption that is in Christ Jesus." "There is, therefore, now no condemnation to them that are in Christ Jesus." No more was wanted; it was light to her perplexed path, —it was life to the dying,—it was instant cure for despair; and she welcomed the gospel as the flower in the desert welcomes the rain; held fast the consolation, and died rejoicing in the faith;—a signal instance of the adaptation of the gospel to our moral wants.

Correspondence.

MORAL INABILITY.

To the Editor of "The Church," and author of the Note on Moral Inability.

Dear Sir,

To the supposed objection which I have stated in the closing part of my remarks on Natural and Moral Ability and Inability, inserted in the last number of "The Church," you have attached a foot-note of your own, to which you seem to expect me to make some reply. You say, I "appear to you to ask this question (the question of the supposed objector) in one sense, and to answer it in another." I think this is entirely your own misapprehension, and that I have done no such thing. I have supposed the objector to admit the possession of power, in the sense in which I have explained it, and to be attempting to excuse himself because he wants the *will* to come to Christ, and to deem his excuse valid, instead of its being this very state of mind that renders him more guilty and retains him in condemnation; and I consider my answer to be quite relevant to the character of the objection. In reference to the question you say, "Whoever asks it *means*, 'If I am born by no fault of mine unable to be inclined to or to will what is good, how am I accountable for not willing what I was born without power to will?'" Is it, then, "a fault" in any one to be born? This probably you did not intend, though it so reads; and we will let it pass as merely an error of punctuation.* But is it not strange language to put into the lips of any one, and for an Editor and Theologian to employ—"*Unable* to be *inclined?*" You surely did not consider this to be correct when you penned it. What do you mean by this curious phrase? Are sinners really *unable* to

* It seems quite unnecessary to say, as we should have thought it perfectly obvious, that the punctuation referred to was a misprint. The passage ought to read as above, "If I am born by no fault of mine unable, &c.

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be inclined? If so, it must be from physical defect, and then it is altogether vain and useless preaching the gospel to them and exhorting them, for not even Divine influence can, in that case, incline them without first physically new-creating them. You will say, perhaps, that you intend the word "*unable*," not in a physical or literal, but only in a *moral* sense. Then the important *meaning*, that he is "*unable* to be inclined," comes to nothing more than this, that he is *uninclined* to be inclined. The other member of the sentence is scarcely less astonishing—"How am I accountable for not willing what I was born without power to will?" You are *not* born without such power. As I endeavoured to shew in my remarks, man *has power* to will whatever God requires of him, or he could not be the subject of command and responsibility, much less condemned for not believing in Christ. I deny what you assume. It is for you to shew how any man can be a responsible creature, and can be condemned for not believing the gospel, if he be "*unable* to be inclined, and without *power* to will what is good." You seem to think that you have placed me in a dilemma by your supposed case before a jury. But as your allusion to "a lunatic asylum" clearly shewed your case to be one of insanity and supposed organic physical derangement, it is wholly irrelevant, and leaves the force of my illustrations unimpaired. As I have made no reference to Edwards, any difference of opinion you may have with him I of course leave you to settle.

You say, "The question we hope our brother will send us an answer to is this, 'If it be requisite to my accountableness to human law that I be able to *will* to obey, as well as to disobey, why is not the same ability requisite to my accountableness to Divine law?'" I marvel at the question being put, and imagine that it is owing to your not having given due attention to what I have stated, in which I consider it to be sufficiently answered. It was the very object of my former article to shew that man *has* such ability, that he *is* therefore "accountable to Divine law," and that he could not be accountable without it. I maintain that man, except in cases of physical defect or derangement, as idiocy or insanity, is in possession of mental and rational faculties which constitute his power or ability to repent and believe, and that there is *no inability* but what consists in the state of his heart—his disinclination; and which can be called inability only in an analogical or figurative sense.

You appear to me to hold the idea of some kind of inability in man distinct and different from either the want of physical power or the want of inclination. If this be the case, I should esteem it a favour to receive your definition and explanation, as I know of none, and should be most happy to be enlightened on the subject.

Thus I have endeavoured, as briefly as possible, to reply to your note, which appeared to me so needless and extraordinary that I was almost ready to surmise that its insertion was prompted by some misgiving lest our soundness in the faith, in reference to the doctrines of divine grace, should be impugned. Now, as I have no distrust of your doctrinal orthodoxy, so I hope you *need* entertain no apprehension of mine.* We ought on every subject to be anxious only for truth, and when we believe we have found it, fearlessly to embrace and avow it.

I am, Dear Sir,
Yours sincerely,
W. CROWE.

Worcester, March 7th, 1849.

To the Editor of "The Church."

Dear Brother,

I am much pleased with the note of the editor on brother Crowe's paper on "Natural and Moral Ability and Inability," in the March number. To my mind, it puts the pith of the question in the best form for a clear apprehension of it that I have ever seen. I heartily wish that that note may set many upon the right path for studying and understanding the subject who have hitherto been either indifferent about it, or puzzled with it through misapprehension.

It is easy to perceive, and pleasant to acknowledge, that Mr. Crowe, and others who have taken a similar course of argument,

* We certainly never thought of questioning our brother's *orthodoxy*. We only wished to elicit his views on a problem which we think he ought to have examined and did not, and which we still think needs a more satisfactory statement. We purpose soon, probably next month, noticing the subject a little fully, and defer any farther remarks till then. We are much obliged to our brother for his letters. From our own observation we find that a considerable number of our readers like, now and then, to have a knotty subject discussed in our pages.

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have had the best intentions, and have written a good portion of truth. Their design seems to have been to guard against the abuse,—alas, but too common,—of the awful fact of the depravity of man, by making it set aside the obligation to obey the command of God to repent and believe the Gospel; and they have done well in denying that any amount of depravity of nature can excuse wicked conduct, and wilful neglect of the soul and the gospel salvation. But their illustrations of their main position, as it appears to me, have generally been a failure. Arguing from common affairs to sacred ones—from what man can do or cannot do towards his fellow-man, which requires only natural powers, suitable means, and the principles of honesty and good-will, which form a respectable character, to what he, with these, can or cannot do in the things of God,—they seem to leave out of the account some important considerations. They appear to lose sight, at least in some measure, and for the time, of the absolute necessity of the influence of the Holy Spirit in order to any good thought, feeling, or act, or to assume what has never been proved, that all to whom the gospel comes are made partakers of grace or divine influence so far as to fit them to forsake sin, and to receive it.

The real question is not this,—Is the corruption of the heart of man which he cherishes, by which he is averse from God and all good and prone to all evil, *the only bar* to his conversion? This is readily allowed on both sides. Nor is it whether if he were willing to obey, could he obey? This also will be allowed as freely as the other, on the ground that a willing mind is a main part of obedience in the sight of God. But the proper enquiry is, Can a man *make himself willing to do what he is naturally unwilling to do*, i. e., to love God, hate sin, and trust in Christ alone for his salvation? It is at once and altogether denied that he can do this; and further it is affirmed that if he could, then he would need nothing in religion more than means and motives, or what has been called moral suasion. Effectual calling by the Holy Spirit would in such case be wholly unnecessary. Man is depraved, and can do nothing spiritually good till he be born of God, nor indeed afterwards but as assisted by grace. This is solid ground, and well sustained by scripture and the experience of every renewed man. And man while unrenewed, as well as afterwards, is wholly responsible to God for his conduct and indulged thoughts and intentions. This is one of the great facts of the Bible, and on this principle goes the appointment of the general judgment, in which every one will be judged according to the deeds, the voluntary deeds, done in the body. But the accountableness of man depends neither on his being able to will to do the good he hates, nor on the grace of God given him to turn his will and affections, but simply on this, that he is the creature of God, and has a law given him to obey, is endued with rational faculties, possesses suitable means, and is at liberty to make his own choice and follow the bent of his own heart, whether it be to good or to evil. Less than this would not be sufficient to make him a voluntary agent in religious matters, and more than this is not necessary in order to his accountableness to God, and to make him guilty in doing evil. But let us not forget that much more than this is necessary for his conversion, or even the *possibility of it*. Depravity and habits of sinning do not alter his accountableness or lessen his guilt; but they have made his salvation, his conversion, impossible without special grace.

Yours truly,

THOS. OWEN.

Cranfield, Beds.

Notices of Books.

THE EXCELLENT GLORY; OR, THE INTERNAL EVIDENCES OF CHRISTIANITY ILLUSTRATED. BY JOHN ALDIS. pp. 190. London: Aylott & Jones.

While we regard some of the numerous works that have recently issued from the press on "the evidences of Christianity," as an interesting "sign of the times," we consider the treatises that direct public attention to the *internal* evidences of our holy religion, as a feature still more auspicious. To the latter class the present work belongs. It is a contribution of no ordinary value, and is destined, we hope, to no ephe-

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moral existence. The manner in which the subject is handled discovers a felicity of thought, a compactness of argument, and a copiousness of striking and beautiful illustration, that clothe the important theme with a freshness and a grandeur that will render the volume a favourite not only with the devout, but with all thinking and cultivated minds. In some of the chapters, topics are introduced that have generally been supposed to hold their proper place only in the department of the *external* evidences; but the writer shews that while these lend their aid in the construction of the "outer-court of the temple" of the christian system, they are luminous with the glories of the Shechinah that radiates in "the Holy of Holies." (See the Lecture on "the evangelic miracles").

In this work the sceptical mind, whether learned or illiterate, will be confronted with questions that look out of countenance its polished objections, or its indolent indifference;—the man of science, if irreligious, will be astonished at finding the weapons with which he has assailed christianity, rebounding on his own credulity, and rankling in the depths of his own consciousness;—the enquirer will be encouraged as the plan of heavenly mercy opens up to his view as exactly "the remedy" which he, guilty and polluted, requires,—while the christian will be greatly confirmed in his soul-gladdening conviction, that he has "believed no cunningly devised fable;" and "the faith once delivered to the saints," will more impressively than ever commend itself to his intellect, his reason, his affections, as, beyond all dispute, "the *excellent* glory." The sentiment with which we have risen from the perusal of this treatise (worthy of a place side by side of the "Philosophy of the Plan of Salvation"), we give, when we say, "Christianity *must be*, is, of God."

The volume is cheap. We suppose, however, that all the copies are not, like that sent to us, lettered *upside down*.

WORDS OF COMFORT FOR THE AFFLICTED; IN DAILY PORTIONS, MEDITATIONS, HYMNS, AND PRAYERS. pp. 152. London: John F. Shaw.

We have read this little work with much interest. It consists of an Introductory Letter, Bread from Heaven (a Text for every Day in the Year), and Reading for a Month (Meditations, Hymns, and Prayers for each Day). The selections have been made from ancient and modern authors with taste and judgment; the texts are short and apt; and in the hymns some of our choicest pieces will be found. We confess our dislike to printed prayers, and are glad, therefore, to see an avowal that *a form of prayer is of no other use than to suggest proper thoughts for devotion.* We very cordially commend the little work to the afflicted, and to those of our readers (we hope a large class) who are in the habit of devoting a portion of their time to the visitation of the sick. To some it may be an additional recommendation that it is edited by the excellent wife of the Rev. R. Brewer, pastor of the Second Baptist Church, Leeds.

THE SACRED HISTORY OF THE WORLD: A SERIES OF DIALOGUES. TRANSLATED FROM THE DUTCH. WITH A RECOMMENDATORY PREFACE, BY THE REV. F. CLOWES, CLASSICAL TUTOR OF HORTON COLLEGE, BRADFORD. pp. 350. Leeds: John Heaton; London: Simpkin, Marshall, & Co., A. Hall & Co., and Benj. L. Green.

The plan of this work is exceedingly simple. A *Pilgrim* is supposed to converse first with Adam, then with Noah, lastly with Simon Cleophas, a son of the disciple mentioned in the 24th chapter of Luke; and each of them narrates to the Pilgrim the portion of the world's history with which he is yet unacquainted. The Dialogue form is adopted so as to develop the sentiments in a manner easier of comprehension by a large class of readers: and it is adopted with complete success. We know few books better calculated to give a correct and enlarged view of the history of the world, more especially in relation to its *great purpose;* and we strongly recommend it to those of our readers who wish to make themselves acquainted at little trouble, and without much expenditure of time, with the important subject of which it treats. While quite destitute of everything approaching to *cant*, its devotional character will at the same time make it a highly acceptable work to all devout and experienced christians.

EMINENT PERSONAL RELIGION THE WANT OF THE TIMES, AN ADDRESS TO PROFESSING CHRISTIANS, BY HENRY BURGESS. pp. 48. London: Benjamin L. Green.

It is not the language of mere *general* commendation when we express our wish that every intelligent Christian in our churches

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should purchase, and read *more than once*, this faithful little work. He can scarcely do so without a conviction likely to become a practical one, that the author is right. We entirely agree with him that the different ecclesiastical mechanisms and creeds have little to do with the "want of the times." That "want" is felt by the members of all evangelical sects. We cannot but think that Christians who have in them yet the root of the matter, although their "first love may have been lost," must be moved by these truthful representations, while those who have declined less, or who are keeping "the even tenor of their way," will be hardly less profited. Here is nothing *revivalist* in the ordinary sense of the word; nothing that may not be done by all and at all times and places; and yet that which if done would do more really to advance religion, and to advance it *with no danger of reaction*, than any of the numberless *schemes* which have been laid before the public. We have repeatedly in "The Church" expressed our opinion that the present age overdoes associations and mechanisms for religious objects, to the neglect of the individual, the personal, and the spiritual. We sincerely hope Mr. B.'s admirable appeal will not be overlooked by ministers, deacons, and churches.

A Harmony of the Four Gospels, &c. By R. Mimpriss. Seventh Thousand. London: T. Varty.

The plan of this interesting little volume "is to exhibit the gospel narratives in juxtaposition in the words of the authorized version." It is based upon the admirable "Harmonia Evangelica" of the Rev. E. Gresswell, and embodies the same plan. We hail it as one of those contributions to the cause of sacred truth which demand our warmest acknowledgments. We can recommend it with confidence to our teachers, and to those brethren who are engaged as occasional preachers. It will repay their study, and tend to facilitate their acquaintance with the oracles of God. We should rejoice to know that it was in the hand of every young christian, as it would help thoroughly to furnish them to every good work.

A Short Sketch of the German Reformation. In a Series of Lectures to Young Men. By B. Evans.

Everywhere the claims of young men upon the special attention of all qualified to teach and aid them are becoming recognized. The wanton waste by an unthinking public of their time and health in shops is attracting attention; and we hope the day is approaching when those who go late "shopping," and those who sacrifice their young people's opportunities for mental improvement and recreation to such late customers, will be compelled to hearken to public opinion.

Lectures like these before us are another form in which young men's claims are now acknowledged. May they multiply. If as calculated to set the youthful mind a thinking, and to send it forth on right intellectual and religious principles in its search for knowledge, as are these Lectures on the Reformation, they must greatly aid our reading youth. The topics are, I. The causes which contributed to the Reformation. II. Luther's preparation. III. Luther in action. IV. The defects of the Reformation. V. The influence of the Reformation. The chapter on "the defects" is especially commendable for its combined generosity and faithfulness. Dr. Merle D'Aubigné might read it with great advantage.

Ruth, the Moabitess. By Hugh Anderson. Pp. 89. London: Hamilton, Adams, and Co.

Simple and devout, pleasing and instructive. The congregation to which these lectures were delivered was certainly right in requesting that they should be printed. They are quite worthy of a sale which shall remunerate their author. We do not, however, agree with the slight censure on Naomi and Ruth, in the fifth lecture. We think they probably did not know of a nearer kinsman than Boaz, and that the proceeding (though for obvious reasons we abstain from discussing it) was in strict accordance not only with the laws of the age, but with its ideas of female modesty.

The Minister and his People: a Sermon Preached in the Baptist Chapel, Soho-Street, Liverpool, by John Stent, on the occasion of his entering upon the Pastorate of the Church meeting in that Place of Worship. Pp. 22. London: Houlston and Stoneman.

This is a really excellent discourse. It is founded on a passage commonly chosen for such occasions, but does not treat it in a common-place style. It well deserves to circulate widely beyond the writer's own church. It is modified by the better quali-

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ties of "the spirit of the age," without any taint of the worse ones. Would ministers and churches enter more fully into its spirit, we should hear of greater church prosperity, and we should less frequently have to record those changes of ministers so common in these times,—a symptom nearly always, we think, that something is wrong on one side or both, unless, indeed, the cause be purely providential.

AGNES CLAREVILLE: A SIMPLE TALE. 18mo. Pp. 173. London: Hamilton, Adams, and Co.

EXAMPLE: OR, A SEQUEL TO AGNES CLAREVILLE. 18mo. Pp. 217. London: A. Hall and Co.

We have read these little tales with very considerable interest. Though the writer would have derived benefit from a little more experience in composition, they are very pleasingly and affectingly written. They contain much important truth, simply stated and strikingly illustrated; and they are especially illustrative of the important influence of christian example. We know few books more likely to interest children of from seven or eight to twelve or fourteen years of age; and even older persons could not, we should think, read them without being interested and benefited.

REPENTANCE—WHAT IS IT, AND FOR WHOM NECESSARY? BY ROBERT BREWER. Pp. 32. Leeds: John Heaton; London: Benjamin L. Green.

This little book, which is beautifully got up, and sells but for twopence, is a striking and very interesting discourse on the subject of which it treats. It discusses the nature and the necessity of repentance, and is, we think, well calculated to be extensively useful amongst those who have not experienced "repentance toward God, and faith in our Lord Jesus Christ."

THE FAMILY FRIEND, A MAGAZINE OF DOMESTIC ECONOMY, ENTERTAINMENT, INSTRUCTION, AND PRACTICAL SCIENCE. Nos. 1 to 3. London: Houlston and Stoneman.

We very much like the numbers we have seen of this little periodical. It is both cheap and interesting, and seems likely to contribute not only to the amusement, but also to the improvement of its readers.

A Page for the Young.

SKETCH OF THE RELIGIOUS EXPERIENCE OF MARY COOKE VENIMORE, LATE OF INGHAM, NORFOLK, WHO DIED, AFTER A FEW DAYS' ILLNESS, JANUARY 17TH, 1849, IN HER 17TH YEAR.

WRITTEN BY HER FATHER.

From our children's very early years, their mamma has been in the habit of retiring daily to pray with them, and to dictate to them a prayer for themselves, suited to their necessities, and faults, and failings. This appears to have been the chief means of laying the foundation of the work which divine grace wrought upon our departed child. Powerful impressions were thus frequently made; and when other means were employed to produce them, these daily visits to the throne of grace served to keep them alive, till, by God's grace, they began to bring forth fruit.

Another source of great spiritual benefit was the conversations and prayers of her venerable grandmamma, whose promptitude and holy skill in seizing opportunities of usefulness, have been honoured of God to the everlasting benefit of many. She was much attached to Mary, and took great interest in her spiritual welfare.

But our dear child considered her removal to school at Lynn, as the immediate instrument of bringing her to an experimental acquaintance with the Saviour. Separated from all her connexions, she felt at first a distressing sense of loneliness, till she was at length driven to look to Him who had been so often recommended to her as a never-failing friend. In these circumstances, the instructions of Mr. Hamilton, whose ministry she attended, were greatly blessed to her; and especially those of Mr. Cornwell, who supplied Mr. Hamilton's pulpit for some time. Her letters now began to excite a hope that there was some good thing in her towards the Lord God of Israel; a new habit of self-scrutiny, and an earnest desire to be and to do that which was acceptable to God, were very manifest. So early as August, 1846, after saying how great a privilege she felt prayer to be, and

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venturing the expression of a hope that her sins were forgiven, she adds, "I do not know that I shall send this letter, lest these should not be the true feelings of my heart; although I humbly hope they may. Oh, may I feel what I say; I do fear to be a hypocrite." "Oh, mamma," says she, in another letter, "I am afraid I think far more of myself than I ought. Pray for me, that I may be kept humble. I try to pray; I think, I hope, I love prayer; and yet my heart is so very hard." In another letter she refers to something in which she thought she had acted unbecomingly; she says, "I wish to be a follower of Christ,—to be meek and gentle as he was,—this conduct of mine makes me very uneasy, and I pray to be forgiven. I know you pray for me, that my heart may indeed be changed. I hope I earnestly desire to be more humble." In another letter she says, "I hope I feel a desire to be a disciple of the blessed Jesus; but my heart is so cold and hard, that I fear I deceive myself. I try to pray for strength and grace, and I do at times find much relief in prayer; but then I fear that I should mock God, by not having the feelings of my heart in my prayer. Oh, I do feel it a dreadful thing not to be feeling the words that I express to God."

Her convictions now assumed a deeper and less transitory character, and were more cordially acquiesced in and seconded by her will. "Last Sunday," says one of her letters, "I had a long conversation with Miss Whall (one of her governesses), which I very much enjoyed; she advised me to have a few minutes' conversation with Mr. Cornwell, which I did: he has made me see things as I never did before. I feel differently, in some respects, from what I did,—more desire that others should be partakers of divine grace. I do not feel able to speak; but I can pray: and I do now and then drop a word to dear Sophia." Now, indeed, prayer began to be necessary to her; she says, "I do enjoy seasons of solitude, when I can get them." Hence she greatly felt an inconvenience more or less inseparable from a school life,—that of having no suitable opportunity for private devotion. She was accustomed to retire every morning to an outhouse on the premises, where she could lift up her heart to God without interruption; "then," she said, "I can pray for you and all of us; I do enjoy that season much."

Her removal to school at Norwich, while it greatly added to her happiness, was also perceptibly followed by spiritual growth. Clearer views of the gospel, and a stronger and steadier hope are gradually to be perceived. She now began seriously to entertain the thought of making a profession of religion. Her letters on serious subjects had been hitherto written exclusively to her mamma; but in August last, in answer to a letter from me, she wrote as follows: "My ever dear Papa,—Many thanks for your kind, earnest note the other day. I have often regretted that I have not opened my mind more to you on religious subjects; but I felt a sort of timidity—I hope not shame; for I should not feel any shame in publicly declaring myself for the Lord, if I could feel sure that I had devoted myself without reserve to his service. I do desire to do so. I felt much encouragement from Mr. Brock's sermon on Sunday, from 'Be it known unto you, men and brethren, that through this man is preached unto you the forgiveness of sins.' I hope I can truly say, 'Lord, I believe; help thou my unbelief.' But I cannot always

'Read my title clear to mansions in the skies.'

These doubts and fears make me very unhappy at times, and I often lie awake at night from this unhappiness. But I find great comfort in prayer and in the bible; more than I ever did." Her next letter is in a happier strain: she says, "I have spent such a happy day (Sunday) that I could not forbear to tell you. I can now hope that God has forgiven my many transgressions. The ordinance of the Lord's-Supper took place this afternoon. Dear papa, I do so long for the time when I may unite with Christ's people in commemorating his dying love. . . . I fear my besetting sin is my temper, it so often rises; but I do trust the Lord is enabling me in some measure to overcome it." To a very dear cousin she wrote, in October last, "Oh, that I had more faith, that I could always feel that Jesus is the chiefest among ten thousand, and the altogether lovely! Dearest Maria, I feel many fluctuations: sometimes I hope I have indeed determined (not in my own strength I trust) to devote myself to the Saviour; and then I feel how wicked I am. I don't seem to doubt the willingness of God to pardon even me; but then I am so often sinning without thinking of it, or feeling half so sorry as I ought for it; and then I think, what real love to the Saviour can I have, if I so easily fall into tempta-

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tion? I have need to pray for help to keep me from falling." She then proceeds to express her earnest desire to be baptized; and entreats her cousin's prayers on her behalf.

In some private memorandums, evidently not intended for any eyes but her own, she repeatedly refers to the same subject: the following are extracts:—"I would hope I can sometimes feel the Saviour to be altogether lovely. . . . I have been thinking a great deal about being baptized; I think that if I have really given my heart to Christ, I ought to express my determination to follow him. . . . The next church-meeting at Ingham takes place soon: when shall I be proposed for membership? I would humbly hope I have some love to the Saviour: may I be guided what to do, and be enabled to speak to dear papa on the subject." She did not live to realize her desire; but it was well that it was in her heart!

I will not proceed any farther in extracting from her letters and memorandums; they agree with those already given, in shewing the deep earnestness of her religious feeling; and the perusal of them has filled me with satisfaction and gratitude.

This warmth of inward piety produced its full effect upon her external character. She became less solicitous about the opinion of men, and more desirous to please God who trieth the hearts: whatever in her manners had been artificial, and studied for effect, gave way to the natural, and simple, and unassuming. At the last midsummer vacation I observed a manifest change for the better in this aspect of her character; but much more so in the brief interval of health which passed after she last came home. With a considerable taste for the elegant and ornamental in dress, she latterly displayed a remarkable readiness to content herself with whatever might be assigned her,—putting on "the ornament of a meek and quiet spirit, which is in the sight of God of great price." Her temper, too, became sweeter; she was more uniformly kind and forbearing to those about her, and more ready to give up what would have gratified herself in order to gratify others.

It does not appear that the prospect of death appalled her during her illness, though, from many expressions, it was plain that she contemplated such a result as likely. She said to her mamma, in answer to an expression of hope that there might be good news in the morning, "Whatever is is best, mamma; I have not been afraid of death for some time." Her mamma asked her "Why not?" "Because the blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth from all sin." On another occasion she said, in my hearing, "I think I shall soon die." I said, "You are not afraid to die, are you?" She unhesitatingly replied, "No, papa." I asked her, "Why not, my dear?" "Because Christ shed his blood for me."

Though her mind was often disordered during her illness, and always in the latter part of it, yet many sentences fell from her which indicated the state of her heart. Once she was overheard to say, in the language of Psalms cxvi. and xl. "I love the Lord, because he hath heard the voice of my supplications. He brought me up also out of an horrible pit, out of the miry clay, and set my feet upon a rock and established my goings." At another time, when her sufferings were spoken of, she uttered Psalm ciii. 10: "He hath not dealt with us after our sins, nor rewarded us according to our iniquities;" and proceeded, slowly and thoughtfully, with the remaining verses to the 18th, as if each verse suggested its successor, and excited the assent of her heart to its sentiment. In one of her paroxysms of suffering, her mamma tenderly and compassionately said, "Dear precious lamb!" She replied,

> "Dear dying Lamb, thy precious blood
> Shall never lose its power,
> Till all the ransomed church of God
> Be saved to sin no more."

Often, during the intensest of her sufferings, she mixed with her exclamations of distress, expressions of fear lest she should be impatient, and earnest prayers for patience.

For an hour or so before her death her agony was tremendous, and her prayers for divine support and deliverance were proportionately fervent. At length the time of her relief approached, and composing herself as if for sleep, a few convulsive breathings closed the scene; the calmness of death settled on her features, and the silence of death pervaded the room so lately filled with her cries of anguish. We felt that she had left us,—we trusted, for a better and a happier world.

Her funeral sermon, by the Rev. J. Alexander, of Norwich, delivered on Sunday, January 28th, to a very crowded auditory, was founded on Rev. xxi. 4: "There shall be no more death."

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Miscellaneous.

CHRISTIANITY A TRIED RELIGION.—It is delightful to contemplate what numbers have lived and died in the faith of Christ. Each of these has been, and is, a solemn witness for the gospel. Multitudes now on earth, and countless millions gathered together in heaven, from all generations, during these last eighteen hundred years, combine their testimony. They embraced its doctrines, reposed on its promises, obeyed its laws, and exemplified its spirit. It was the source and the distinction of their spiritual life. It found them in most dissimilar circumstances, and yet blessed them all. Some were naked savages, in brutish ignorance, and loathsome degradation; and others were blessed with all the energies and refinement and luxuries of civilization and learning. Some were slaves under the lash, and in the dungeon; and others were free as the air they breathed. Amongst them were philosophers who could traverse the region of the stars, and peasants who could but imperfectly utter their mother tongue; monarchs who lived in palaces and sat on thrones, and beggars who pined in the hovel or on the dunghill; children whose first accents were in hymns of praise to Jesus; and hoary-headed sinners who, bowing beneath the weight of years and crimes, came to Christ for the stay of their last days on earth, and then for a merciful admission into heaven. Some of them sought the Saviour when prosperity smiled, and health was strong, and many happy years appeared before them; but others came to Him when every earthly treasure had been plundered, when every hope in time was blighted, when disease and pain had dried up all consolation, and when the terrors of death and judgment loomed in upon the guilty and despairing soul. And all were saved and blessed. They trusted the gospel wholly, and drew upon it largely, for nothing else could help them. They lived in it, and by it. They entered its profoundest secrets, and tested its very essence. Yet they have never denied its truth, or depreciated its worth; but, like the queen of Sheba, they have confessed that the half of its glory had not been told. They have been as spiritual spies to track and examine the land of promise. If we ask them, they will tell us that it is a goodly land, and flows with milk and honey. Some, indeed, there have been who have brought an evil report upon it, but it is well known that they have never really seen it. They never loved or trusted or obeyed the Saviour. They reproach the banquet which they are too carnal to taste, and condemn the service, of which indeed they wore the livery, but never received the wages, nor enjoyed the honour. As for the real followers of Jesus, they encompass us as a mighty cloud, a multitude whom no man can number, ten thousand times ten thousand out of every kindred and tribe and people. They sing their song of triumph and gratitude. "Their voice is as the voice of many waters, and as the sound of mighty thunders." The murmur of unbelief, and the clamour of falsehood, are drowned in it. Eternity shall be filled with their joyful testimony, "Thou art worthy, for thou hast redeemed us to God by thy blood."—*From "The Excellent Glory," by the Rev. J. Aldis.*

SHOULD MINISTERS ENGAGE IN SECULAR EMPLOYMENT?—It may be asked, are ministers to be *devoted entirely* to their work? or are they to blend secular employment with their sacred calling, so as to maintain themselves independently of the Church? To this I would reply, that while we rejoice that there are, and have been, many good and useful men, who, while they have been diligent in the business of this life, have also laboured for the increase and edification of the Church; yet, as a *general rule* it appears to be the *mind of God*, that ministers should be *entirely devoted* to their hallowed work. We think this statement may be fairly deduced from various passages of Scripture. When the deacon's office was first instituted, the reason assigned was, that the apostles might "*give themselves* to *prayer* CONTINUALLY and the *ministry* of *the word*." Surely if the apostles, endowed as they were with the extraordinary power of the Holy Ghost, found abstraction from secular affairs necessary or desirable, those who do not possess such extraordinary qualifications, require to a much greater extent, to be freed from all secular employment and anxiety. This Scripture demands the attention of both ministers and churches in the present day. The apostles would not occupy their time *even* with the *necessities of the poor*—their work was sufficient to *absorb* their *whole* attention—they "*gave themselves*" ENTIRELY to it; and who does not admire and approve of this devotedness? who will affirm, that the work of a Christian minister is not sufficient to *absorb* the *whole man*? He has to "*watch* for *souls*, as one that must give account"—to *feed* the Church of God—to stand as a watchman upon the walls of Zion—and to declare the whole counsel of God, that he may be free from the blood of his hearers; and is this not enough to occupy the hands, and the heart, and the soul of any man? will it not be sufficient to command the physical strength of the most robust body—the mental energies of the most vigorous intellect—and the sympathies of the most enlarged heart? Who can reflect upon the entire consecration of the apostles of the Lord—who can read the counsel of the venerable Paul to young Timothy, "*Meditate* on these things, *give thyself* WHOLLY to them, that thy profiting may appear to all; take heed unto

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thyself, and unto the doctrine; *continue* in them, for in doing this, thou shalt both *save thyself* and them that hear thee;" —who can ponder these things, and not perceive the beauty and force of the following lines:—

"'Tis not a cause of small import,
The pastor's care demands;
But what might fill an angel's heart,
And fill a Saviour's hands."

—From the Rev. J. Milligan's Circular Letter to the Baptist Churches in Ireland.

THE FAMILY ROD.—Sickness takes us aside, and sets us alone with God. We are taken into his private chamber, and there he converses with us face to face. The world is far off, our relish for it is gone, and we are alone with God. Many are the words of grace and truth which he then speaks to us. All our former props are struck away, and we must now lean on God alone. The things of earth are felt to be vanity; man's help useless. Man's praise and man's sympathy desert us; we are cast wholly upon God, that we may learn that his praise and his sympathy are, enough. "If it was not for pain," says one, "I should spend less time with God. If I had not been kept awake with pain, I should have lost one of the sweetest experiences I ever had in my life. The disorder of my body is the very help I want from God; and if it does its work before it lays me in the dust, it will raise me up to heaven." It was thus that Job was "chastened upon his bed with pain, and the multitude of his bones with strong pain," that after being tried, he might "come forth as gold." Sickness teaches us, that activity of service is not the only way in which God is glorified. "They also serve who only stand and wait." Active duty is that which man judges most acceptable; but God shows us that in bearing and suffering he is also glorified. Perhaps we were pursuing a path of our own, and required to be arrested. Perhaps we were too much harrassed by a bustling world, and needed retirement, yet could find no way of obtaining it, till God laid us down, and drew us aside into a desert place, because of the multitude pressing upon us. No one of the family rods is more in use than this; sometimes falling lightly on us, at other times more heavily. Let us kiss the rod, seeking so to profit by each bodily ailment, slight or severe, that it may bring forth in us the peaceful fruits of righteousness. "I know," says one, "of no greater blessing than health, except pain and sickness."—*Bonar.*

WHAT IS AFFLICTION?—Affliction is the dark soil in which is deposited the heavenly seed, that germinates, and brings forth fruit to the glory of God. Affliction is a furnace, in whose ardent flame the refiner of souls is consuming our human imperfections. Affliction is a rod, under whose kindly chastisement the Father of Spirits is educating us for immortality. Affliction is a baptism, from whose cleansing wave the saints of the Most High come forth fit for the marriage-supper of the Lamb. Affliction is a cup, whose bitter draught is administered by the good physician to purify our spiritual natures. Affliction is a dark cloud, on which the God of covenant has painted the rainbow of hope, and which he has irradiated with the halo of celestial glory. Would *you*, then, bring forth much fruit? would you be purified of remaining imperfections? would you be trained for immortality? would you be fitted for the marriage-supper? would you be sanctified in your spiritual nature? would you be encircled in the bow of promise, or ardorned with the halo of glory? You must needs suffer affliction; for "it is through much tribulation we must enter the kingdom."—*From "Words of Comfort for the Afflicted."*

CHARITY.—Charity, in reference to other other men's sins, is not cultivated. It may sound paradoxical, but it is true, that in proportion as the Church is holy itself, it will be compassionate to the backslider; and conversely, that in a declining and lukewarm state it will be more severe in its treatment of offenders. The truth of the matter is, that love is a grace which blooms last in the garden of the regenerated soul, and the degree in which it is developed is a sure test of the state of the renewed and inner man. In the Church of Christ we are indebted to the love of God for every thing we possess. "Herein is love, not that we loved God, but that he loved us, and sent his Son to be the propitiation for our sins." From this the conclusion is self-evident—"Beloved, if God so loved us, we ought also to love one another." But this cordial and full forgiveness of those who have injured us, or are supposed to have done so, is manifested too little, and there is reason to fear lest our Master should have occasion to say to us, "Shouldest not thou also have had compassion on thy fellow-servant, even as I had pity on thee?" Under various excuses, a malignant spirit is too often allowed to display itself. One man will absent himself from the Lord's Supper, because another is there who has offended him, although he may have made ample apology, or although he may be in entire ignorance of the feeling existing against him. Another considers it his duty to protest against sin, by keeping the penitent offender for a long time under his frowns. We need more of that truly religious spirit which makes us unhappy when at all estranged from our brother, and will not allow us "to let the sun go down upon our wrath." A full, frank, and lasting pardon should be spontaneously granted by a good man, since his own sins are freely forgiven at the throne of grace. This is a serious subject, for we are clearly told that no answer will be given to our own prayers, till we have, from our very hearts, forgiven our brother his trespasses.—*From Burgess's "Eminent Personal Piety."*

AFFLICTION.—God teaches some of his best lessons in the school of affliction. It is said that Paul's Epistle to the Ephesians has quite the spirit and air of a prison. That school must be truly excellent that produces such experience and wisdom.—*Cecil.*

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Intelligence.

BAPTIST FOREIGN MISSIONS.

THE DOVE.

Our readers were informed last month that "The Dove" had left the Isle of Wight on the 19th of December with a fair wind. We regret to learn, by letters from Funchal, in the island of Madeira, that on the 23rd, when in the Bay of Biscay, she encountered a storm, which, on the following day, increased in violence, and continued for several days; that one of the sails was torn into ribbons, the tiller broken, the aft-skylight stove in, and the vessel nearly engulphed, the passengers, especially the females, suffering severely from the incursions of the sea, as well as of the rain. Mr. Newbegin says, "We lifted up our hearts to God in our distress, and he heard and delivered us, and on the 6th of January we reached Funchal, where we found that within eight days six vessels had been wrecked there, as well as many others at some distance. The day following, we returned public thanks in the Presbyterian chapel for our deliverance." The letters stated that they had received much kindness, and were recovering from the very severe effects of the storm. Capt. Milbourne's letter, dated the 13th of January, is as follows:—

Little did I anticipate when I left England that I should have to address you from this island. I deem it a great mercy that we had such a port to resort to. Up to the 23rd ult. our voyage was prosperous and pleasant. On the evening of that day a gale commenced from the south-west, which increased to a hurricane. At two A.M. Lord's day (the 24th) the sea was terrific. I then, for the first time, felt alarmed for the safety of "The Dove" and the lives of all on board. I hove the vessel to, but not having my storm-sails bent, she did not head the sea as she was wont to do, but often fell into the trough of the sea, which alarmed me very much. When the storm was at its height, and all was done that could be done, I deemed it my duty to let the friends, who were slumbering below, know of their perilous condition. We then gave ourselves to prayer. Before daybreak a change for the better was apparent, for which we immediately returned thanks. On the following day a sea broke in upon us, and stove in our after-skylight, a large portion of which fell into the beds on which three of the friends were resting. It was immediately secured and battened down. During all this boisterous weather we were greatly annoyed by several leaks, which wetted our beds, and rendered us all as miserable as we could well be. It was not till about the 3rd inst. that we began to have fine weather, and I could unbatten the skylight. All our clothes, beds, bedding, &c. were thoroughly soaked with salt water, which has rendered it necessary for every thing to be sent on shore. We arrived off Funchal on the 6th. At present the wind is from the east, blowing very hard, which prevents my getting off.

P.S. Monday 15th. The weather is now moderate and fine, and at six o'clock I shall be under weigh."—*Missionary Herald.*

BAPTISTS THE FIRST ANTI-STATE CHURCHMEN.

I cannot find any *class* of christians who were "protesters against State-Churches in the days of Elizabeth" *but the Baptists.* Many protested against *the* State Church of the time, but not against State Churches. Many protested against the magistrate meddling *too much* with the Church, the Baptists alone against his meddling with it *at all.* They alone adopted the view now rising into universal honour, of excluding the magistrate from *all* jurisdiction—whether "preference, penalty, or pay" in religious matters. Mr. Jacob, of whom Mr. Hanbury boasts so much, was probably not an Independent but a Presbyterian; but even he says, "We grant that civil magistrates may, and sometimes ought, to impose good things on a true church *against their wills*, if they stiffly err as they sometimes may." It would go rather hardly with Baptists (granting this principle), under some Pædobaptist magistrates. Mr. Robinson, the confessed father of modern Independents, adopts, *on this point*, the Belgic confession: what is it? "Moreover it is their duty, not only to be careful to preserve the civil government, but also to endeavour that the ministry may be preserved, that all idolatry and counterfeit worship of God may be clean abolished, that the kingdom of antichrist may be overthrown, and that the kingdom of Christ may be enlarged. To conclude, it is their duty to bring to pass, that the holy word of the gospel may be preached everywhere, that all men may serve and worship God purely and freely, according to the prescript rule of his word." And they finish with the following damnatory clause:—"Wherefore we condemn the Anabaptists, and all those troublesome spirits, who do reject higher powers and magistrates, overthrow all laws and judgments, make all goods common, and to conclude, do abolish and confound all those orders and degrees, which God hath appointed among men for honesty's sake." Hard measure, again, under such principles, for Baptists. Even the Brownists or Barrowists admitted the fatal concession (like modern Free-Churchmen), that the magistrates ought to uphold the "*true* church." Thus Mr. Greenwood, in the conference with Cooper, says, "The magistrates ought to compel the infidels to hear the doctrine of the Church, and also with the approbation of the Church, to send forth meet men, with gifts and graces, to instruct the infidels." Mr. Barrowe gives the magistrate

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a yet greater power: "The prince hath the book of God committed unto him, with charge to see it duly executed, by every one in his calling. . . . That the prince also is charged, and of duty ought, to see that ministers of the church do their duty, and teach the law of God diligently, Deut. xvii.—1 Chron. xxviii.—2 Chron. xxix.-xxx. and xxxv. This did Jehoshaphat, and no other thing." The Independents, indeed, as a body, were, even in the times of the Commonwealth, State-Churchmen; while the Baptists not only stood alone on this point in Elizabeth's reign, but very much earlier. Under Henry VIII. they suffered martyrdom for refusing princes "the brightest jewel in their diadem," to wit, headship in the church, as well as for "their anabaptistical errours." We may, then, fairly and honourably glory, that our great principle of founding the church of Christ *wholly* on faith as the gift of God;—of abjuring everything from christianity which did not, in *all parties concerned*, flow from *faith*;—of refusing to recognise therefore as Christ's "*learners*, or *disciples*, or members," those who had not, or could not have, *faith*;—we may honourably glory that *this* principle made Baptists, at the time of the Reformation, the first Anti-State-Churchmen;—and that, as a body, they stood alone in fully enunciating that principle without modification or reserve. For about one hundred years, till George Fox arose and his noble followers, the Baptists were the persecuted, despised, and martyred representatives of the "Crown Rights of Immanuel," and the religious liberties of men. (See Historical Introduction to 1st and 2nd vols. of the Hanserd Knollys Society.)—*From "The Examiner Answered," by the Rev. F. Clowes.*

IMPRISONMENT OF THE REV. J. SHORE.

Another imprisonment for conscience' sake! Our readers have all heard of the case of the Rev. J. Shore, who was recently a clergyman of the Church of England, and who having conscientiously seceded from that church, but wishing still to continue to preach, has been for some time persecuted for so doing by the noted Bishop of Exeter. It appears that the Bishop will not allow that Mr. Shore having been ordained and having officiated as a clergyman can at any time lose the clerical character; and although Mr. S. has made the declaration required by law as a dissenting minister, he has been prosecuted in an ecclesiastical court, and commanded, as were the apostles of old, "not to teach nor preach any more in the name of Jesus." Like them, however, Mr. S. declares that "he cannot but speak the things which he has seen and heard;" and the result is that, at the instance of the Bishop, *he is now in one of the cells of a British prison.* Mr. Shore preached in one of the London chapels on Friday, March 10th, and on descending the pulpit, was arrested by an officer sent by the Bishop of Exeter. The officer discharged his unpleasant duty with all courtesy and forbearance; and having heard the sermon could scarcely refrain from weeping when asked by Mr. Shore if for preaching *that* gospel he was to be imprisoned. However, though very unwell, he was at once hurried off to Exeter; and in St. Thomas's Gaol in that city, he now, at the time we write, lies as a common felon. We can scarcely find words to express our unlimited indignation at such an act in the nineteenth century. Surely such a prosecution cannot but disgust all right-minded christians even in the Church of England—especially as a Bill is now before the House of Commons, and seems likely to be carried, intended to apply to cases similar to that of Mr. Shore. But we feel sure that the English people will not allow Mr. S. to remain long in prison. Public indignation must be aroused at such an act of tyranny. Must not these manifestations of the persecuting spirit which a religious establishment allows, tend to awaken all classes of christians to demand its immediate and eternal overthrow?

BAPTIST UNION.

To the Editor of "The Church."

Dear Sir,

We beg to inform you, that the Thirty-seventh Annual Session of the Baptist Union will be held on Friday, the 20th of April, at the Mission-House, Moorgate-Street, at Ten o'Clock in the Forenoon.

In order that time for due attention to business may be secured, it is very desirable that brethren who attend should make arrangements for devoting to it the whole day, until five o'clock, refreshment being provided at two o'clock in the Mission-House.

We desire to call particular attention to the fact, that the Committee have, for the present Session, made an important alteration in the general arrangements. They have resolved to discontinue the customary *Public Meeting* (in which of late but little interest has been manifested), and to introduce in its stead an Introductory Discourse, to be delivered at the opening of the Session by one of the brethren.

They have, to their high gratification, prevailed on the Rev. T. Morgan, of Birmingham, to render this service for the present year; and he will accordingly address the Union immediately on its assembling, on Friday Morning, April 20th, at ten o'clock. By a resolution of the Committee, this portion of the proceedings will be open to any christian friends who may wish to attend.

We are, dear Sir,

E. STEANE, } Secs.
J. H. HINTON, }

THE HON. AND REV. BAPTIST W. NOEL.

We learn from the *Christian Times* that the Rev. Baptist W. Noel, M.A., whose secession from the Church of England we

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announced in a former number, is visiting various Dissenting chapels and witnessing the admission of members. He was present on February 26th at the admission of some members at Surrey chapel (Mr. Sherman's), where the church meetings appear to be public, and addressed the newly-received members. On the ninth of last month, he witnessed the baptism of several persons at Dr. Cox's, Hackney. His intention to attend being known, the chapel was of course crowded.

TRURO.

Efforts are being made by the friends connected with the Baptist church, Truro, for the erection of a chapel. The present chapel has been occupied 140 years,—is delapidated and insecure,—is held on lease, the only surviving life being more than 80 years. The new chapel is in a central position in the town,—the ground paid for,—will accommodate 450,—without galleries for the present,—and will cost £1,100. Toward this £500 has been raised in Truro. The church consists of 78 members, of whom 33 have been added during the past 13 months. The average congregation is 200. The case is recommended by the Revs. F. Trestrail, T. Winter (Bristol), S. Nicholson (Plymouth), and several other ministers. The Rev. E. H. Tuckett, the esteemed minister of the church, is now visiting several of the larger towns to ask the assistance of the churches; he will thankfully receive any aid that the kindness of christian friends may incline them to render; or subscriptions can be forwarded, per post, to the Treasurer, W. H. Bond, Esq. Truro.

SHADWELL.

Mr. Timothy Moore having laboured upwards of twelve years at Shadwell, is compelled, by impaired health, which has laid him aside from preaching during the past year, to resign the charge of the infant flock gathered under his ministry, and to commit the building of the chapel to other hands. Encouraged, under these circumstances, by medical men and other friends, to hope for recruited health and capacity to labour in a more congenial climate, he intends to embark, with his wife and five children, for Australia, early in the spring, to renew his labours in the gospel in that important part of the world, should adequate means be provided to enable him to undertake such a mission.

SOHO-STREET, LIVERPOOL.

Mr. John Stent, formerly the pastor of the Baptist church in Tipton, Staffordshire, has succeeded Mr. R. B. Lancaster in the pastorate of the church meeting in Soho-Street. He entered upon the duties of his new sphere on Lord's-day, 7th January. A public meeting was held in the chapel on Tuesday evening, the 23rd January, to give him a welcome, and to introduce him to the churches and ministers of other congregations. Appropriate addresses were delivered by ministers and brethren from other churches in the town and neighbourhood. There is much in the present circumstances of the church to encourage minister and people to consecrate themselves to the service of their Saviour.

STALYBRIDGE.

At a very interesting tea party held at the Baptist chapel, Stalybridge, on Friday, Dec. 31, 1848, Mr. Geo. Brewers, the senior deacon, presented the Rev. J. Ash, the pastor of the church, with a copy of the New Selection and Dr. Watts's Psalms and Hymns, beautifully bound and gilt, which had been subscribed for by some of the female members of the church, as a token of the esteem they entertained for the character of their pastor. Mr. Brewers in a very pathetic address adverted to the low state of the church when Mr. Ash settled amongst them, and then took a review of the many important improvements that had since been effected. Mr. Ash responded in an appropriate and affectionate manner.

NEWPORT, ISLE OF WIGHT.

Mr. Vernon, the pastor of the Baptist church, Newport, has accepted a cordial invitation to become the pastor of the church at Broughton, Hants. He entered on his stated labours on the first Lord's-day in March.—On Wednesday, Feb. 21st, a female tea meeting was held in the Baptist chapel, Newport, when several appropriate addresses were delivered, and Mr. Vernon was presented with Barnes's Notes on the New Testament, and Baptist Noel's Essay on the Union of Church and State, as a token of the affection and esteem of the church.

GUERNSEY.

The Rev. S. Spurgeon having sent in his resignation as pastor of the Baptist church, Wesley-road, in this island (after having sustained this office for nearly seven years), has, by some of the members of his church and congregation, been presented with an elegant drawing-room timepiece, as "a token of their undiminished affection for him, for the mildness of his disposition as a member of the community, for his exemplary and unsullied character as a christian, and for his unwearied efforts to extend the kingdom of Christ in the world, as a minister of the glorious gospel of the blessed God."

OAKHAM.

The Rev. J. Jenkinson, who has for more than twenty-five years been pastor of the second Baptist church at Kettering, has accepted an invitation from the Baptist church at Oakham, and will commence his labours there on the second Lord's-day in April.

DRIFFIELD.

Mr. R. Morris, late student of Horton College, has accepted the unanimous invitation of the church at Driffield, Yorkshire, and commenced his stated labours there on the first Sunday in March.

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THE CHURCH.

"Built upon the foundation of the Apostles and Prophets, Jesus Christ himself being the chief corner-stone."—Eph. ii. 20.

MAY, 1849.

OUR ASSOCIATION MEETINGS.

A great part of these meetings will soon be held, and it may be worth while to suggest the enquiry to our church members and ministers, "How far can they be made available towards increasing the piety of our churches, and their influence for good on those without?"

We are not of those censurers who, if our annual meetings do not accomplish *all* they might, or do not forward our favourite schemes, pronounce them at once useless. No. It is some good for ministering and other brethren to meet in christian friendship, thus strengthening the fraternal bond between our churches. It is some good for them to consult together, and worship together, and to circulate their annual letters; and we heartily rejoice in every thing which does only *some* good, in a world where doing evil is the rule and doing good the exception,—we prefer the hopers to the complainers, the *improvers* to the destroyers. Let then, we would say, each church consider for itself what *it* can contribute towards a profitable Association.

There are certain well-known evils, or minor inadvertencies, which all may avoid; such as trying to exhibit the largest possible numbers in the circular letter, and hence baptizing frequently rather in haste, *because the Association is near*. Better far that it be a monition to purify the church-books, to visit the lapsed, and wandering, and lukewarm, and to use every effort not to *appear*, but to BE a better church at the time of the annual examination. Times of *honest, unsparing* self-examination are the most important steps in an individual's spiritual advancement: they are no less essential to the *healthy* growth of a church. If our Associations led the churches annually to a humble consideration of their state before Him who walks in the midst of the golden candlesticks, the good resulting might be incalculable. *The church* "which humbleth itself shall be exalted."

Being led to advert to this topic, may we be pardoned the remark, that of late years the tendency has been far stronger than it used to be in Baptist churches to assimilate themselves *outwardly* to other denominations in what the world deems respectable. By all means let our social habits refine and improve with those of society, but let us beware of losing our love for reality and New Testament simplicity.

Amongst minor evils, we may mention tedious common-place letters consuming the time without adding to the interest of the Association meetings, inexact and careless returns of numbers of members, Sunday scholars, teachers, stations, &c. If we have statistics, let them be trustworthy.

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But the greater question recurs, what can our meetings effect? We can give united and public expression to our views on all the great questions of the day which have a religious and moral aspect, as well as a social one. We should think it a great good were all our Associations to pass carefully and consistently worded resolutions on peace, war, and arbitration,—on the evils in *principle*, and the now oft-occurring practical mischiefs, of the Union of Church and State,—on the abomination especially of ecclesiastical courts and church-rates,—on the sin of compelling to swear; and if they were, in addition, to send, by order of the Association, printed copies of the resolutions in the most respectful way to the Cabinet Ministers and their Borough and County Members, this *we* should think good: it would remind our rulers practically that there are higher aspects of the matters before them than *they* are wont to take account of. Yet these to us are amongst the lesser matters;—"to be *done*" indeed, but woe to us if, through these, far greater matters are left undone.

Our annual meetings afford a noble opportunity to discuss the spiritual dangers and changes in our churches, and not less the adaptation of our preaching, our Sunday school instruction, our habits and manner of worship, our church rules, and our plans to attract enlighten and gain the people, to compel the *inward* respect of the scorner, to oblige the patriot and philanthropist to own that we prize the rights and feel for the woes of our fellow-men, to win testimony from the widow and the fatherless that ours is "pure and undefiled religion," and to secure for the religion of our Lord as exhibited by our churches the unhesitating respect of all fair-minded men. Let our excellencies (if we have them), our defects, and our general proceedings, be discussed humbly and devoutly; especially without bitterness and contempt for the different shades of doctrine, different modes of discipline, and diversities of plan and habits existing amongst us. Liberty and love, and liberty *through* love, is the social glory of christianity; let it pervade and bless all our meetings for conference.

The question never was so fairly before us, brought up by several circumstances, Why do the common people hear us less gladly than they used to do? Some, indeed, assert that the question itself is an assumption; but one view of it is, we think, no assumption, that is, that the very intelligence which we have created by diffusing education, is beyond all that could have been anticipated disposed to *scepticism*. It sees so much imposition all around, both in the ecclesiastical and political world, that it gladly concludes "all is imposition alike." Moreover, there is a vast and increasing number in our churches and congregations who are *honestly sceptical*; not, indeed, respecting the main pillars of our faith, but respecting the *divine* authority for many of the usages of a christian society, and the justness of many of the *scholastic* forms in which the vital truths of christianity have descended to us from the twilight of the Reformation. There is more than ever a disposition to throw aside the formulas of the past in religion, as well as in literature and social life, and to seek afresh for our own age, a conception of what our Blessed Lord has given as *His* religion in the New Testament. It is of no use to frown upon this spirit. Why should we? We shall only repel, and repel for what? for being sound Protestants, for *really* practising the *duty* of private judgment, and seeking truth at first hand. We must draw a broad line between him who doubts from love to truth and solicitude to know it, and him who doubts because he seeks a covert for his vices. Now, all these peculiarities of the age might be most advantageously discussed in prayerful conference at our Annual Association Meetings.

There is one point which should not be forgotten. The opportunities for *private* devotion are generally fewer at an Association than in our

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ordinary course of life. It behoves, therefore, each individual to bring thither what he desires to find there. Prayer and meditation at home, on the wants of the churches, and, we should like to add, a special church meeting for *free and devout conference* on the subject, before the ministers and messengers left for the Association, would be the best means to ensure our deputies assembling with beneficial results.*

F. CLOWES.

ON UNION AMONG CHRISTIANS.

BY THE REV. R. DAVIS.

"That they all may be one."—*The Redeemer's Prayer.*

In an important sense this prayer is answered, and his followers *are* one. "There is one body and one spirit, even as ye are called in one hope of your calling; one Lord, one faith, one baptism; one God and Father of all, who is above all, and through all, and in you all." The grand foundation of that union which subsists among the family of God is the truth as it is in Jesus,—the glorious doctrine concerning Immanuel, as crucified for our offences, and raised again for our justification. The atonement which was offered by Jesus Christ on Calvary is the common and acknowledged basis of their peace with God. Here they all unite. Here their interesting relation to one another is formed. Their views of the Saviour's dignity and atonement are *the same;* the blessings they receive through Him are *the same;* and *the same* are their obligations to His redeeming grace. Whatever external distinctions may mark their condition in the world, there is thus a union commenced which is independent of them all,—a union destined to endure when these diversities have for ever passed away; for "there is neither Jew nor Greek, there is neither bond nor free, there is neither male nor female, for ye are all *one* in Christ Jesus."

Yet while it is pleasing to trace in this unity of believers the fulfilment of our Lord's prayer, it must be confessed that in another sense there is reason to wish for a more obvious accomplishment of His desire than we have hitherto been privileged to witness. While there exists a spiritual and essential union which binds them together in one brotherhood, and which shall endure for ever, there is wanting more of the visible manifestation of this union. Christians are one as believers in the same Saviour, possessed of the same hope, influenced by the same spirit, and travelling to the same home. How desirable, then, that their oneness should assume a more visible form,—that it should be brought out into clear and constant exhibition,—that their spirit and conduct towards each other should be such as to convince the world of the excellence of the christian faith, and shew even to the most casual observers the delightful tendency, and thus the Divine origin, of the gospel of the Son of God.

In what respects, then, may the union of christians be more fully realized among themselves, and made manifest to others? Not in the adoption of one uniform creed in every point however subordinate,—not in subscription to any prescribed formulary of worship,—not in the observance of any particular rules for church order and government,—not in the spirit that aims at proselyting all to a party. There is no real unity in this. It is not in the nature of such measures to produce it. On

* If our friends will send us copies of their Circular Letters, or even of the resolutions, by the 10th of July (by which time they will generally be printed), we shall be pleased to give a summary of their purport, which may be interesting.

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the contrary, they have often and very seriously impeded it. No union deserves the name, none is worthy the desire of any christian, but that which is based on the ground of full liberty of conscience, and perfect freedom of thought and action, just as conscience, enlightened by the word of God, shall dictate.

Now, union of this hallowed character will be enjoyed among christians, and become apparent to others, in proportion as they are *one in spiritual affection*. This is the first and chief thing that claims consideration here, for it is that without which christian union cannot exist. If, indeed, religion were what too many seem to think it is, a mere matter of form and outward ceremony, why, then, a visible compliance with prescribed rules, and an external conformity to authorized examples, would furnish a unity well befiting its nature; but since christianity has to do with the heart, it follows that the union which claims to bear its hallowed name must be that in which holy affection prevails,—a union in which heart is bound to heart by the ties of sacred brotherhood, and spirit blends with spirit in the sympathies and fellowship of the gospel of Christ. Whatever includes not this, falls short of the oneness for which the Son of God pleads on behalf of his disciples.

And the indulgence of the principle is demanded,—its unfeigned and unceasing manifestation is called for, by everything involved in the condition and experience of the followers of Jesus. Look at them as those who have received the message of heavenly reconciliation,—who are ransomed from death by the great atoning sacrifice,—who are washed from their sins in the blood of the Lamb,—who are made new creatures by one regenerating Spirit,—who bear the image of Him who hath created them anew,—who are sharers in the same privileges, and liable to the same temptations and sorrows in this world,—and who are expecting to dwell together in the perfect harmony and the everlasting love of the world to come;—look at them in this light,—remember that this description applies to them all,—and then say whether mutual love ought not to prevail among them,—whether there is not here enough to enkindle their warmest affections towards one another, and unite them together in a state of sweet, and steadfast, and ever-during concord? "Beloved, let us love one another. If God so loved us, we ought also to love one another." If the ties of earthly relationship, or a similarity of tastes and pursuits, are found sufficient to induce a strong and lasting attachment among men, how much purer and more powerful should be the love that binds together the whole brotherhood of them that believe in Jesus!

Their holy union will be felt and exemplified also according as christians are *one in mutual supplication*. To approach the throne of grace is the privilege of the people of God. To commit their way to him, and ask every requisite supply, is a duty always incumbent on them, and an advantage of which they may at any time avail themselves. This it behoves them to do not merely on their own account, but for others also. In prayer for each other they should continually abound. They are well prepared for this. Possessed of the same renewed nature, and passing through the same pilgrimage, they can enter into each other's experience. They know the difficulties of the spiritual life; they are aware of the dangers that attend the christian's course; to the temptations and conflicts of the wilderness they are no strangers; while of the christian's weakness and insufficieney they are convinced by their own experience. Hence, from what they have needed themselves, they know what their brethren require; and the Divine help that has been afforded them, enables them to estimate its importance and value in the case of their fellow disciples. In many instances, too, their acquaintance with the very circumstances of their

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brethren qualifies them to bear them especially on their hearts at the throne of mercy. How clearly, then, should an engagement for which they are thus fitted be one in which they are often employed! And what a pleasing and beneficial form of true christian union is brought before us when the disciples of Christ thus intercede for each other before their heavenly Father; either making the particular trials and wants of their brethren their errand at the mercy-seat, or else, in more general terms, pleading with the apostle, "Grace be with all them that love our Lord Jesus Christ in sincerity."

Nor should it be forgotten that such mutual prayer among christians, prompted by their holy love, will powerfully tend to the increase of that principle in return, and thus promote the union it exemplifies. Let a christian make the case of a brother his errand to the throne, and he will become more attached to that brother. Let him plead for the members of the church to which he belongs, and he will feel more closely united with them. Let him be often in prayer for all believers, and he will realize more and more the fact, that all believers are one, and that he is one with them; the distinctions that seem to separate them will diminish, and be comparatively forgotten; while their common faith and their common experience, which call forth and guide his supplications for them, will assume their proper magnitude in his eyes, and be felt in their harmonizing and uniting influence on his mind.

Again, the union of believers is manifest in proportion as they are *one in earnest efforts for the extension of Christ's cause.* That it devolves on every christian, and on every christian church, to seek the extension of the Saviour's kingdom, will be admitted by all who take the Scriptures for their guide. God blesses his people that through them he may bless the world. Christians are the servants of Christ, and what should a servant do but aim to promote the interests of his Master? They are the soldiers of the cross, and what so fit an employment as fighting the battles of the Lord? When Jeremiah wrote to the captives in Babylon, he directed them to "seek the peace of the city whither God had caused them to be carried away captive, and pray unto the Lord for it; for in the peace thereof they should have peace." In like manner, the disciples of Christ are required to do good to those among whom they dwell: to shine as lights in the world: to seek the conversion and salvation of sinners; and, like the Jews, they shall find that while they are benefiting others they are advancing their own happiness and welfare.

In this work they should be united. Engaged in one glorious cause, and in the service of the same exalted Lord, they should combine their efforts, and thus strengthen them by mutual co-operation: bringing all their blended resources to bear upon the attainment of the object before them; and advancing harmoniously and firmly in aggressive movements against the common foe. Uniting and co-operating thus, the oneness of the followers of Jesus would not only be clearly seen, but would also be powerfully felt, by the world. Let the members of every christian church faithfully employ the talents God hath given them, and put into combined and active operation all the means of usefulness they possess, in efforts of benevolent and holy zeal throughout the neighbourhood around them, and they could hardly fail to produce a general impression in favour of their harmony and influence, while they would instrumentally accomplish a vast amount of good. Still more, if the whole christian community were thus united,—if the churches of the Son of God, known as they are by various designations, and distinguished by differing opinions and observances on certain points,—if they were seen, not indulging in jealousies and contentions among themselves,—not prosecuting separately the great

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work assigned them in the spirit of unhallowed and ambitious rivalry,—but with one heart and soul contending earnestly for the faith once delivered to the saints, and with the energy of their united exertions, directed by the wisdom of their combined counsels, labouring in the cause of the world's conversion,—what an impressive scene would be exhibited before mankind, and what happy results might be reasonably expected! In the beautiful language of inspiration, the church would then "look forth as the morning, fair as the moon, clear as the sun, and terrible, or majestic, as an army with banners," diffusing the light of truth around, scattering the refreshing influences of grace in every direction, and marching on in the might of the Lord to achieve the subjection of the earth to Christ.

In these respects, then, the union of christians is an object supremely to be desired. To see the members of churches, and the various denominations of christians, drawing nearer together in spiritual affection, in mutual prayer, and in combined efforts for the advancement of the Redeemer's kingdom, would surely be a lovely sight in itself, and the certain harbinger of better and blessed times for the world. Happy will it be when the Saviour's intercession shall in this respect be fully and visibly answered. Then will the church of God appear as an ark riding prosperously on the troubled waters of political disquietude, and embarrassment, and convulsion,—the dwelling-place of peace amidst surrounding agitation, the asylum of refuge and safety to all who enter it.*

St. Ives.

TWENTY GOOD REASONS WHY MINISTERS SHOULD AVOID CONTRACTING DEBTS.

1. Because God has plainly forbidden it, in that gospel which they preach; and a minister should so walk and act as to feel at liberty to preach from every plain text in the New Testament; even from that which says, "*Owe no man any thing;*" which he cannot consistently do if he is in debt.

2. Because it is a violation of the law of love, which says, "*Love thy neighbour as thyself;*" which he cannot do if he contract debts which he cannot honourably discharge when called upon.

3. Because every minister knows within a little the amount of his salary, and should feel it to be an imperative duty to live within his income.

4. Because ministers are to be examples to the flock, which they are to lead in the way of holiness; but if the minister run into debt, how can he reprove, or admonish, or even blame the people, if they follow his example?

5. Because if he be properly influenced and practising economy, it is very seldom necessary. What minister can look around and not see some worldly person living upon the same amount of income without involving himself in debt?

6. Because it wounds God's cause, which should be dearer to us than any fleshly indulgence; and opens the mouths of enemies, which we should study to keep shut.

* Our readers will see in the Intelligence part of this Magazine, a notice of the death, under most distressing circumstances, of the author of the above article. We have had the paper by us for some months, and had determined, before hearing of his death, to insert it this month. "By it, being dead, he yet speaketh."

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7. Because it lays a stumbling-block in the way of souls, who think lightly of our religion, and will not listen to our message, on account of it.

8. Because it contradicts our profession, for we all profess to obey the word and imitate the example of Him, who never contracted a debt, nor sanctioned any one in doing so.

9. Because it is opposed to the duty of self-denial, which we are called upon to practise; very few are the cases of debt which might not have been prevented by scriptural self-denial.

10. Because it furnishes unprincipled persons with an argument against religion, and has a tendency to harden them in their sins.

11. Because it injures honest tradesmen, and prevents them keeping the precept which we are violating.

12. Because it is very generally for some unnecessary indulgence in dress, furniture, food, a large dwelling, &c.; for which no minister of Christ should ever contract a debt.

13. Because it indicates thoughtlessness, improvidence, or want of principle; whereas ministers should be thoughtful, prudent, and unquestionably upright.

14. Because we have no right to expect that God will work for us in His providence to pay such debts, or to call upon our people to do so.

15. Because it has often introduced confusion into a church, and put weapons into the hands of disaffected persons wherewith to accomplish their unrighteous purposes.

16. Because it destroys independence of mind, for "the borrower is servant to the lender;" whereas the minister of Christ ought to be the most independent man under heaven.

17. Because it discovers a want of tenderness of conscience, for which every servant of Christ ought to be exemplary.

18. Because it brings us into soul-trouble, and gives Satan an occasion against us, of which he will not be backward to avail himself.

19. Because it mars our usefulness, and cuts off the means of doing good: the godly are wounded, the ungodly are hardened, and we have not to give to him that needeth (Ephes. iv. 28).

20. Because it will throw a gloom around our sick bed, plant thorns in our dying pillow, and furnish matter for scandal when we are lying in the grave.

Brethren, are these things so? If they are, let us determine in God's strength, that, as His cause is dear unto us,—as His name is called upon us,—as His gospel is entrusted to our keeping,—as our people look to us for an example,—as our enemies are watching for an occasion against us,—as God has forbidden it,—as Satan makes a handle of it,—as worldlings are stumbled by it,—and as every one of us must give account of himself to God, that, whatever sacrifices we may have to make, whatever self-denial we may have to practise, we will not contract any debts which we cannot discharge when called upon to do so.

New Park-Street, London. JAMES SMITH.

TWENTY GOOD REASONS WHY CHURCHES SHOULD ADEQUATELY SUPPORT, AND DEACONS PROMPTLY AND PUNCTUALLY PAY, THEIR MINISTERS.

1. Because not doing so, they neglect a very solemn and important duty, which God requires at their hands; for "so hath the Lord ordained, that they which preach the gospel should live of the gospel."

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2. Because not doing so shews that they have not a proper regard to a minister's usefulness and comfort; for if they had, they would make such an effort as would soon prove it to be practicable.

3. Because not doing so evidences that they have not a correct sense of justice, which requires that they should not seek to engage and benefit by the services of any one without a suitable remuneration.

4. Because not doing so, the minister cannot discharge his duties and observe the precepts of God's holy word.

5. Because not doing so proves that though they profess principles more pure and powerful than those of the world, they are not influenced by them; for many worldly men have too high a sense of honour to engage the services of any one, and then refuse adequately to reward him.

6. Because not doing so leads the pastor to think that his services are undervalued, which depresses his spirits and weakens his energies.

7. Because not doing so hinders him in the study of God's word, fills his mind with anxiety about worldly things, and often makes his sermons meagre.

8. Because not doing so prevents his procuring proper materials to assist him in his work, as well as harasses and burdens his mind.

9. Because not doing so obliges him to contract debts, and prevents his discharging them at the proper time, which is alike discreditable to him and them.

10. Because not doing so often makes parties in a church; one party sympathizing with the minister whom they consider to be injured, and the other with some selfish leader who wishes to keep him poor.

11. Because not doing so leads ministers to listen to calls from other places, and often occasions very undesirable removals.

12. Because not doing so opens the mouths of worldlings, who have a keen eye to discern between right and wrong, and who naturally expect different things from professors of religion, whose conduct they are never backward to censure or condemn.

13. Because not doing so is a discredit to the voluntary principle, and practically refutes some of its most powerful arguments.

14. Because not doing so is a species of dishonesty, as every *attempt* to obtain or retain the services of any man without a proper remuneration must be.

15. Because not doing so is treating the minister of Christ worse than a common servant or mechanic; whereas Christ has said, "The labourer is worthy of his reward;" which reward should be just and equal.

16. Because not doing so betrays a want of proper feeling, and leads consistent persons to question whether such churches can be influenced by the grace of God and the truth of the gospel.

17. Because not doing so injures the pastor's usefulness, and prevents his carrying out his various plans of benevolence for the spread of the gospel both at home and abroad.

18. Because not doing so, the church loses its character, dishonours the Lord, grieves the Holy Spirit, and must expect to wither and decay.

19. Because not doing so troubles a pastor's mind, reflects on the gospel he preaches, and violates a sacred principle.

20. Because not doing so discourages young men of talent from entering the ministry, and thus brings its own punishment with it.

Brethren, if you love the Saviour who redeemed the church with His own blood,—if you prize the presence, power, and operations of the Holy Spirit,—if you value the gospel ministry, which Christ himself has instituted, and which is the instrument by which God usually works,—if you esteem the principles which you profess, and which bear the divine stamp

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upon them,—if you would see the church happy and the ministry successful,—if you would see sinners brought to God, and saints rejoicing in His holy name,—if you would see our pulpits filled by godly and talented men,—if you would obey the precepts of the gospel, or make the law the rule of your lives,—if you would win the respect of the world around, and have a good report of them which are without,—if you would not injure your pastor's usefulness, wound his mind, alienate his affections from you, or break his heart,—in one word, if you would be what every deacon and church of Christ ought to be, viz.: holy, honest, conscientious, and consistent,—then provide your ministers with an HONOURABLE MAINTENANCE; and pay them *promptly*, *regularly*, and *cheerfully* what you raise for them.

New-Park-Street, London. JAMES SMITH.

THE BAPTISM.

BY MRS. L. H. SIGOURNEY.

'Twas near the close of that blest day, when with melodious swell,
To crowded town and lonely shade had spoke the Sabbath bell,
And on a broad, unruffled stream, with bordering verdure bright,
The western sunbeam richly shed a tinge of crimson light;—

When, lo! a solemn train appear'd, by their lov'd pastor led,
And sweetly rose the holy hymn as towards that stream they sped;
And he, its clearing, crystal breast, with graceful movements trod,
His steadfast eye upraised, to seek communion with his God.

Then, bending on his staff, approached the willow-fringed shore,
A man of many, many years, with temples furrowed o'er;
And faintly breath'd his trembling lip, "Behold, I fain would be
Buried in baptism with my Lord, e'er death shall summon me."

With brow benign, like Him whose hand did wavering Peter guide,
The pastor bore his tottering frame through that translucent tide,
And plung'd him 'neath the shrouding wave, and spake the Triune name,
And joy upon that withered brow in wondering radiance came.

And then advanced a lordly form, in manhood's towering pride,
Who from the gilded snares of earth had wisely turned aside,
Following His steps who meekly bowed to Jordan's startled wave,
In deep humility of soul, this faithful witness gave.

Who next? A fair and fragile form in snowy robe doth come,
The tender beauty in her eye,—her cheek in youthful bloom:
Yea come, thou gentle one, and clothe thyself with might divine;
This stern world has a thousand darts to vex a soul like thine.

Beneath its smiles a traitor's kiss is oft in darkness bound:
Cling to that Comforter who holds a balm for every wound;
Trust in that kind Protector's care who never will forsake,
And thou shalt strike the harp of praise e'en when the heart-strings break.

Then with a firm, unshrinking step, the watery path she trod,
And gave, with woman's deathless trust, her being to her God;
And when all dripping from the flood, she rose like lily stem,
I thought, that spotless brow might wear an angel's diadem.

Yet more! yet more! How meek they bow to their Redeemer's rite,
Then pass with music on their way, like joyous sons of light!
But lingering on these shores I stay'd till every sound was hush'd,
For hallowed musings o'er my soul like spring-swoln rivers rush'd.

'Tis better, said the voice within, to bear a christian's cross
Than sell this fleeting life for gold, which death shall prove but dross;
Far better, when yon shrivell'd skies are like a banner furled,
To share in Christ's *reproach* than gain the glory of the world.

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Tales and Sketches.

THE LOST SON FOUND.

I was standing by the side of my mother, under the spacious porch of Dr. Beattie's church, Union-street, Glasgow, awaiting the hour for afternoon service. A holy calm hung over the city; no discordant noise broke the solemn stillness of the day of rest and worship; scarcely a whisper was heard in the assembly of waiting worshippers who crowded the broad pavement on which I stood. All seemed profoundly impressed with the solemn and sacred character of the day, the place, and the occasion which had called them together. It was, in short, a Sabbath in the land of Knox and Chalmers.

I had been in this position probably ten or fifteen minutes, when I observed two young men turn a corner and walk towards the church. They were dressed in their working clothes, unshaven and dirty, and slightly intoxicated. As they passed the church door they assumed a swaggering, irreverent gait, laughed, and finally commenced singing a profane song. Some of the bystanders expressed their horror at the occurrence, others wondered what had become of the police; but my mother turned to me, and said, "Follow these two men, and invite them to a seat in our pew."

I soon overtook them, and delivered my mother's message. One laughed scornfully and began to swear; the other paused and pondered; he was evidently struck with the nature of the invitation, and probably also with the earnestness and simplicity with which it was delivered. His companion again swore, and was about to drag him away. But he still paused. I repeated the invitation, and in a few seconds he looked in my face and said, "When I was a boy like you, I went to church every Sunday. I have not been inside of a church for three years. *I don't feel right.* I believe I will go with you."

I seized his hand, and led him back to the house of God, in spite of the remonstrances and oaths of his companion. The doors were now open, and the church was filling rapidly; we entered, and I conducted him to the pew where my mother was already seated. A most excellent sermon was preached from Eccles. xi. 1, "Cast thy bread upon the waters; for thou shalt find it after many days."

The young man was attentive, but seemed abashed and downcast. At the conclusion of the service he hastened out of the church, but he was closely followed and soon overtaken by my mother, who kindly said to him, "Have you a bible, young man?"

"No, ma'am; but I can get one," was his reply.

"You can read, of course?" said she.

"Yes, ma'am."

"Well, take my son's bible until you can procure one of your own. Read it attentively during the week, and come to meeting again next Lord's-day. I shall always be happy to accommodate you with a seat."

He put the bible in his pocket and hurried away. At family worship that evening my mother prayed fervently for the conversion of that young man.

Next Sunday came, and the next, but the stranger did not appear. My mother frequently spoke of him, and appeared grieved at his absence. He had doubtless been the subject of her closet devotions. On the third Sabbath morning, while the congregation were singing the first psalm, the young man again entered our pew. He was now dressed genteelly, and appeared thin and pale, as if from recent sickness. My mother looked at him with great earnestness, and a gleam of satisfaction and thankfulness overspread her pale intellectual features. Immediately after the benediction, the stranger laid my bible on the desk, and left the house, without giving my mother an opportunity she much desired, of conversing with him. On one of the blank leaves of the bible, we found some writing in pencil signed "W. C." The writer stated that he had been confined to his room by sickness for the previous two weeks. He declared his inability to express the gratitude he felt towards my mother, for the interest she had manifested in his spiritual welfare; he asked to be remembered in her prayers; and concluded by stating that he was an Englishman, and would return to his native land in about ten days.

Years rolled on; my mother passed to her heavenly rest; I grew up to manhood, and the stranger was forgotten.

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In the autumn of 18— the ship *St. George*, of which I was the medical officer, anchored in Table Bay. Between us and Penguin Island I observed a man-of-war which I had seen before and knew well; it was Her Majesty's brig *Chanticleer* of ten guns, Commander Forbes, on a surveying expedition. The surgeon of the brig, Dr. F—, had been my preceptor, and I resolved to pay him a visit. He received me with his usual warmth and kindness. After dining with the gun-room officers, he proposed that on the following day, which was the Sabbath, we should attend meeting in Cape Town. "It will remind us," he said, "of old times, when we used to go arm in arm to church in Union-street."

Next day, in company with my friend, I attended morning service at the Wesleyan chapel. At the conclusion of worship, a gentleman, seated behind me, asked to look at my bible. In a few minutes he returned it, and I walked into the street. We had arranged to dine at "the George," and I was mounting the steps in front of that hotel, when the gentleman who had examined my bible laid his hand on my shoulder, and begged to have a few minutes' conversation. We were shown into a private apartment. As soon as we were seated, he examined my countenance with great attention, and then began to sob; tears rolled down his cheeks; he was evidently labouring under intense emotion. He appeared to be about thirty-five years of age, was tall and slender, and neatly dressed, but apparently in bad health. He asked me several questions—amongst others, my name, age, occupation, birthplace. He then enquired if I had not, when a boy, many years ago, invited a drunken Sabbath-breaker to a seat in Dr. Beattie's church. I was astonished—the subject of my mother's anxieties and prayers was before me. Mutual explanations and congratulations followed, after which Mr. C. gave me a short history of his life, from the time he left Scotland to the day on which we met so unexpectedly in a foreign land.

He was born in the town of Leeds, in the West-riding of Yorkshire, of highly respectable parents, who gave him a good education, and trained him up in the way of righteousness. When about fifteen years of age his father died, and his mother's straitened circumstances obliged her to take him from school, and put him to learn a trade. In his new situation he imbibed all manner of evil, became incorrigibly vicious, and broke his mother's heart. Freed now from all parental restraint, he left his employers, and travelled to Scotland. In the city of Glasgow he had lived and sinned for two years, when he was arrested in his career through my mother's instrumentality. On the first Sabbath of our strange interview in Union-street, he confessed that, after he left church, he was seized with pangs of unutterable remorse. The sight of a mother and her son worshipping God together, recalled the happy days of his own boyhood, when he went to church and Sunday school, and when he also had a mother—a mother whose latter days he had embittered, and whose grey hairs he had brought with sorrow to the grave. His mental suffering threw him on a bed of sickness, from which he arose a changed man. He returned to England, cast himself at the feet of his maternal uncle, and asked and obtained forgiveness. His conviction of sin,—his battlings with temptation,—his repentance,—his victory over the world,—the growth of his faith in the great atonement,—and, finally, his peace in believing, formed a deeply interesting and instructive narrative. With his uncle's consent he studied for the ministry; and, on being ordained, he entered the missionary field, and had been labouring for several years in Southern Africa.

"The moment I saw your bible this morning," he said, "I recognized it, and the examination of the writing, which is still legible on the blank leaf, assured me that I was not mistaken. And now do you know who was my companion on the memorable Sabbath you invited me to church? He was the notorious Jack Hill, who was hanged about a year afterwards for highway robbery. You can now see and appreciate the terrible fate from which I was rescued by the unfathomable love and boundless grace of God, through your own and your mother's instrumentality. I was dragged from the very brink of infamy and destruction, and saved as a brand from the burning. You remember Dr. Beattie's text on the day of my salvation: 'Cast thy bread upon the waters; for thou shalt find it after many days.' The proud, hardened, scoffing sinner *is* found, after thirteen years, a humble minister of salvation to the benighted heathen; and your sainted mother is doubtless enjoying the reward of those who turn many to righteousness—shining as the stars for ever and ever."—*American Messenger*

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THE DECISION.

Mary and Emma B—— were children of wealth and luxury. A father's and a mother's love had, so far as earthly power can, guarded them from sorrow and pain. Want they had never known; adversity had never darkened their pathway; not even had a cherished friend been taken from them; and now, their school-day trials over, with wealth, rank, beauty, and accomplishments, they were entering the fashionable world. The future, as to the young and trusting it ever does, seemed strewn with flowers, and sparkling with gems; they had but to stretch forth their hands to grasp the prize, and happiness would be theirs. For years they had been looking forward to this hour, anticipating its joys, feasting on its fancied delights. Alas, they knew not, thought not, how true an emblem of life is the far-famed fruit, which, fair and beautiful without, is but rottenness and hollowness within.

A month rolled away, during which Mary and Emma had been courted and flattered, feted and admired, till the world's votaries might think their cup of joy was running over. It was a little season, too brief for pleasure to have become wearisome, and yet they had tasted of almost every earthly joy. Were they satisfied? Had their bright anticipations been realized? Let us listen.

One beautiful evening, as the departing rays of the setting sun were tinging with gold the waters of a quiet lake, which lay spread out before them, the sisters walked forth *alone*. "Silence reigned," but it was a silence which said unutterable things, which unconsciously led the heart "through nature up to nature's God." The day had been one of weariness and lassitude, the reaction of a previous one of excitement and so-called pleasure. "How calm and lovely is this scene," exclaimed Emma; "look, Mary, how beautiful the lake is tinged with the setting sun. What a contrast is this to the revelry and excitement of last evening."

"Beautiful, indeed," said her sister, "but we do not want to admire this always, it would not atone for company, and parties, and the pleasures of life. I am so vexed, however, I thought last night, or rather this morning, as I laid my aching head on my pillow, I never would go to another party, and I never will at Mrs. D.'s. How provoking every thing was."

"I am weary," said Emma,—"weary of parties, almost of our so much dreamed of pleasures. Let us sit down on this green mound and talk of something else."

The sisters seated themselves.

"Mary," added Emma, looking up sorrowfully, "I am sad, and I cannot tell why. Everything about me is bright and happy; my desires are gratified, pleasure is always before me,—what can be the cause of my sadness?"

"I cannot," replied her sister; "I am not sad that I know of, but angry, which is worse."

"But," asked Emma, "does not this peaceful scene, so unlike the commotion of angry feelings, produce such a discord in your heart as to make it heavy?"

Mary gazed around, an expression of sadness came over her countenance, and she was compelled to own, that, with no sympathy of feeling, the scene was robbed of its brightest attractions. The sisters conversed till the gathering shades of night admonished them that it was time to retire, but, not discovering the cause of their sadness, they resolved to continue their round of pleasure, without allowing themselves to be annoyed by the little vexations incident to life, and again they pictured the future bright and happy.

The mother of these sisters was a christian, but, perhaps a little blinded by the whirl of pomp and fashion amid which she dwelt, and with a husband not a help-meet in the way of life, she found it difficult to stem the tide which was rapidly carring her daughters into a vortex of dissipation, and leading them to forget duty and obligation. The hour of retirement, however, came, and with it calmness and reflection; and earnestly then she prayed for grace and wisdom from above, to guide her children aright; nor were her prayers unanswered.

Another and another month fled away, and Mary and Emma were still basking in the sunshine of worldly prosperity, but all would not do. Though the excitement of the moment banished care, and led them to imagine themselves happy, they only felt the more exhausted, sad, and disappointed, when the giddy scene was over. Happiness was always flitting just before them, but though in a thousand ways they sought to attain it, it ever alluded their eager grasp. A young friend, who had mingled with them in their pursuits of pleasure, was now suddenly summoned to her last account.

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Death had not come very near, and yet he was nearer than he had ever approached before, and his summons reminding them, votaries of pleasure as they were, that their hour of doom *must* also come, caused their hearts to quail.

"Mary," said Emma, the evening after they had seen the earthly remains of their young friend consigned to the narrow house, "our mother told us to-day, that the soul cannot be satisfied with attending to the things of earth merely. I think I realize the truth of that remark, for I sometimes feel such an aching void within me, my mind seems struggling to soar beyond the perishing things around me to higher and holier scenes. Do you never feel this?"

"Oh, yes," was the reply, "I sometimes feel sad, and an indefinable longing after something, I know not what, at 'twilight's witching hour,' or when I am alone; but it vanishes with company, and other means of enjoyment in our possession."

"That *may* be," said Emma, "but then the *void*, the *sadness*, return with redoubled force after the excitement has again passed by. No, it is not solitude which is the cause of all this, but the confining the mind to sensual objects, which is contrary to its nature. When I pass an hour in useful conversation, or in relieving suffering, the recollection, though something still seems wanting, gives me pleasure. I have been thinking, dear sister, of a future world, and how unfitted we are for its solemn realities. I fear that we are quite forgetting that our summons must soon come."

"Dear Emma," exclaimed Mary, "do not be so solemn, I cannot think of that."

"But what propriety," asked Emma, "is there in banishing such thoughts; these pleasures, which so engross our attention, even now leave a sting behind, and they will soon pass away. Life is *so* uncertain. How has our dear mother, in these last sad days, sought to impress this truth upon us. Our young friend, only a week ago with us, with health and the most brilliant prospects before her, *now* lies mouldering in the dust. How little did she think, as joyfully she arrayed herself for her last splendid fete, that the next great assembly she should meet would be at the bar of God. Oh, I wish I could think of the grave with calmness, but to give up life, to leave its pleasures, friends, every thing we love, to moulder away in the cold earth, food for worms, is too much; and the soul! ah, Mary, what will become of that?"

Mary was deeply affected. She threw herself into her sister's arms, and wept. Thoughts of her friend, of the grave, and that she, too, must soon lie there, distressed, but did not lead her to seek for consolation where alone it can be found. The sisters found no consolation in these sad but profitable reflections, and they soon turned from them; and on the morrow when they awoke from their troubled slumbers, they thought not from whom came all their mercies, felt no emotions of gratitude toward Him who is alike the dispenser of life and death. But they had learned that mere sensual enjoyments do not constitute happiness, and this conviction, together with the tears and prayers of a pious mother, had, at length, induced them sometimes to think of higher objects than the perishing things of earth. Glowingly did she picture before them the benevolence of their Heavenly Father, who had strewn their path of life with blessings,—the love and mercy of a Saviour, who had suffered and died that they might live,—and the return they had made for all this; and earnestly did she entreat them to seek his forgiveness and favour. They listened and wept, but not with a sincere sorrow for sin, but from a dread of its fatal consequences. Time passed on, in a struggle between the desire to enjoy the pleasures of sin and the hopes of christianity. Again they went to the house of God, and listened to the oft told tale of a Saviour's love, of his agony for their sakes, of his power and willingness to save to the uttermost all who will come to him, of the sin and wretchedness in which they were involved, and of the glorious hopes of christianity; and their hearts were moved; *almost* they were persuaded to be christians. On the eve of that Sabbath their mother approached them:

"My dear children," she said, "will you, *can* you, any longer reject the gracious offers of which you have to-day again heard, thus crucifying the Saviour afresh, and bringing upon yourselves swift destruction; or will you *now* resolve to renounce the world, to take your hearts from its fleeting, deceitful pleasures, and dedicate your future lives to His service whose mercies have been new every morning, and fresh every moment of your lives?"

A solemn pause ensued. At length Mary sobbed:

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"The pleasures of life are just opening before us; oh! we cannot be christians."

The mother fell on her knees, and with all the earnestness of a warm and agonized heart besought their Heavenly Father to look upon, and bless, her dear children; to give them repentance for sin, to make them sensible of their own vileness and their inability to do anything to save themselves from the ruin in which they were involved, to wash them in that blood which alone can cleanse the soul, and to enable them *now*, come life or death, to resolve that they would serve Him. They arose from their knees; the mother turned an anxious eye upon her children; Emma threw herself into her arms.

"My dear, *dear* mother," she murmured, "the struggle is past. I do give up all, and resolve to live only to serve the blessed Jesus."

Tears of joy and gratitude filled that mother's eyes as she pressed her now repenting daughter to her heart.

"And Mary, my child," she exclaimed, "have you, too, resolved to seek for forgiveness and happiness at the feet of this Saviour?"

Mary spoke not; she thought of her gay young friends, of the golden pleasures of rank and wealth, and her heart was hard. In vain her mother and sister entreated her, prayed for her; she took the fearful responsibility of preferring time to eternity.

Reader, would you know the consequences resulting from that solemn hour? Eternity alone can reveal them to their full extent. Emma remained firm in her resolutions, and was soon rejoicing in that brightest, most hallowed of all emotions, the sense of sins forgiven. Mary—but the heart sickens to follow farther—from that hour lost all care for her future destiny. Prayers and tears were alike ineffectual to arouse her. Alas! she had grieved the spirit of God, and it had departed from her; she had rejected the offers of mercy, and they were no more hers.

Youthful reader, you who are saying to the gracious offers of mercy, again and again presented to you, "Go thy way for this time,"—who are weighing the deceitful, perishing pleasures of time against the commands of God, the happiness of eternity, pause and ponder your ways, ere, like Mary B., you shall be given over "to hardness of heart and blindness of mind."—*American Mother's Magazine.*

WORK WHILE YOU HAVE THE OPPORTUNITY.

AN ANECDOTE FOR SUNDAY SCHOOL TEACHERS.

Many years ago, I opened a Sabbath-school in a distant, neglected neighbourhood. At first the project was greatly ridiculed, and many opposed. But ridicule and opposition soon gave way to a good cause, and in a short time I had seventy scholars. The room in which we met was an unfinished chamber of a poor lame woman, the only place that was offered. The floor was not nailed down, and neither ceiling nor plaster had ever been seen in the chamber. The chimney passed up the centre, and the bare rafters were over our heads. Yet never did I see brighter or happier faces than among the little groups which I regularly met. They lived so far from any church or chapel that few could attend; or rather, their parents felt too indifferent to take them: so that their Sabbath-school embraced all that was Sabbath to them. It is now many years since, and I suppose they have all grown up, or have been removed into eternity, ere this time; but I can never forget this, my first Sabbath-school, nor the happy countenances that composed it.

One hot Sabbath I had walked out to meet my Sabbath-school and at the close of the lessons I felt weary and unwell. The children were expecting me to give them a history of the holy Sabbath from its first appointment, and to tell them why God appointed it, and what are our duties in regard to it; for so I had promised them, and had in fact prepared myself to do it. But being weary and unwell, I told them that for these reasons I would defer it to the next Sabbath. While thus putting it off, I noticed a bright little boy, sitting near me, who seemed to look disappointed. He had expected to hear about the holy Sabbath. Oh, had I remembered how Christ taught the poor woman of Samaria, though he was weary and faint, should I not have done differently?

The next Sabbath came, and my scholars were again coming together. On arriving at the house, instead of finding them all quiet at their seats as usual, I found them standing around the door, some sobbing, others looking frightened,—all silent. On enquiry, they told me that "little Lewis had just been killed by the mill!" This was all they knew about it. At the head of my little flock, I hastened to the house where

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the little boy lived. At the door I was met by the father of the child, wringing his hands, his face red and swollen, his eyes sunken and glaring, and his breath loaded with the fumes of ardent spirits.

"Oh," cried the man, "I might have known it. I might have known it all."

"Might have known what, Sir?"

"Oh, I might have known that to-day one of my family must go; but I did not think, could not think, it must be my youngest boy?"

"Pray, how might you have known one must die to-day?"

"Why, when I came home last evening, old Rover," pointing to the stupid old dog that lay under the table, "sat on the door-steps with his face to the east, crying and howling. I knew then some one, or I might have known some one, must go to-day; but did not think it must be poor little Lewis!"

"Do you believe there is a God?"

"Oh, yes! I have no doubt of it."

"And do you suppose he reveals events to a dog, a creature without a soul and without reason, which he does not reveal to the wisest men? Nothing is more common than for a dog to howl when his master is gone, and he feels lonely; and as to his face being towards the east, I see nothing strange in that, since your house faces the east."

"Ah, so you may say; but I might have known it would come." And again he turned away, to sob and, I fear, to drink, and then wonder over his being more stupid than a dog.

I led my scholars into the room. They seemed to breathe only from the top of their lungs. I lifted up the white napkin, and there was little Lewis, a mangled corpse! The children were all hushed while we gazed. The little girls covered their faces with their aprons or handkerchiefs. The little boys wiped their eyes with their hands, or with the sleeves of their jackets.

For some weeks it had been dry, and the streams had become low. But during the preceding day and night, a heavy rain had fallen. A mill on a small stream close by, which had stood still for some time for want of water, was set a-going early on Sabbath morning. I need not ask if the miller feared God.

About an hour before the Sabbath-school usually came together, little Lewis went down to the mill-stream to bathe. The poor boy had never seen his parents keep the Sabbath holy. He swam out into the stream. The current was too strong for him; he raised the cry of distress; the miller heard and saw him, but was too much frightened to do anything. The current swept along; the little boy struggled; again he cried for help; the waters rushed on; he was sucked down under the grate; the great mill-wheel rolled round; and he was in a moment crushed and dead! Scarcely had his last cry reached the ears of the miller, before his mangled corpse came out from under the wheel. *It was the same little boy who had looked so disappointed on the last Sunday, because I omitted to talk about the holy Sabbath!*

While standing beside the lifeless clay of this fair child, with all the children about me, my feelings were sad indeed. It seemed as if every child would have cried out, "Oh, had you kept your word, and told us about breaking the Sabbath, he would not have gone into the water, he would not have lain there dead!" It seemed as if the lips, though sealed by the hand of death, would open and reproach me. "Had I not put off my duty, probably this life would have been saved; perhaps an undying soul would have been saved from the guilt of being the everlasting enemy of God. What sacrifice would I not make, could that child once more come into my Sabbath-school!" Such were my thoughts. I have never been able to look back upon that scene without the keenest anguish. I have sometimes mentioned it to Sabbath-school teachers, and by it urged them never to put off till next Sabbath any duty which can be performed on this. And since I have been a minister, when I have felt weary and feeble, and tempted to put off some duty to a more convenient season, I have recalled that scene to my mind.—*Todd.*

THE PERSECUTOR SUBDUED.

I was occupied as usual at the chapel, says Aasman, a German minister, one Sunday afternoon, catechising the young of both sexes, when one of the Zietten's regiment of body-guards came strolling up the aisle. At first, he listened; but he soon began to make a mock of our service, and sought by all means in his power to provoke to laughter the young labourers who stood before me at the altar. I could not overlook such disorderly conduct; so, making a dead pause, I turned towards the man, and look-

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ing at him seriously, said, "If thou fearest not man, dost thou not fear the Lord God? If thou art come to this holy house only to disturb the worshippers of God, it would be better for thee to keep without." This reproof he took so ill, that he left the church furiously, though without uttering a word. When he had passed the gates, the storm burst out, and with many oaths he swore he would be revenged on the priest, as he termed me. He went to his quarters, and buckling on his sabre, he returned quickly to watch for me at the chapel door.

Weary of waiting there for me, he withdrew into a public-house, which was not far from the door of the chapel through which I had to pass. Here he sat down, boasting aloud that he would cleave my head asunder, and drinking brandy to strengthen his purpose. Having catechised and examined the young, I dismissed my little flock, and followed them from the chapel. As I came out of the door, I saw him advancing towards me with a firm step. I judged his purpose to be evil, for his countenance was so. My way lay to the left; and I took it without looking directly at him. He now came striding after me. His boots being iron-bound, I could distinctly hear his footsteps, and perceived that he was rapidly advancing on me. From long and sweet experience, my trust in the protecting love of my heavenly Father was so firm that I was not in the least fearful. I would not even turn my head to watch his movements, but, in sheer contempt of his impotent though devilish hatred, kept my back toward him. In an instant he was with me, and putting his left hand to his side, he struck me rudely with his elbow as he passed, after the manner of those who seek a quarrel. I looked calmly at him, and, pointing with my fore-finger to heaven, said, "My son, how fearfully wilt thou have to answer for thy sin against God!" He stood still, trembling with rage, but spoke not a word. Seeing this, I continued, "O repent, and bring forth fruit for repentance!" and then I slowly pursued my course. Some of his comrades, who, aware of his purpose, had come to witness the scene, began now to taunt and jeer him for his mighty words and for his little deeds. He excused himself, saying, "The cursed priest is an enchanter: he looked so peacefully at me, that I was awe-stricken, and could not utter a syllable, much less grasp my sabre."

But what was the end of all this? A few days afterwards, I went as usual to visit my little flock in that village. They were in prayer; and when I opened the door, I saw, to my great surprise, a man in the hussar uniform, kneeling meekly down among the people of God. "Is Saul among the prophets?" I said within myself; and looking more closely, recognized the bold, bad man, who a little while before had been bent on murdering me. It gave me no little satisfaction to see him bowed low at God's footstool under a sense of sin. After his meeting with me, he had gone to his room, and confessed on his knees his sinfulness towards God. He was made strongly to possess the iniquities of his youth, and peace fled from his heart. Shortly afterwards, the godly-disposed of this people were assembled in the house of a pious gardener, named Zepernich, when they were most unexpectedly interrupted by this man. He had come, however, not to scoff, but to pray. Confessing that he had long resisted the Holy Spirit, he declared he could bear the reproaches of his conscience no longer. He was resolved to turn from his evil ways to the Lord, and besought the assistance and comfort of their prayers. The tears flowed freely down his cheeks while he spake; and they had no reason to doubt the sincerity of his repentance, and of his purpose. They were greatly astonished. Some wept for joy to see how God can soften the hardest hearts; and all of them praised God, knelt down with the humble sinner, and prayed with him and for him.

Correspondence.

MORAL INABILITY.

Having found, as we stated in our last, that many of our intelligent young men wish for a little information on topics like the one before us, we added the note on which brother Crowe has commented, for the very purpose of introducing a few remarks. Brevity will, indeed, be difficult, and to offer room for every correspondent impossible; but we hope to be able, in two

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articles, to give our thinking young readers a *clue* at least to the portentous difficulties of the subject.

As our friends have read brother Crowe's letters, a few remarks on them may suitably prepare the way for a summary and distinct statement of the subject next month. Our brother says he has made "no reference to Edwards, and that he leaves us therefore to settle with Edwards any difference we have with him." He has made no reference *by name*, but we thought so well read a theologian as our brother intended all conversant with Edwards's well known treatise on the will, to understand that in using exactly his account of Natural and Moral Inability (which we subjoin),[a] the reference was to that great thinker. Moreover, if Edwards be right he is right, if Edwards be wrong he is so too.

Our brother objects to the phrase "unable to be inclined." We object to it too. We wished him to notice it. First, because it alludes to an error *fundamental* to his and Edwards's representation of the subject, namely, the *identification of inclination and will*. (See his first article, page 62.) Secondly, because it is a frequent mode of representing the subject. Thirdly, because if the will have (as many hold) *indirect* power to create inclinations, the expression is so far correct. Suffice it now, that attention is called to it. It will be observed that our entire expression is "unable to be inclined to, or *to will*, what is good."

Mr. Crowe says, our supposed case before a jury is one of insanity and organic physical derangement, and therefore the allusion is inapposite. Not so. He strongly asserts that "no man can come to Christ till he is drawn by the Holy Spirit in regeneration, because TILL THEN he wants the *will* to come." True; but, according to this, the will *to come* is a volition quite out of his reach till *given* him. He wills to keep away from Christ, and this is the single *volition* on that subject open to him. Why so? On every other subject *two* volitions are possible—*to do* as well as *not to do*. Why not on this subject too? Mr. Crowe answers (page 62), he "*lost it in the fall*." Then he lost it by no act of his own. He lost it in the sense of being *born* without it; and we repeat that any man proved to have lost by birth the faculty to will what justice requires, would, by a jury, be sent to a lunatic asylum. But then the portentous question arises, if men have lost by birth the faculty to will to do what is just towards Him who has sent his Son to save us,—if, viz: they have lost by birth the faculty of coming to Christ,—if it is competent to them by birth only to will to keep away from him,—why does not God too hold them to be lunatics in regard to this matter? And *this* is the question which Edwards' and Mr. Crowe's view cannot, we think, answer. Our brother seems, like Edwards, not to recognise the fact, that the faculty of *will* is as *natural* as the corporeal and intellectual faculties, which *he* terms natural (page 62); hence having excluded *will* from the list of our *natural* faculties, he draws the *verbally* correct inference that want of will is *not* a natural inability. Hence he says (in his second piece, p. 101), "mental and rational faculties constitute his power and ability to repent and believe," and the same view is brought forward in the first piece; but we reply, the active faculty in man, which we designate by the name *will*, is as essential to responsibility as reason itself.

Suppose a man literally a *merely* intellectual being, endowed with the faculty of comprehending most perfectly all the relations in which he stood to God and Christ, —yet suppose him to have no faculty of *willing*, or only the faculty of willing in violation of what he perceived clearly to be the claims of his relation to God; in either case he would not and could not be responsible. If he had no faculty of willing, he would not be responsible for *acting* at all, for will is our only mental activity, and the origin of *all* our personal actions too. If he were endowed, like the animals, with a faculty of willing *only* in accordance with the dictates of his senses and appetites, he would not be responsible for willing otherwise. But if he be endowed, not only, first, with understanding and reason, and, secondly, with passions and appetites, but also, thirdly, with a will capable of acceding to the claims of the first, or the im-

[a] "What has been said of natural and moral necessity, may serve to explain what is intended by natural and moral *inability*. We are said to be *naturally* unable to do a thing, when we cannot do it if we will, because what is most commonly called *nature* does not allow of it, or because of some impeding defect or obstacle that is extrinsic to the will; either in the faculty of understanding, constitution of body, or external objects. *Moral* inability consists not in any of these things; but either in the want of inclination, or the strength of a contrary inclination, or the want of sufficient motives in view to induce and excite the act of the will, or the strength of apparent motives to the contrary."—*Edwards on the Will, Part* 1, *Sect.* 4.

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guises of the second, then he is responsible for hearkening to reason and to God, and for denying passion and appetite. Now, the theory of our brother, and of Jonathan Edwards, cuts off from the will the possibility of obeying God's claims; it allows it before regeneration only the faculty of disobeying, and yet holds the man to be as responsible as if it lay with him to will obedience! A human being cannot well stand erect without two feet, nor can human responsibility stand securely except on the basis of a will competent to do as well as not to do what is required.

To sum up, the grand difference between the Edwards school of thinkers and their opponents is this. Edwards places liberty, and, free agency, and accountability, in a man's being able *to do as he pleases*. His opponents reply, that he is responsible not only for what he *does*, but for what he *wills*—that in morals to will is to do. Hence they argue that if his will itself be determined by some extraneous or necessary cause, such as birth, he is not a free and, consequently, not an accountable being.

We must defer till our next a further account of this most difficult of theological and philosophical subjects. We had almost forgotten to add, that we perfectly concur with Mr. Crowe in his criticism on the texts in question. "Cannot," in morals, means "will not;" but we think his illustrations in no way solve the question, to which, indeed, eternity alone perhaps will give us a perfectly *satisfactory* answer, viz: If I want the will, might I not as well want the power?—that is, if I want it—as all men do want it, by birth,—by having lost it through descent from a father who lost it for me?

Our Young Men.

WEEKLY HALF-HOLIDAYS.

In the town in which we write (Bradford, Yorkshire,) the young men and others employed in the stuff warehouses, which are very numerous, have just held a meeting in the Temperance Hall, to commemorate their having, by earnest representations to their employers, obtained the valuable boon of a weekly half-holiday.

We thoroughly rejoice in their success,—the more so because it was obtained by christian means, by persuasion only, without resort to threats of combination, striking, or any other intimidating measures. In the almost innumerable warehouses of Manchester, the same privilege has been long enjoyed,—*enjoyed* equally by masters and those whom they employ. Few of the former, we believe, could now be persuaded to give up *their* half-holiday any more than their men. They find that the *same amount of business* is easily done in less time. It only compels customers, not to buy less, but to squander less of the seller's time. We think shopkeepers of every class will soon find this out too. We are strong advocates for diminishing the hours of employment; but our theory has always been that a little patience and perseverance may do it, without calling in the mischief-making hand of legislation. We need—town's-people especially—secular as well as sacred holidays. We need bodily as well as spiritual recreation; time for acquiring temporal as well as sacred knowledge. Even our Sunday-school teachers need time in the week to prepare intellectually to teach their scholars. An extract from the speech, at the above-mentioned meeting, of the Rev. J. P. Chown, Baptist minister, Sion Chapel, Bradford, taken from the *Bradford Observer*, will suggest some striking thoughts to our young men, stimulating them at once to gain the privilege and to use it well when gained.

Mr. Chown observed that although this was a world of toil,—and all must toil if they would succeed, much less attain anything like eminence,—yet it was well to snatch some intervals from toil to be devoted to some higher and nobler object of pursuit. He especially congratulated the young men that the boon of a half-holiday had been obtained at a period when there were such opportunities for its improvement. They were not now driven to seek recreation and amusement in scenes of guilt and infamy: they lived in better times. In the Mechanics' Institute, with its lecture-room, library, classes, and reading-room, whatever direction their mental powers might take, they might find the materials by which they should be improved and extended. Were

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they fond of poetry—as who was not? On these Saturday afternoons Chaucer might tell them over again some of his quaint old humorous Canterbury tales; Shakspeare would unfold to them the secret springs of our human nature, Milton paint his scenes of grandeur and sublimity, and Burns sing some of his 'wood notes wild.' Were they fond of the past? They might listen to the eloquence of Demosthenes and Cicero,—gaze upon the grandeur, greatness, and glory of bye-gone ages,—and become acquainted with the achievements and triumphs effected by the great and good who had long since left this world. Were they fond of contemplating the wonders of creation as exhibited in other lands? They might employ their half-holiday (at least in imagination) in climbing the Alps, ascending to the summit of Vesuvius, wandering through the deserts of Africa, or the prairies and dense back woods of America. They might spend it in conversation with the Laplander about his reindeer, in wandering among the untutored Arabs, or in conversing with the North American Indian in his wigwam about his hunting grounds, the Good Spirit, and the wrongs over which he had to mourn. Would not this be a delightful way of *spending a half-holiday?* With poetry, history, and the Book of Nature open before them, and thus studied, every day would be a witness to their advancement and elevation; truths would speak home more powerfully to their minds, and they would feel more and more of their force and importance. Best of all, they had God's book, the word of everlasting truth. They might read as Isaiah unfolded the glories of the latter day; they might hear Jesus Christ, as he discoursed on the mountain side or the plain; and they might listen to the voice of God himself, as he spoke to them in tones of love and kindness about time and eternity, glory and heaven, about a world in which the good and faithful should have an *everlasting holiday*, and where they should dwell in everlasting peace, and unchanging, uninterrupted felicity. He need not say, improve such seasons as these; treasure up such golden hours as these. It became them to look upon them as talents for which they would have ere long to give an account. If they did so, they would become wiser, and know more of subjects in which they would be interested not only in this world, but throughout all eternity in the world to come. As they went out on a starry night, if they had employed their half-holidays aright, they might look to the heavens above them, and hold communion with *other worlds*, measure their distance and magnitude, call the very stars by name, like *old familiar friends*,—until this world became but the stand-point given them by God from which to look out upon the millions of others which rolled through a vast and boundless universe. Mr. Chown, with much earnestness and eloquence, recommended the young to study the great volume of nature which lay open before them, extracting from everything they came in contact with, something which they could lay under contribution for the common good. He concluded by urging them at the same time to study that Book which contained the highest and best of knowledge—the Book of God.

Notices of Books.

THE INDEPENDENTS NOT THE FIRST ASSERTORS OF FULL LIBERTY OF CONSCIENCE, WITH ESPECIAL REFERENCE TO THE VIEWS OF THE FIVE DISSENTING BRETHREN IN THE WESTMINSTER ASSEMBLY OF DIVINES. BY EDWARD BEAN UNDERHILL. Pp. 20. Leeds: John Heaton; London: Benj. L. Green.

Our Independent brethren, under the leadership of Dr. Massie, have lately been carrying through the principal towns of the kingdom a large picture by Herbert, in which the honour of having maintained the fullest liberty of conscience in the Westminster Assembly in 1644, is assigned to Philip Nye and four other Independent divines. Nye is represented standing and uttering the following memorable words:—"That, by God's command, the magistrate is discharged to put the least discourtesy on any man, Turk, Jew, Socinian, or whatever, for his religion;" and the assembly (all the rest being Presbyterians) were in a great rage with him for the same; and the pith

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of these words we saw actually engraved on the splendid gilt frame of a specimen print taken from the painting!

Will our readers believe, as Mr. M'Kerrow of Manchester lately stated, at the opening of a Presbyterian chapel in Bradford, that "the whole picture is a *fiction*,"—the portrait of Nye, the most prominent figure, for none exists of him; the words assigned to him, for he never uttered them, and was opposed to what they assert!!! Yet such is the fact. The Independents of the Commonwealth (with inconsiderable exceptions) knew nothing of full liberty of conscience. *Toleration*, a word now justly detested, was "the great Diana of the Independents," as Mr. Underhill observes in the tract before us; and even *that* was not to be extended to those whom they deemed "*not sound in fundamentals!*" Yet such are the men canonised in a splendid painting and engraving, as the apostles of religious liberty—men whose colleagues were at the very time banishing Roger Williams,* and whipping Quakers and Baptists in America! No; Baptists had long taught, from their first appearance, both anti-state-churchism and the congregational order of church government. Nye and his friends did not at first very well like the name Independents. But he and the other Pædobaptist Congregationalists had at that time learned from us only our ecclesiastical independency of one church on another. They, all five of them, as well as Owen and the leading Pædobaptist Congregationalists of the day, strenuously contended for the magistrate's right to supervise their churches, and to take order for the preaching of the true gospel! They have only in later times learned the value of the great principle for which oceans of Baptist blood have flowed, and which needs not to be better expressed than in the noble words falsely put into the mouth of Nye, who utterly denounced it.

All this Mr. Underhill sustains by overwhelming evidence in the tract before us, which is in great part a reprint of a valuable review by Mr. Underhill in the "Baptist Magazine," October, 1847; but with so many additions, &c., that its value is very much increased. Mr. Underhill had indeed kindly furnished the writer of this notice with these additions to strengthen the positions of the review, in reference to the local controversy in which the writer was engaged.† Their worth at once determined him to request Mr. Underhill to reprint the review and incorporate them. In this view a learned and candid Independent brother, who read the whole with pleasure, fully concurred, observing, "By all means let us have the whole truth out." It is the *duty* of every Baptist, wherever the picture has come or may come, to possess himself of this tract, and to shew it to the local Independent lecturers, who generally sin in ignorance of the question. It will also be read with pleasure and advantage by every Baptist who is interested in the honour of the denomination. We may add, that diffusing information as to the truly enlarged views of Christ's kingdom, held by Baptists from the beginning, will do more than anything else to lessen that *prejudice* against our views, which, and not Pædobaptist arguments, is the real hindrance to their rapid spread.

TRUTH OR ORTHODOXY; TO WHICH MUST WE SACRIFICE? A FRIENDLY ADDRESS TO THE WESLEYAN METHODIST PREACHERS OF GREAT BRITAIN. By HENRY BURGESS. Pp. 24. Leeds: John Heaton; London: Benjamin L. Green.

We were much struck with the correspondence between Mr. Noel's description of the effect of the Church of England creeds and formularies in repressing all honest independent thinking among curates, and Mr. Burgess's proof that Wesleyan travelling preachers are reduced to the same mental bondage by the extraordinarily long creed to which their assent and consent is required. It is nothing less than *four volumes* of Mr. Wesley's sermons, and his *Notes on the New Testament*. Mr. Burgess's pamphlet is an admirable appeal to them on this subject. Full of a just and kind admiration of the good Methodism has done and is doing, yet pointing out, with christian faithfulness, the debilitating effect on their ministry of the present system. This he illustrates under the following six particulars:—1. The doctrinal standards of the

* See "What Cheer? or, Roger Williams in Banishment, a Poem, by the Hon. Job Durfee." (Leeds: John Heaton; London: Simpkin, Marshall, and Co.) Also, Introduction to vol. vii. of Hanserd Knollys Society.

† See "The Examiner Answered and the Appeal Sustained: A Reply to Mr. Miall's Observations on 'The Importance of Right Views on Baptism, an Appeal to Pious Pædobaptists.' By Francis Clowes." (Leeds: John Heaton; London: Benjamin L. Green.)

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Wesleyan Methodist Connexion tend to produce in the preachers a low estimate of the truth. 2. There is danger of tampering with conscience when the alternative is, to maintain our belief of certain doctrines unaltered, or to suffer for changing it. 3. The influence of doctrinal standards is unfavourable to that free biblical research which is the duty of christian ministers. 4. A fixed doctrinal standard lessens the usefulness of the pulpit, by keeping it in the rear of the public mind. 5. Doctrinal standards have the effect of involving religious societies in the charge of persecuting those who can no longer follow them. Lastly, Doctrinal standards, as far as they restrict the progress of truth and fetter the conscience, grieve the Holy Spirit, and cause the withdrawal of His gracious influences.

This pamphlet, however, does not concern Wesleyans merely. It is the best protest we have ever seen in the same space against the *imposition* of human creeds, as terms of communion, by *any church*. To us, Mr. Burgess's reasoning appears irresistible. Pious Churchmen, Presbyterians, and all churches amongst us, if such there be, who require more than the honest practical acknowledgment of the Holy Scriptures as the condition of fellowship, will do well to study these pages. We think our young and enquiring friends will be much pleased with "Truth or Orthodoxy." It exhibits so impartially and reverently the just deductions from the great principle to which Baptists, of all Protestants, are the most attached,—"the bible, and the bible ONLY,"—that they will find their views probably much cleared by reading it. *Truth* the writer considers to be found with absolute certainty in the sacred records alone. *Orthodoxy* has always practically meant exact conformity with some *human interpretations* of those records.

We noticed one or two sentences which some, perhaps, will think inconsistent with *strict* communion; but we also observed others which they would think necessarily involved that principle. The whole is, however, conceived in such a spirit that even those who stand most in need of its corrections will feel that it is indeed the smiting of the righteous.

A LETTER TO THE HON. AND REV. B. W. NOEL, M.A.; CONTAINING REMARKS ON HIS RECENT SECESSION, AND PROPOSING CERTAIN MEASURES FOR THE IMMEDIATE REFORMATION OF THE CHURCH OF ENGLAND. By the Rev. THOMAS SPENCER, M.A. Pp. 16. Houlston & Stoneman.

A tract full of admirable and powerfully expressed sentiments. We cannot think with the writer, however, that Mr. Noel, with the views of its liturgy which he has given in his book, should have remained *in* the Church. Mr. Spencer can do so with a good conscience, and therefore with peace of mind. We cordially wish Mr. Spencer success in his noble object, namely, without seceding, to dissever the Church from the State, and to convert its endowments into *truly* national property, by demanding, from within, that amount of "Church Reform." We think both he and Mr. Noel could not devote their lives to a nobler object than the destruction of the Heathen, the Papal, the Presbyterian, and the Anglican Establishments of the British empire. They would do more for the kingdom of Christ by travelling round the country and lecturing on the subject, than they can ever do by ministering to single congregations for the remainder of their lives.

A BRIEF REVIEW OF "THE WORK OF GOD AND THE WORK OF MAN IN CONVERSION;" A COURSE OF LECTURES BY FRANCIS JOHNSTON, Edinburgh. By PETER GRANT, Stirling. Pp. 24. London: Hamilton, Adams, and Co.

Not having seen Mr. Johnston's Lectures, we are incompetent to judge how far his views are fairly represented by Mr. Grant. We strongly *suspect* that Mr. J. and Mr. G. are each laying stress on one of two *apparently* contradictory classes of Scripture texts, and endeavouring to make their favourite class swallow up the other; but till we have seen *both* pamphlets, we must suspend our judgment. We remark meantime, that we must be very careful, in deducing consequences from an opponent's views, also to give him credit for his own, and especially to secure our own views against like artillery. From some sentences on the 18th and 19th pages, it would, we think, be easy *logically* to arrive at Pantheism, which must be, indeed, far from the writer's thoughts. While we quite accord with Mr. Grant's theology, *so far as he goes*, we think his criticisms of Scripture, in several instances, quite erroneous. For instance, 1 Cor. iii. 5, where the Greek word ἑκαστῳ can have only the sense Mr. Johnston assigns to it. Also, Rom. ix. 22, where, after "fitted," he interpolates "by them-

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selves;" he will not find such a meaning of Καταρτίζομαι in the New Testament or the classics. Macknight and the Arminianised interpreters commit two errors: first, they read the word as the *middle voice*, and next, they give to the middle voice an *unwarranted* meaning. To act honestly by this passage, we must think of *a sense* in which God could justly fit these vessels for destruction. The difficulty is not greater than in verses 17—21. It is, indeed, a solemn subject; but we may not supply agents to verbs which the context does not give us; and in this case, indeed, turn the object of the verb into the agent too, although the immediate context on each side makes the agent indubitable.

HISTORY OF THE BAPTISTS FROM THE EARLIER AGES OF THE CHRISTIAN CHURCH DOWN TO THE PRESENT TIME. By the Rev. JOHN STATHAM, late Missionary to India. Pp. 16. London: Aylott & Jones.

A kind of tract much wanted. The facts it mentions ought to be generally known. We may suggest, however, that a style a little more graphic and vigorous is very desirable. Several *minor* statements appeared to us singular; as the early date assigned for the origin of the Independents, John Milton's dying in prison, &c.: also the printer's use of the wrong diphthongs. We should like much to see a lively and devout shilling book, for popular use, on Baptist history, written by some one who, like our brother Underhill, has made it his business for some time to study the minutiæ of the subject.

THE COURT OF PERSIA VIEWED IN CONNEXION WITH SCRIPTURAL USAGES. By JOHN KITTO, D.D. Pp. 192. Religious Tract Society.

One of the monthly volumes of the Tract Society. The subject, from its connexion with the later Jewish history, which is much illustrated by this volume, is an interesting one to all readers of the Scriptures; and Mr. Kitto has made it very interesting for its own sake too, as a description of eastern royal usages and habits.

AN APPEAL TO DISSENTERS AND OTHERS ON BEHALF OF THE PEOPLE'S LEAGUE; WITH AN APPENDIX, CONTAINING THE PLAN OF AGITATION RECOMMENDED IN A SERIES OF ARTICLES RECENTLY INSERTED IN THE "NONCONFORMIST." By A MEMBER OF THE PEOPLE'S LEAGUE. Pp. 24. London: Miall & Cockshaw.

Well worth the attention of Dissenters. We sincerely wish the writer's recommendations were acted upon in every town and village in the kingdom.

Obituary.

MARIA JOHNSON,
OF SHEFFIELD.

The gospel of Christ was designed for, and admirably adapted to, every class of society, as well as for the inhabitants of every country, and for every period of time. But it has always been most generally received and enjoyed by those who are situated in the humbler walks of life. The Great Teacher declared it to be one evidence of his Divine mission, that "to the poor the gospel is preached;" and the history of his church in all ages proves the truth, that a large proportion of such persons are "chosen by God to be rich in faith, and heirs of the kingdom which he hath promised to them that love him." It may likewise be true that the piety of such persons is generally more practical and consistent than that of those in the higher ranks. The Great Head of the church chose for himself the state of poverty during his incarnation, and his immediate disciples were selected from the same rank, which he may have done to teach us the superiority of spiritual privileges to all the distinctions which riches, or titles, or learning may bestow upon those who possess them, and the folly of those who prefer the transitory and unsatisfying pleasures of the world to the more substantial and durable advantages of his service.

Maria Johnson's condition and character present a striking evidence of the correctness of these remarks. When about ten years of age, she was deprived of her father by a violent death which occurred when he was at a distance from home. This event was a severe affliction to the family, as their support depended principally on his exertions. A benevolent lady, residing in the same street, visited them,

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and, among other acts of kindness, induced the widowed mother to send Maria to the Sabbath school at Townhead-Street chapel. Here she conducted herself greatly to the satisfaction of her teachers; and during one of the addresses given to the scholars, the Lord opened her heart that she attended to the things which belonged to her peace. When about sixteen years of age, she was received by baptism into the church under the pastoral care of Mr. Larom, and discharged the duties of a member in an honourable and consistent manner till the time of her decease.

When she was about twenty years of age, she met with a serious accident by falling down a staircase, which injured her spine considerably, and from which she never recovered during life. This was the commencement of a course of very acute and distressing suffering during a period of fifteen years; for she repeatedly informed the writer, that she was never free from pain for a single waking hour ever afterwards. She had a variety of infirmities and privations to sustain during the remainder of her earthly existence. But the power of religion was eminently displayed in her spirit and conduct. Her beloved Saviour was pleased to keep her in the furnace of affliction for a long season; but it was her happiness that he was ever present as the Refiner and Purifier of silver, and He was graciously careful that she should not lose any of the precious graces He had implanted in her soul, but only the dross of corrupt nature, during this long protracted trial.

She manifested great anxiety that her relatives, who were almost all destitute of personal religion, might be converted to God; and her fervent prayers were in some measure answered, by one of her sisters being induced, principally by her holy example and faithful conversation, to make an open profession of faith, and unite herself to the same church. There was a strong bond of affection between these two sisters, which was increased by the decided conversion of Ruth, and resembled the close and intimate communion of spirit between David and Jonathan. In all the vicissitudes of life, they maintained unshaken regard to each other; and while some of their other relatives manifested scarcely any interest in their welfare, even under their greatest trials, they sympathised with each other at all times, and especially when Providence separated them from each other.

Maria's circumstances were frequently much reduced, and she was, for many years, almost entirely dependent on the benevolence of christian friends. On one occasion, both she and Ruth had scarcely any food for several days, while their mother was gone to some friends at a distance with the view of obtaining relief. They were both of a modest and unobtrusive disposition, and would not apply to any of those friends who had been accustomed to relieve them, and would have done it most readily if they had been at all aware of it. They enjoyed, during this trying season, the sweetest communion with their Heavenly Father, pleading his precious promises to his afflicted children, and exercising humble faith in his unchanging word.

The writer has enjoyed frequent interviews with this eminently pious and devoted character. She repeatedly told him that for a long time she could not sincerely affirm, "Not my will, but thine be done;" but that grace had taught her to experience that cordial acquiescence in all the appointments of her adorable Lord, which enabled her to say, "Not my will, but thine be done."

Some of her favourite quotations from Scripture, which were a source of comfort and support to her mind in the most painful dispensations, were, "As thy day is, so thy strength shall be,"—"All things work together for good to them that love God, and are called according to his purpose,"—"Our light affliction which is but for a moment, worketh for us a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory,"—"All the days of my appointed time will I wait, till my change come."

Her first medical attendant, who was exceedingly kind and attentive to her, though not a religious character, often said that she could not have continued so long if her mind had not been preserved in so calm and quiet a frame.

She was subject to fainting fits, during which her friends never expected her to revive, and when she did so she was ready to express a feeling of disappointment that she had returned to life again. She took great delight in prayer and experimental conversation, and frequently endeavoured to encourage young christians in entering on the narrow path; and many have spoken highly of the benefit they derived from her prayers and instructions. She was visited by Christians of different denominations,

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who all bore testimony to the excellence of her spirit, and the quiet and unrepining manner in which she sustained her acutest sufferings and her heaviest trials.

It was early on the Lord's-day, 7th January last, that her Heavenly Father commissioned Death to terminate her earthly career; and on the day when thousands of her fellow-christians were enjoying the ordinance of the Lord's Supper, she was introduced to the company which no one can number, who have washed their robes and made them white in the blood of the Lamb.

Her end was peaceful; so that it was not known to her beloved sister that her soul had taken its flight into the presence of her Saviour and her God, for some time after that event had taken place.

"One gentle sigh her fetters broke;
We scarce could say, She's gone,
Before her happy spirit took
Its station near the throne."

Her pastor improved her decease from Psalm xc. 3, "Thou turnest man to destruction, and sayest, Return, ye children of men."

Let christians shew their desire to imitate her bright example; for the same grace which enabled her to glorify her Redeemer in life and in death, will be granted to them, if they are earnest and faithful in the service of their Divine Master.

Sheffield. E. S.

Miscellaneous.

PERSONAL RELIGION AND PERSONAL EFFORT.—If those around us are actually perishing; if they have now, in active operation within them, principles which forbid real happiness in this world, and will infallibly sink them into everlasting perdition; where is the cry of horror which we raise as we contemplate the catastrophe, and where is the nervous and straining earnestness with which we rush forward to prevent it? Alas! we are too cool to warrant the conviction that we believe what we say! We must surely be describing the condition of some *former* world, and not that which is before and around us! It cannot be that *now* there are wounds, and bruises, and putrifying sores to heal, brands to snatch from the burning, prisons to unlock, and fetters to break! It is a *painting* on which we have been looking, and not a reality. It is true, it has all the vividness of life, for we almost hear the sighs of the unhappy; we look on the degraded and fallen, already manacled by evil passions, and they appear to move in convulsive throes, and turn upon us a look as though asking for deliverance. But no, it cannot be! The skill of the artist has deceived us: it is but a picture, or how could we be so apathetic? Among the spectators of this scene, there are some who stand out from the rest, and will not be persuaded that it is art, and not nature, on which they look. Each feature of misery, each fetter of bondage, each restless agonizing muscle, seems to awaken their sympathies, and impel them to measures of relief for the sufferers. While others go away uttering sentimentalities, as the Priest and the Levite swept past the wounded man, these gird themselves for action, and go among the dying and the dead. "Such were we," they say, as they stoop to staunch that wound, or pour balm into that fainting spirit. "Despair not, for your condition cannot be worse than ours was," is their encouraging language. Some of the miserable objects of their pity seek to hide themselves from their gaze, as though too sensible of their deformed and filthy state, but their untiring friends soothe and encourage them. "Such were we, but we are washed, but we are sanctified, but we are justified in the name of the Lord Jesus, and by the Spirit of our God; go to the same source of cleansing, and you will become as whole and clean as we are now." How different are the results from the contemplation of the same scene! Those who passed by on the other side have retired perhaps to hear a discourse on the comforts of religion, or to attend a missionary meeting; while these active philanthropists have won sinners to repentance, put on the defiled a change of raiment, and caused joy among the angels in the presence of God! And why did these remain? Because their souls were pervaded by a deep sense of their own deliverance. Those who passed on, acknowledged human guilt and sorrow, but the theme was not rendered important to them by a personal sense of former degradation, and present spiritual privileges. As those restored to sight will pity the blind; the ransomed prisoner sympathize with those who are yet captive; and the subject of renewed health and vigour look with interest on the pale countenance of the invalid; so will the man who enjoys peace in believing be able to apprehend the real state of the ungodly around him. Irreligion will make men quite insensible to the religious wants of their fellows, for the blind cannot lead the blind. A low state of piety will receive no strong and impulsive impressions from

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the sight of spiritual destitution. But *eminent personal religion* will have the case before it in all its depth and fulness of meaning, and proceed to apply the remedy.—*Burgess's Eminent Personal Religion the Want of the Times.*

A WORD IN SEASON.—Elizabeth, who had been taught better things in the Sunday school, was arrayed in the garb of fashion, and ready for the amusement of the ball-room. As she stood at the glass, placing the last rose amid her clustered locks, she hastily turned round and said to me, "Why, what makes you look so sad? What is the matter? Come, don't be sad any more. Put this lovely rose in my hair, and see how sweetly it will look." I kissed her cheek; and as I bade her good night, whispered—"Can you ask God's blessing on the dance, Elizabeth?" She gave me a quick, earnest look, and hurried down the steps. At an earlier hour than usual I heard Elizabeth's voice at the door. I was in my chamber; and when I went down to meet her, I found she had retired to her room. I followed her thither, wishing to see her a few minutes before I slept. She supposed all the family had retired, and her door was unlocked. I entered, and found her on her knees before God: her hands uplifted, and her streaming eyes raised to heaven. "Hear my prayer, O Lord, I beseech thee, and let my cry come before thee," was her language. I returned to her room in about half an hour, and welcomed her home. "Yes," said she, "I have got home. In that bewildered ball-room I danced with the merriest, and laughed with the loudest; but there was an arrow here,"—and she laid her hand upon her heart. 'God's blessing on the dance!' Those words rang in my ear at every turn. Oh, if God will forgive the past,—if he will yet receive me,—I will turn my back upon all this gilded folly, and lay upon his altar what I once promised to lay there—my whole heart." We knelt together, and asked God to strengthen the resolution now made in his name. Our prayers have been heard; for, among the group of lovely disciples who keep near their Lord, walking in his footsteps and bearing his cross, few are more humble, consistent, and devoted, than the once gay and thoughtless Elizabeth G.—*Sunday School Magazine.*

FAITH AND ITS EFFECTS.—The gospel holds out *immediate* relief to a wounded conscience. The same hour that the jailor at Philippi asked, "What must I do to be saved?" he was told that the remedy was at hand; "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved." No long course of preparation, no pre-requisites, no previous qualifications are necessary. Should they indeed be sought, they would be sought in vain. *Humiliation for sin*, love to God, devotedness to him, and victory over sin and the world, are not to be looked for in *ourselves*, in order that we may, on such grounds, be encouraged to believe; so far from it, that they are spoken of in Scripture, as the certain *effects* consequent upon believing. The legal spirit of which we are all naturally possessed, leads us to imagine, that we must not embrace the promise of life by Christ Jesus, unless we are some way fitted, prepared, and qualified for so doing. This is a perversion of the free proclamation of the gospel, and turning, in some sort, the covenant of grace into a covenant of works. This is setting the gospel remedy at so great a distance, that it is impossible for us to claim the benefit of it. Whereas, "the word is nigh thee, even in thy mouth and in thy heart, that is the word of faith which we preach; that if thou shalt confess with thy mouth the Lord Jesus, and shalt believe in thine heart that God hath raised him from the dead, thou shalt be saved." The glory of this inestimable blessing is that it is absolutely free to *sinners, as such*, of every rank and degree; and, like the brazen serpent to the wounded, dying Israelites, it is designed to give immediate relief to perishing souls. "*Whosoever believeth* in him shall not perish." *Whosoever will*, let him come, without seeking for any kind of recommendation whatever. If he is a sinner, for such the remedy is provided. "This is a faithful saying and worthy of all acceptation, that Jesus Christ came into the world to save sinners." It is a deplorable mistake to look for the *effects* of faith where the efficacious *cause* is wanting. Does the afflicted person say, "As soon as I am cured of this deadly distemper, I will call in the help of a physician?" The man who has fallen into an horrible pit, whose feet stick fast in the miry clay, wants immediate relief, and never thinks of waiting till he is qualified to deserve it, from the friendly hand which is ready to draw him out. When Peter was sinking in the mighty deep he instantly cried out, "Lord, save, or I perish."—*Fawcett's Christ Precious.*

"THE LORD IS THE PORTION OF MINE INHERITANCE."—He uses but one word in describing his estate; but it is the most comprehensive. Had he written volumes, and enumerated all the treasures of heaven, earth, and sea, he would have said less, and to far less purpose, than in saying, "The *Lord* is the portion of mine inheritance." The greater includes the less. If *He* be *mine*, what is the *substance* of my portion but his fulness? and the *measure* of my portion but his immensity? and the *duration* of my portion but his eternity? Yet, this is the truth of the case; in the everlasting covenant ordered in all things and sure, he has been pleased to make over himself to his people, with all he is, and all he has. "I will be thy God. I will pardon thy sins. I will sanctify thy nature. I will supply all thy need. I will be a light to thy darkness. I will be strength to thy weakness. I will bless thy bread and thy water. All my ways toward thee shall be mercy and truth. All things shall work together for thy good. I will guide thee with my counsel, and afterward receive thee to glory."—*Jay.*

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Intelligence.

BAPTIST IRISH SOCIETY.

LETTER FROM THE REV. F. TRESTRAIL.

To the Editor of "The Church."

London, March 17, 1849.

Dear Brother,

The circulation of "The Church" is now so large, that it has become a denominational magazine in the fullest sense. I have watched its progress with great interest, and have felt it both a duty and a pleasure to advocate it wherever an opportunity has offered.

You have often requested me to use its pages occasionally, as a medium of communication with our people and the Society. I regret that circumstances have prevented my doing so; but we must endeavour to make up for lost time. A few facts will interest your readers, especially as very many of them do not see our Chronicle.

I find that some of our friends are not aware that the farm which is occupied at Ballina, is wholly sustained out of the Relief Fund, has no connexion whatever with the general purposes of the Society, except that the Committee, from time to time, have reports from the Relief Committee, respecting the distribution of the monies voted. I wish this to be very distinctly understood. I have also the pleasure to state, that the farm is doing well, and that, during the winter, employment has been steadily given to *twenty heads of families*, who, but for this plan of relief, would have been without work, and obliged to go into the workhouse. The effect on their habits, by regular wages given for regular work, cannot but be good, while we hope a good example may be afforded to the small occupiers around.

Most of the Mission stations are prosperous. A great work has been going on in Mayo for some two years past, and one is beginning in Cork, which at present is as encouraging as remarkable.

During the past year, a Presbyterian minister, Rev. H. Pollock, A.M., has been baptized at Conlig; a curate in the endowed Church, and formerly a Romanist priest, the Rev. Mr. Mac Namara, with his wife, at Ballina; and Mr. Moriants, of Trinity College, Dublin, at Cork. The two latter can speak *in Irish* with the greatest ease. All three are anxious to give themselves to the work, and by their baptism and union with us, have lost their means of support. But they did not hesitate for one moment when they saw their Master's will.

"Well, but surely the Committee have occupied *such* agents, so peculiarly fitted for the work!" your readers will say. No; the Committee dare not. With a crushing debt of £2,000, not one fourth of which has yet been liquidated, notwithstanding the urgent appeal, both public and private, which has been made, how could they incur fresh liabilities? God is giving us many souls as a rich reward for the labour of His servants in Ireland; but we were never so hampered for want of funds. I entreat your readers to ponder these facts, to pray over them, and to commend the case to Him who has the hearts of all men in His hands. No one can look at Ireland now, and know how deeply masses of her people are agitated by a desire for truth, without seeing the great importance of heartily supporting the Mission.

I am, dear Brethren,
Affectionately yours,
FRED. TRESTRAIL.

NEANDER ON INFANT BAPTISM.

[A letter in the Baptist Magazine for March, called attention to the strange fact, that in Kitto's Biblical Cyclopædia, in the article *Baptism*, the statement that Infant Baptism was not instituted by Christ and his apostles, is *suppressed* in the later copies; at whose instance it is too easy to guess. It was written by Jacobi, a disciple of the distinguished Church historian, Neander, and authenticated by Neander himself as expressing his views. As their names remain to the article, I wrote to Professor Neander, apprising him of the suppression, and asking whether he or Jacobi had really changed their views,—assuring him of the value we put upon such competent and impartial testimony as his, and enclosing a copy of "The Verdict of an Impartial Jury," to shew him the use we make of his opinions. The following is a close translation of his answer.—F. CLOWES.]

Dear and highly honoured Sir,

It gratifies me to be able to enter into communication with a man of the sentiments expressed in your kind letter; and in the first place, I thank you sincerely for the kind feeling you manifest towards me.

In respect to your question, I have still the same opinion concerning the origin of infant baptism which I have hitherto propounded in my writings. For the reasons which I have publicly expressed, *I cannot deduce it from an apostolic origin.*

In a new edition of my Monograph on Tertullian I have had an opportunity to declare afresh my opinion on that subject; and in a few weeks, as soon as the new edition now printing is finished, I will send you a copy by the first opportunity which offers through the booksellers.

I must for myself approve of infant baptism from internal grounds, in virtue of the relation between baptism and regeneration, and from the stand-point of a church already established, of a christian family life corresponding to the idea. I believe that it

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proceeded, not from superstition, but from the power of the christian idea and of christian feeling. I cannot, however, believe that a supernatural operation on the child in the moment of performance is connected with infant baptism; for the special reason, that there exists as yet no susceptibility for it.

I must therefore acknowledge that relatively *those are right who reject Infant Baptism*. The one side has the letter, the other the spirit and the idea, in its favour. May we not, however, think such differences too important, and forget in them the higher nature of christian fellowship? The kingdom of God, to which we all belong, which we serve, for which we have to strive, assuredly consists not in these outward things. May the Holy Spirit increasingly unite in one bond of brotherhood all whose faith cleaves to Christ the one foundation, and pervade their souls with *one* fire of glorifying love!

I have not just now had opportunity to speak to my friend Jacobi; but I have every reason to think that he still perfectly agrees with me in the subject in question.

Sincerely yours,

A. NEANDER.

Berlin, Good Friday, 1849.

PORTRAIT OF THE HON. AND REV. BAPTIST W. NOEL, M.A.

The *Christian Times* is presenting monthly to its subscribers a portrait of some eminent living divine. It has, very appropriately to the times, viewed in their christian aspect, begun with a portrait of Baptist Noel. One of Mr. Binney is also out, and one of Mr. James Shore (the Bishop of Exeter's prey), taken in prison, appears in May. The portraits are in royal quarto, and beautifully executed, if those of Mr. Noel and Mr. Binney are to be taken as specimens. Each portrait is accompanied by a biographical sketch in the *Christian Times* for the week, of the individual in his *public character*. From the one before us, we learn that Mr. Noel, at that time studying for the law, first "came out" in public at a great meeting on behalf of the martyred missionary Smith. His speech then produced a deep impression, and shortly after he took "Holy Orders." His subsequent public life and character, as a preacher and writer, are then very fairly described. It is stated in the conclusion that "the probability is past of his being *practically* perplexed by a *ritual difficulty*." We do not want him to join our *denomination* unless he please. Yet, after what he has written (see our halfpenny tract in which his views on baptism are extracted and arranged), we should rejoice to see him *Baptist* Noel in a far higher sense than because his "godfathers and godmothers gave him that name" in what he seems to hesitate to call baptism,—we mean in the sense of being led to a voluntary personal baptism, by his well evidenced self-denying love to truth. Indeed, we have little doubt that for one in his position to adopt practically believer's baptism, requires as much courage as to secede from the Established Church. It would be a second and *great* act of self-denial. Let the grace be praised which has led him thus far!

ANOTHER SECESSION FROM THE CHURCH OF ENGLAND.

Among the higher effects of Mr. Noel's work, it has already been intimated to the public that the Rev. John Dodson, vicar of Cockerham, near Lancaster, has seceded from the Establishment. The fact is important, from the position, connexions, and character of Mr. Dodson. He has been fourteen years in possession of his living, and has enjoyed the greatest happiness with his flock. His income was £650 per annum: the living originally cost his family £7,000. Everything about the church, parsonage, schools, and so on, was picturesque and beautiful—much in the accidents and architecture the result of Mr. Dodson's taste and munificence. We have now to state, in addition to the fact of Mr. Dodson's secession, that his reasons for seceding will be published in a few days; and, if we are not much mistaken, will excite attention, and perhaps get a circulation and an audience, greater than Mr. Noel's Essay has excited or secured. The book will be smaller, and therefore more accessible by the multitude, while its touching and appropriate *personalism*—its consisting of a statement of those "reasons" which have affected an individual mind, and at length led it to secession and to sacrifice—will give it a power to interest and impress, which no mere general reasonings have. The style, too, we can testify, from personal perusal, is eminently simple, calm, and unaffected, though, here and there, expressions occur of startling pungency, which none could write but a seceding clergyman, and which will be read, by Churchmen and Dissenters alike, with feelings and thoughts that will not be resultless.—*Christian Times*.

THE REV. JAMES SHORE.

Soon after the publication of our last number, containing a notice of the imprisonment of Mr. Shore, we thought it right to send him a copy of it, enclosing, at the same time, a copy of a petition to Parliament in reference to his case, which had been signed by the church and congregation assembling in the Baptist chapel, South Parade, Leeds. We have since received from Mr. Shore the following note, which will, we have no doubt, interest our readers:

The Gaol, St. Thomas,
Exeter, April 10th, 1849.

My dear Sir,

I desire to express to you, and through you to the friends at Leeds, my best thanks for your kind sympathy and remembrance of me in my bonds. I am very happy and quite content, though in a prison. I value much the prayers of my friends on my behalf, that I may continue equally supported and cheered by the Divine presence under my present circumstances.

It is indeed much to be lamented that laws so contrary to the gospel should be acted on in the middle of the 19th century. I trust, however, that the proceed-

ings carried on against me for the last five years for simply preaching the gospel, and which have now issued in my committal to a gaol, will, by the blessing of God, lead my countrymen to see the evils of priest-craft, and tend to liberate religion entirely from legal coercion and restraint.

I beg to repeat my best thanks for your kindness, and I remain, my dear Sir,

Yours very sincerely,
In the bonds of the gospel,
JAMES SHORE.

REMEMBER THE FATHERLESS AND THE WIDOW.

We copy the following from "The Nonconformist," April 4:—

"One of those mysterious and afflictive dispensations of Divine Providence which occasionally come upon the Church of Christ with distressing force has just occurred at Saint Ives, Huntingdonshire.

The Rev. Eliel Davis, Baptist minister of that place, where he has faithfully laboured for seven years, died on Thursday night, the 29th ult., in the most sudden and alarming manner. He was in perfect health, and retired to rest at eleven o'clock—was taken ill—became speechless, and died in five minutes!

In consequence of this bereavement, it is absolutely necessary to make immediate appeals to the christian public on behalf of the destitute widow and nine fatherless children.

Subscriptions will be most thankfully received, addressed to Mr. John Birt Ulph, St. Ives, Hunts; or to Mr. Joseph Lambert, Fenstanton, Hunts."

We need scarcely add that it will afford us pleasure to be the medium of transmitting any assistance which our friends may be disposed to render in this distressing case.

Subscriptions already received.

The Editors of "The Church"	£1	0	0
J. Wylde, Esq.	0	10	0
Mr. W. Stead	0	10	0
Mrs. Richardson	0	5	0
Mr. W. Hindle	0	5	0

THE ANTI-STATE-CHURCH ASSOCIATION.

Those who watched the vigorous operations of this Association during the past year, will be looking forward with interest to the Annual Meeting, which, as will be seen from an advertisement elsewhere, is to be held at Finsbury Chapel, Moorfields, on Wednesday, May 2nd. At any time there would no doubt be a large gathering on such an occasion, but from the character of recent ecclesiastical events, the proceedings will doubtless excite increased interest.

BAPTIST VILLAGE MISSION.

The fourth annual meeting of the Baptist Village Mission was held on Good Friday, in the Preaching-room, Armley, when upwards of 130 subscribers and friends took tea together. The meeting was presided over by Mr. W. Gatenby of Skipton. The report, which was of the most cheering nature, shewed that during the past year two missionaries had been employed,—that upwards of 3,400 household visits had been made,—500 meetings held for preaching and religious instruction,—37 persons baptized on a profession of faith, at the Kirkstall, Armley, and Woodhouse Carr stations,—and that a church had been formed at Armley. It was also reported that 5,000 tracts had been distributed, 1,700 cheap religious magazines sold, 200 children taught in the Sabbath-schools, 60 of whom had been instructed during the week evenings in writing and arithmetic,—that tours had been made to Pontefract, Skipton, Castleford, &c.,—that through the missionaries' visits to Skipton, a most important and hopeful door for preaching the gospel of the kingdom had been opened, and that Skipton had been made a permanent station,—that for the various missionary operations £150 had been received,—and that a growing interest was manifested in the operations of the Society. It was also stated that a Mission Chapel, with school, is about to be erected immediately at Kirkstall, towards which £130 had been promised. Addresses were delivered by Messrs. Mitchell (Baptist minister), of Horsforth; Waterhouse, Whitaker, and Tate, of Leeds; Jones and Hogg, Village Missionaries; R. Daniel, J. Batley, &c. A committee for the ensuing year was also appointed.

DRIFFIELD.

The ordination of Mr. R. Morris, of Horton College, took place on Good Friday. Mr. Evans of Scarbro' delivered the introductory discourse the evening before. Mr. Johnston of Beverley asked the questions, and offered up the ordination prayer. The young minister was then addressed by his tutor, in an able and interesting manner, from 1 Tim. iv. 16. Mr. Dowson of Bradford preached to the church from 1 Peter iv. 8. The minister and several friends took dinner in the Corn Exchange; and, at half-past two, Mr. Walters of Preston addressed an excellent discourse to the congregation from John viii. 36. Messrs. Birch of Driffield, Harness and Orchard of Burlington, and J. W. Stewart of Hull, took part in the services. At five o'clock, a large and very respectable company sat down to tea in the Corn Exchange, and was afterwards presided over by Mr. Wheldon of Scarbro', and addressed by Dr. Acworth, Messrs. Orchard, Hithersay, Birch, Jenkin of Horton College, Harness, Walters, Burton, and Evans. At this meeting, Dr. Acworth was unanimously requested to publish his charge. The day was fine, the attendance good, and all rejoiced in the encouraging prospects under which Mr. Morris was entering upon his important field of labour.

DERBY.

Mr. T. Pulsford has decided on leaving Duffield-road, Derby, from the conviction that his usefulness is greatly curtailed, and his health injured, by the smallness and inconvenience of the chapel and vestry. Mr. Pulsford has waited twelve months in the hope that the means of purchasing and enlarging the place would be found; but no resources being available for these purposes, he deems it his duty to retire.

THE CHURCH.

"Built upon the foundation of the Apostles and Prophets, Jesus Christ himself being the chief corner-stone."—Eph. ii. 20.

JUNE, 1849.

BROKEN THINGS.

BY THE REV. J. JENKINSON.

What a world of broken things is this in which we live! We daily walk over broken stones, feed on broken grain, and are warmed with broken fuel; whilst every lumber-room probably contains broken toys, broken working-tools, broken articles of household furniture, and other broken things besides. Every coachmaker's yard exhibits broken vehicles, with broken axletrees, broken springs, broken shafts, or broken wheels; and every infirmary is occupied by patients with broken thighs, broken legs, broken ribs, or broken constitutions.

Yes, verily, this is a world of broken things. And, alas, this is true in more solemn and important respects than those we have enumerated.

The law of God has been broken. The substance of that law is, "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy mind; and thou shalt love thy neighbour as thyself" (Matt. xxii. 37—40). This law, like its Author, is "holy, just, and good,"—holy in its nature, just in its requirements, benevolent in its tendency. Yet, holy, just, and good as it is, it has been broken universally, constantly, fatally. Hence the certainty that by the deeds of the law no man living can be justified. Hence our guilty, lost, and ruined state. Hence our need of divine mercy. Hence the suitableness and preciousness of the work of Christ, who was made a curse for us that he might redeem us from the fearful, but righteous, sentence of the law which we have broken.

The covenant of works has been broken. Reluctant as we should be to hold ourselves responsible for every thing which has been said on this subject, we think it cannot be reasonably controverted, that the relative position in which the father of mankind was originally placed, was substantially that of a representative of his posterity; nor, that this necessarily involved an engagement or covenant that obedience on his part should ensure his blessedness and theirs, disobedience entail upon himself and them terrific retribution. Sad, unutterably sad, is the reflection, that the latter of these alternatives has befallen us. The covenant has been broken,—its advantages abandoned,—its penalties incurred! Thus "by one man sin entered into the world, and death by sin; and so death passed upon all men" (Rom. v. 12).

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"Bless'd with the joys of innocence,
Adam, our father, stood,
Till he debas'd his soul to sense,
And ate the unlawful food.

"Now we are born a sensual race,
To sinful joys inclin'd;
Reason has lost its native place,
And flesh enslaves the mind."

This covenant and its infraction seems to be intentionally illustrated by that which was made with the Israelites at Sinai, concerning which we read, "If . . . ye break my covenant; I also will do this unto you: I will even appoint over you terror, . . . and I will set my face against you," &c. (Lev. xxvi. 15—17). Yet in this case, as in that of our first father, regard neither to the Divine Author of the covenant, nor to its promises or its threatenings, was sufficient to induce compliance with its requirements; for thus saith the Lord, "Behold, the days come that I will make a new covenant with the house of Israel, and with the house of Judah; not according to the covenant which I made with their fathers in the day that I took them by the hand to bring them out of the land of Egypt (which my covenant they brake, although I was a husband unto them), saith the Lord" (Jer. xxxi. 31, 32).

The bonds of Divine Authority have been broken. The language of unregenerate men in reference to Jehovah and his anointed virtually is, "Let us break their bands asunder, and cast away their cords from us" (Ps. ii. 3). And, alas, though not fully, they too fearfully succeed. In their infatuation they break through the fence with which God in his goodness had encompassed them,—reject his control,—abuse his benevolence,—despise his authority,—defy his omnipotence,—provoke his justice,—and arouse his wrath!

The sceptre of peace has been broken. Peace ever follows in the train of purity (James iii. 17), and flies from the transgressor, as the timid partridge flies from the sportsman. No wonder, therefore, that amongst beings so sinful as man her influence has been broken. The peace of the *world* has been broken. War,

"The direst scourge offended Heaven e'er sent
From hell's abyss for human punishment,"

is at once the fruit and the penalty of sin. The peace of *nations* has been broken. Sin makes every man selfish; and thus excites anger, strife, envy, discontent, hatred, and a thousand other evils inimical to national prosperity and peace. The peace of *families* has been broken. How frequently is discord found where religion, reason, natural affection, and true self-interest might be expected to ensure uninterrupted harmony and love. Peace of *conscience* has been broken. This is the natural, the inevitable result of enmity to God; for where peace with God is absent, lasting peace of mind must necessarily be wanting.

The limits within which it is requisite to restrict our remarks, prevent our specifying other things whose fracture furnishes occasion for unmingled regret. We may, however, notice one or two of a somewhat different character.

The body of Christ has been broken. That body which was prepared expressly by God himself as the meet associate of his divine nature, was lacerated by scourges, tortured by crucifixion, and pierced by the spear. Still we question whether either of these is the chief thing denoted by our Lord's reference to his broken body. His *heart* was broken! not merely in a figurative sense, but literally. An eminent physician has recently shewn that, great as are the pains of crucifixion, it is highly improbable that these alone would have occasioned the Saviour's death

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within the space of six hours. He, therefore, infers that he died of a literally broken heart; a fact which appears to be amply evidenced and designedly indicated by the statement of the evangelist, that "one of the soldiers pierced his side, and forthwith there came out blood and water" (John xix. 34); his heart being ruptured by excessive agony, its contents had flowed out into the pericardium (or heart-bag), and had there naturally separated into crassamentum and serum, which in common language may, without impropriety, be termed blood and water.* Nothing can present a more striking proof of the intense and overwhelming anguish which our Redeemer suffered; nothing more forcibly demonstrates the desert of our transgressions; nothing, therefore, more deserves to be borne in mind in the ordinance which he expressly instituted for the perpetual commemoration of his death. Hence the propriety and force of his injunction, "Take, eat, this is my body which is broken for you: this do ye in remembrance of me."

The sinner's heart has, in many instances, been broken by divine grace. "The sacrifices of God are a broken spirit; a broken and a contrite heart, O God, thou wilt not despise" (Ps. li. 17). In this and similar passages, the phrase, "a broken heart," is, of course, to be understood figuratively. It denotes nearly the same thing as repentance. It essentially includes sorrow for sin and hatred to it; and is, therefore, indispensable to salvation; for the faithful and true witness has said, "Except ye repent, ye shall all likewise perish" (Luke xiii. 5). But to all who feel this brokenness of heart the greatest encouragement is given, for "the Lord is nigh unto them that are of a broken heart, and saveth such as be of a contrite spirit" (Ps. xxxiv. 18). "He healeth the broken in heart, and bindeth up their wounds" (Ps. cxlvii. 3).

These things *have* been broken, others will be so.

Wicked men will be broken. "The adversaries of the Lord shall be broken in pieces" (1 Sam. ii. 10). "He shall save the children of the needy, and shall break in pieces the oppressor" (Ps. lxxii. 4).

All the kingdoms of earth must be broken. Where is now the kingdom of the Pharaohs, or that founded by Nimrod? Where the empire of Alexander, or the more mighty and durable one of Rome? All of them have been broken to pieces. And even thus will it be with those now existing; not excepting even that of our own beloved land; for the Supreme Ruler has said, "As the vessels of a potter shall they be broken to shivers" (Rev. ii. 27).

But amidst the broken things which meet us on every hand, and the more terrific breakings which will hereafter be exhibited, there are happily some things which never can be broken.

The covenant of grace cannot be broken, for it is "an everlasting covenant, ordered in all things and sure." The promises of God cannot be broken, for "they are all yea and amen in Christ Jesus, to the glory of God by us." The chain with which He binds his enemies cannot be broken, for it is the power of the Almighty. The kingdom of Christ cannot be broken, for though all other kingdoms, whether resembling iron, clay, brass, silver, or gold, are destined to be broken in pieces, and to become like chaff of the summer threshing-floor, yet the kingdom which the God of heaven has set up can never be destroyed. "*That* kingdom shall not be left to other people. It shall break and consume all these kingdoms, and it shall stand for ever, even for ever and ever" (Dan. ii. 35, 44).

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* Dr. Stroud on "The Physical Cause of the Death of Christ."

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BAPTIST CHURCHES AND THE LATE SECESSIONS FROM THE ESTABLISHMENT.

The rumour has reached us, (we know not how much truth there is in it), that a noble and beloved seceder from the State-Church is about to avow himself a Baptist, but, in all probability, not to join "*our body.*" The first thought which occurred to us was, that *we*, i.e. Baptists, have no *body*. From the time of Luther we have been Independents or Congregationalists. Each of our societies is an independent republic. We were the first to *re*-discover that ecclesiastical territory; while those of our Pædobaptist brethren who arrived thither some hundred years after us, have, by accident, like Amerigo Vespucci, left the name of Independents or Congregationalists associated chiefly with their sect, and not with that of the original discoverers of this long-forgotten apostolic church order. Hence if the noble, esteemed clergyman alluded to should become the baptized pastor of a Baptist church, he will have joined "our body" in the more legitimate use of that word.

It will, however, be owned that, practically, he might do what would be thought equivalent to joining such bodies as the Free Church, the Methodists, &c.; he might connect his church with one of our Associations, or with our Societies; he might throw the weight of his valuable aid towards advancing our churches in general estimation. The thousands amongst Pædobaptist sects all over England, who have long honoured his name, would doubtless feel their prejudices yield a little, were he to preach in our pulpits, or occupy our platforms, in their neighbourhood, *as a Baptist.* Now, why can we hardly expect this of him? Why not expect it of the many pure-minded men who will yet leave the Church of England, repelled first of all by its baptismal regeneration service, and hence naturally predisposed to Believers' Baptism, as the only *consistent* and *scriptural* contrast to that fatal error, and the proper remedy for it? Why not naturally hope that they will, in the sense we stated, join the Baptists? This, brethren, is a valuable, a searching question for us to ask. It is not because we are a comparatively *poor* sect. Those who have already made such sacrifices for Christ and a good conscience, are not the men to shrink from association with the *poor* followers of the Lamb. Nay, we believe that circumstance would be an attraction to them. It is not because our *views of baptism* are generally despised. The first-rate scholars in christian history are now beginning to give them the honour of being the only views on the subject found in the scriptures, nor would those who have encountered the reproach of deserting the most fashionable church, care for the second reproach, though almost as great, of joining the "sect every where spoken against." Nor is it because our ministers are of necessity men of less highly-finished education, of less good-breeding, and of less cultivated tastes, than the connexions of the aristocracy educated in the Universities, as most of these brethren are, and that they shrink from association with *them.* Oh, no; none more than the *truly well-bred* find pleasure in converse with those who, however humbly born, have learned their courtesy from Jesus of Nazareth. The manners and behaviour of one who holds frequent communion with the Court of Heaven, are always attractive enough to the *christian* gentleman. The republican independence of our members, is indeed the reverse of the deference to which they have been accustomed. It is not, however, christian independence which repels, it is only rudeness in the manner of shewing it which is revolting. These good men have shewn their own

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independence, and cannot be unwilling to see others do likewise. True independence is *above* rudeness. No, brethren, let us have the humility to ask the question humbly, Do our churches present *that* exemplification of our Master's spirit, which we might expect would attract these men? Our Denomination ought, of all existing ones, to be a natural home for them. God be praised for the grace given to many of our churches; but surely we must be very self-deluded if we do not see the many repulsive circumstances which may strike an observer from without. These circumstances may ever be justly regarded as the very greatest hindrances to the Anti-State-Church movement. Were dissent more attractive in its spiritual manifestations, hundreds of uneasy consciences in the Establishment would seek repose with us. Were this the case, mighty as are the efforts of priestcraft, superstition, pride, and ambition, in building new churches and buttressing the old ones, the State-Church would be irrecoverably enfeebled by such losses. It would be like the ebbing of the *vital* fluid amidst the convulsive and expiring efforts of diseased energy.

Let each Baptist church ask itself, Are we a band of christians which might well attract a Noel or a Dodson who have left the Church,—a Bickersteth or a Jordan, who cannot consistently remain in it? Are we a people whom a self-sacrificing seceder from the Church—a man of christian courtesy, christian meekness, and christian unworldliness, as well as a possessor of pastoral gifts—might well feel it pleasure to dwell amongst as our under-shepherd? Has he not heard of tempers and behaviour amongst us, the very opposite of the character we have supposed to belong to himself? Brethren, these are profitable questions, and especially pertinent to the present time. It will do us far more good if, avoiding "comparing ourselves with ourselves," we thus compare ourselves with the unquestionably best christians of a *different* circle,—if their *approach* towards us become an occasion of self-purification rather than of vain glory.

Oh, that Baptists, who have been honoured of God to commence so many good movements, might be honoured with the grace to commence the best of all—to commence such a *purification* of their characters and *elevation* of their piety, as should render them the *true* reformers of the age. The tendency of the present day is too exclusively towards mechanical increase. We accumulate ore; but we need also to refine and burnish the gold which we have. The preacher is deservedly esteemed who attracts large numbers to hear the *converting* truths of the gospel (and his deacons find it pecuniarily very convenient when the "*pews are all let*"); but it should not be forgotten, that the end of the ministry is always described to be the "edifying of the *body of Christ*, till we all come, in the unity of the faith and of the knowledge of the Son of God, *unto a perfect man, unto the measure of the stature of the fulness of Christ.*" See Eph. iii. 11—16; also, 1 Cor. xii. xiii. xiv.; 1 Tim. iii. We hope to return at an early period to this topic. We are convinced it is the one which we all need to ponder.

F. CLOWES.

THE SONS OF GOD.

Jehovah determined not only to save his people, but to raise them to the highest possible honour and happiness; therefore he predestinated them to the adoption of children by Jesus Christ unto himself, to the praise of the glory of his grace. In the fulness of time he sent forth his

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Son made of a woman, made under the law, to redeem them that were under the law, that we might receive the adoption of sons. And because we are sons, God hath sent forth the Spirit of his Son into our hearts, crying, Abba, Father. Thus the Father decreed our adoption, the Son came to redeem us from bondage, and the Holy Spirit takes possession of our hearts, teaching us to call God, Father. The purpose flowed from the Father's grace, the way was cleared by the Son's blood, and the nature and knowledge are imparted by the Spirit's work. The Father's love is the source, the Son's redemption is the channel, the Holy Spirit is the guide, and adoption into God's family the blessing. The Father chose us to dwell with and enjoy him, the Son paid our ransom price with his blood, and the Holy Spirit effects our freedom and leads us to the Father's throne. Thus we are equally indebted to each of the divine persons in Jehovah, and should daily bless the Father, praise the Son, and adore the Holy Ghost: uniting the Father's purpose, the Son's merit, and the Spirit's power in our thoughts and our songs. Without a trinity we can form no scriptural idea of salvation; and no one understands the bible doctrine of salvation, who does not perceive that three divine persons are engaged in effecting it.

The sons of God are sinners, they are convinced of it, they deeply feel it, they mourn over it, and seek to be restored to God's image. They hate sin, love holiness, and daily pray to be made like Jesus, who was holy, harmless, undefiled, and separate from sinners. They love the Saviour, placing all their dependance on his perfect work, pleading his name before the Father for every blessing, and endeavouring to copy his example in the world, in the family, and the church of God. They look up to God as a father, craving his blessing, seeking all their supplies from his hand, and doing his will from the heart; or, if they cannot claim the relationship, they are ready to envy those who can, and sigh and cry for the Spirit of adoption, that he may bear witness with their spirits that they are the children of God. To them no privilege is so precious, no blessing so desirable, no favour so great, as to be able to claim and enjoy their covenant relationship to God. They suffer much from temptation, are often harassed with doubts, and are hated by the world which lieth in the wicked one. Here they have no continuing city, but they seek one to come; they are strangers and pilgrims on the earth, as all their fathers were. They live by faith in God's promise, providence, and presence, and expect every blessing from his unmerited love. They know they have no claim, because they have sinned, yet they have confidence and hope because God is gracious and hath given them his word. They expect to be chastised, because their Father is wise, and yet often fret and complain when they smart under the rod. They long for their home, yet dislike the way to it; and they pray for deliverance, yet cleave to the earth. The sons of God are all singular characters; they see Him who is invisible, taste that the Lord is gracious, crucify the old man with his deeds, walk with God in friendship and peace, and set their affections on things above not on things on the earth.

Beloved, if we are the children of God, our privileges are great, but our trials will be great too. Our joys will be peculiarly sweet, but our sorrows will be proportionably bitter. If we enjoy the friendship of God, we must endure the hatred of the world. If we walk with Jesus in love, we shall be tempted and harassed by Satan. If we have confidence in God's word, we shall be exercised with ten thousand fears. If we have the assurance of faith, we shall be plagued with many gloomy doubts. If our hearts are renewed by grace, we shall be distressed with their hardness and indifference. If we have the spirit of prayer, we shall

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groan because we know not how to pray, or what to pray for. If we are at peace with God, we shall have a constant conflict in our own bosoms: the flesh lusting against the Spirit, and the Spirit against the flesh. If we are strong in the Lord, we shall feel that we are not sufficient to think any thing of ourselves, but that God must work in us both to will and to do of his good pleasure. If we hate sin, we shall feel it working in us, disturbing and distressing us, and often causing us to exclaim, "O wretched man that I am, who shall deliver me from this body of death?" Our lives will be a paradox, and we shall understand the Apostle when he says, "We are troubled on every side, yet not distressed; we are perplexed, but not in despair; persecuted, but not forsaken; cast down, but not destroyed. As unknown, and yet well known; as dying, and behold we live; as chastened, and not killed; as sorrowful, yet always rejoicing; as poor, yet making many rich; as having nothing, and yet possessing all things."

"How strange is the course that a christian must steer;
How perplex'd is the path he must tread;
The hope of his happiness rises from fear,
And his life he receives from the dead.

"His fairest pretensions must wholly be waiv'd,
And his best resolutions be crost;
Nor can he expect to be perfectly sav'd,
Till he finds himself utterly lost.

"When all this is done, and his heart is assur'd
Of the total remission of sins;
When his pardon is sign'd, and his peace is procur'd,
From that moment his conflict begins."

New-Park-Street, London. JAMES SMITH.

THE BRUISED REED AND THE SMOKING FLAX.

BY THE REV. W. H. ELLIOTT, LONDON.

In the garden of God there are plants and shrubs, as well as trees laden with fruit. The smallest degree of grace is not to be despised. It is infinitely precious. It exalts our fallen nature, and enriches the soul for eternity.

We love to behold its first impressions on the heart, and to watch its growth and improvement in the christian's experience. Piety, in its first appearance, is like the dawn compared with the light of perfect day, or like life in its infancy. It is weak, helpless, and dependent. It requires time, nourishment, and support, to increase its strength, and mature its principles. It resembles the seed in the earth, which bringeth forth first the blade, then the ear, and which gradually grows until it becomes the full corn in the ear.

A "bruised reed" is exceedingly weak and frail. It has nothing to shelter or protect it. Already injured, a slight wind, or a little force, would break it. But this simple object of nature may present to our view the first blossoms of piety, the first breathings of spiritual life,—a mind enlightened by the Holy Spirit, a sinner convinced of sin, a broken and a contrite heart, a soul oppressed with the weight of its guilt. In such a case, the beauties of nature, the charms of life, the smiles of friendship, fail to give relief. Retirement is sought for meditation, godly sorrow, and prayer. The pardon of sin, the salvation of the soul, are *now* the chief objects sought and desired.

A "smoking flax," or a candle dimly burning, gives a similar descrip-

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tion of the slender attainments of the young convert. He is a babe in Christ,—a lamb in the Redeemer's fold. He has saving knowledge; but this is small in its degree, and very imperfect. Of the truths of revelation, of the wonders of redeeming love, of the depravity of his nature, and of the wiles of the devil, his knowledge is only partial. His faith is weak, and mixed with unbelief; his hope is succeeded by gloomy fears. He has but little experience of divine things, and has much within him and around him to check the growth of every grace. His religion is like the feeble light of the candle just as it begins to burn.

Reader, have you not been frequently distressed on account of the weakness of your piety? You may have seen others, too, who *have long professed religion*, but who have not made much progress in the things of God,—who have not been distinguished for *faith*, and *love*, and *usefulness*, and this has discouraged you. But if you resemble the bruised reed, you have cause for gratitude and hope. Cultivate the graces you possess; seek after higher attainments in religion. The compassionate Jesus "will not break the bruised reed, nor quench the smoking flax," nor will he permit any of your enemies to do it. They are *all* under his control, and shall all be trodden under your feet. The frost and the blight may injure the plants and the trees in our gardens; but nothing can *wither* or *destroy* the *plant of grace*. This is a heavenly principle imparted to the soul, which gives it spiritual life; it is a spark of heavenly fire from the altar of God; it is the *work of His Spirit*, the impression of His image on the heart. This work is too *valuable* to be destroyed. It will be carried on, until it is consummated in eternal glory.

The blossoms of piety shall ripen into fruit; the feeble rays of light shall issue in the splendour of noon day; and the smoking flax be raised to an immortal flame. The *union* that subsists between Christ and his people secures this result. Apart from Him they would wither and die; but they are dependent upon him for strength and support. Supplied from his fulness, sanctified by his Spirit, and preserved by his power, they shall surmount every difficulty, overcome every enemy, and ultimately attain the glory of heaven.

Reader, let these thoughts on the bruised reed and smoking flax, inspire you with confidence, determination, and zeal. A life of faith upon Christ, —diligence in your attention to the means of grace,—entire devotedness to God,—and continual prayer, are necessary to secure soul prosperity here, and heavenly bliss hereafter.

But, reader, if your heart be not bruised and broken for sin by the Spirit of God, it is still a stranger to the first impressions of religion!

NEARER TO GOD.

BY SARAH ADAMS.

Nearer, my God, to thee—
Nearer to thee!
E'en though it be a cross
That raiseth me,
Still all my song shall be,
Nearer, my God, to thee—
Nearer to thee!

Though like a wanderer,
The sun gone down,
Darkness comes over me,
My rest a stone;
Yet in my dreams I'd be
Nearer, my God, to thee—
Nearer to thee!

Then with my waking thoughts
Bright with thy praise,
Out of my stony griefs
Bethel I'll raise;
So by my woes to be
Nearer, my God, to thee—
Nearer to thee!

Or if on joyful wing,
Cleaving the sky,
Sun, moon, and stars forgot,
Upwards I fly—
Still all my song shall be,
Nearer, my God, to thee,
Nearer to thee!

Christian Treasury.

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Biblical.

HOURS WITH MY BIBLE CLASS.

No. 4.

BY THE REV. J. A. BAYNES, OF NOTTINGHAM.

IV. THE NEW TESTAMENT CANON.

There are many difficulties which meet the student of external evidence, in the settlement of the books that are to constitute the complete New Testament catalogue. These difficulties make the road to a decision more circuitous than with the Old Testament, but do not make the decision itself at all less sure. The points of perplexity are such as these: though the books in question may have been written by inspiration, there is no inspired authority, extraneous to themselves, to attest their canonicity. We have no New Testament Ezra; and, indeed, when the canon was fixed, all the apostles were dead, and inspiration had ceased. Again, the number of Apocryphal books is not inconsiderable, nor the claims of some of them wanting in plausibility; and, on the other hand, several of the books which we receive as genuine, have been questioned with much show of authority, and with no small pertinacity. The first difficulty is manifestly the greatest. We at once acknowledge that we can reach no such "end of controversy" as would be secured if we could call in an inspired umpire to decide for us amidst all contending claims; nor have we the short and easy method here to which we can resort with the older Testament, and which is so triumphant there:—Christ and his apostles quoted, and by their authority sanctioned, a volume named and known as THE SCRIPTURES: this is that volume: therefore this is the divinely sanctioned and inspired book.

Nevertheless, we believe that in this matter we are by no means left to be for ever agitated on the sea of doubt. Harbour and anchorage we may have. The sincere and devout enquirer will reach foundations firm enough for an intelligent and unfaltering confidence. The supply of external testimony to the divine character and worth of these records is enough to command for them the thoughtful heed and the willing reverence due to "Scripture given by inspiration of God."

We may much narrow the limits of our investigation by adopting at once the rule of canonicity devised by Michaelis—which seems, indeed, the only safe and intelligible rule—that whatever can be satisfactorily proved to be the writing of an apostle, may and must, by virtue of that proof, be acknowledged as canonical and inspired. When we consider the office to which the apostles were called, the endowments bestowed upon them, and the special promises given them by Christ himself, it appears a moral certainty that a book coming from any one of them should be received without question into the Canon of Scripture. This remark will apply to two of the Gospels, all the Epistles, and the Revelation. With reference, at least, to these we have therefore simply to ask, were they written by the persons to whom they are ascribed? And this is clearly a matter that testimony, history, and tradition can decide as infallibly and beyond a doubt, as could the authority of an inspired scribe.

One thing may be added. The object sought and the authority claimed by a writer may, as a general rule, be ascertained with much of certainty by the reception of his work among his contemporaries, especially if the subject and nature of it are important. At all events, if we find a book received with universal deference, venerated by friends, and, though with an ill grace, respected by enemies; and if such enemies, instead of boldly rejecting it, are compelled to explain it away, we cannot but admit that the book was *meant* by the writer to have authority, that this authority was openly claimed, and that the right to make the claim was acknowledged by all. When therefore we speak of books treating on religion, and moreover giving new and strange views of religion, we have here all the characteristics of inspired writings.

The appeal has now, then, to be made simply and entirely to testimony, and that, too, such testimony as any honest man might give. We call the Fathers; but we do not therefore acknowledge human authority in matters of religion. We want only their evidence, not their opinion. They are but witnesses, not arbiters. The sole reason why we prefer their voice to that of others is precisely the same as that which leads a jury and a judge to regard the depositions of the most rude and unlettered

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that ever entered a witness-box, more than the opinions of the wisest and the most intelligent men in court. The first was there when the deed was done, the other not: he was on the scene of action, and beheld the circumstances as they transpired. So we use the earliest writers as witnesses—fathers of the church and heretics also.

The way is therefore clear to a decision. The limits of this brief review will not admit of the detail of the statistics of evidence. It must suffice to indicate results.

The Fathers, in unbroken succession and with unanimous voice, ascribe, for the most part, apostolic writings to Apostles. Not quite all. The remark applies strictly to the following:—

The Gospels of Matthew and John.
The first Epistle of John.
The first Epistle of Peter.
The Epistles of Paul to
The Romans.
Corinthians, 1 and 2.
Galatians.
Ephesians.
Philippians.
Colossians.
Thessalonians, 1 and 2.
Timothy, 1 and 2.
Titus, and
Philemon.

So far there is unanimity. These books were included in the catalogues, deferentially quoted in the writings, and read and expounded in the churches, of the early christians. Not in one country only, or of one sect. All, everywhere, are agreed. And thus, if there is any weight at all in testimony, the evidence is irresistible, that so much of the New Testament at least is canonical and inspired.

With respect to 2 Peter, 2 and 3 John, James, Jude, and the Hebrews, there were doubts. But the balance of belief and testimony—which is accounted enough for a firm decision in the thousand things of our daily life—is overwhelmingly in favour of them. Origen admitted them all. So did Jerome, who translated them. So did the intermediate Fathers, with scarcely an exception; ascribing, moreover, the Epistle to the Hebrews to Paul.

The Revelation of John was unquestioned till the fourth century after Christ, when the extravagancies of the Millenarians led judicious persons to look upon it coldly. Small reason, however, is to be drawn from perverted interpretation against the thing so interpreted.

To the above list we may add the Gospels of Mark and Luke, with the Acts of the Apostles, as having received the unanimous concurrence of all the most trust-worthy witnesses. All three of these works were, without doubt, written under the superintendence of apostles,—the first under that of Peter,—the two latter under that of Paul. They are therefore, in fact, apostolic, and are thus brought within the scope of the rule which makes apostolicity the law of canonicity. Thus have we, therefore, the catalogue of the New Testament books complete and established.

A word only at the close of this brief survey may be added, to suggest the strength there is in the appeal from external evidence to internal, that this may furnish corroboration to the already-reached conclusion. This, whilst decidedly adverse to the whole list of apocryphal writings, is as manifestly and triumphantly in favour of those books which the previous examination has shewn to be the genuine and inspired contents of the sacred volume. Profitable and precious is that volume in its glorious completeness.

"'Tis a broad land of wealth unknown,
Where springs of life arise;
Seeds of immortal bliss are sown,
And hidden glory lies.

"Thy word is everlasting truth,
How pure is every page!
That holy book shall guide our youth,
And well support our age."

Tales and Sketches.

THE RECLAIMED INFIDEL.

WRITTEN BY HIMSELF.

I was blessed with a religious education. My parents endeavoured to bring me up "in the nurture and admonition of the Lord." At nine years of age I lost my invaluable mother, and in my fourteenth year I commenced my apprenticeship.

Hitherto I had regularly attended the public worship of God; was frequently

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catechised; and, in seasons of peculiar distress, was wont to pray to God for deliverance; promising that if he would bring me through the present trouble, I would forsake my evil ways and serve him alone; but no sooner was deliverance granted, than I forgot my promise and my Deliverer,—the common case with self-sufficient mortals! When freed from the control of my father, and surrounded by persons who made no pretensions to seriousness, I became indifferent, and, before I was eighteen, began to wear the profession of religion very loosely. I despised the idea of being led by the nose on this subject, either by my parent or any other person, and rashly determined to think for myself.

In this presumptuous course I first stumbled at the doctrine of the Trinity, and then at the other peculiar doctrines of revealed religion. I was now on the high road to infidelity; for in my professedly religious enquiries, I never opened my bible, nor sought to have my understanding directed by God. I listened only to the wild suggestions of my own depraved mind, or the noisy cavils of those who were as graceless as myself. My companions often urged me to go to the theatre; for a while I refused. At length I dismissed my fears; I thrust myself into that place of wicked resort; and neither the warnings which I had often received, nor the chidings of a disturbed conscience, could reclaim me. Before this, my conduct had been bad; now I cast off all regard to religion, and became openly profane. Plays and play-books engrossed all my thoughts, were the only theme of my conversation, and the source of my guilty delights.

I had long felt it disagreeable to attend public worship, now it was much more so. I never appeared in the chapel, except when compelled, and then irreverence or profane and impious scoffing marked my conduct. As the service ended, waiting with contemptuous impatience for the concluding blessing, I rushed from the house of God into the world, as my proper element.

I shook off the slender remains of parental authority, absented myself entirely from public worship, and not having received the word of truth, I was given up to strong delusions, so that I believed a lie, and worshipped the creature more than the Creator. I thirsted for vain philosophy, embraced the principles of Deism, and openly denied the existence of sin, Satan, a divine revelation, and Jesus Christ. Sometimes I questioned the immortality of the soul, the reality of a future state, and, for a while, I doubted even the being of God himself. Ah, there is but a slight remove from one stage of freethinking to another. Paine led me again to acknowledge a Divine Being; but I continued in the blackness of deistical darkness, and had a head full of notions, and a mouth full of profane arguments, ready on every occasion.

In these days of aggravated guilt I advocated the principles of pagan morality, the specious notions of honour and virtue, which many professors of a philosophy, rather heathen than christian, inculcate; whilst the habit of backbiting, lying, and swearing, gave sad proof of the extreme depravity of my whole nature. Licentious poetry and false politics were among the snares by which I was led captive; every new pursuit was to me as a new idol; and I was not "afraid to speak evil of dignities." Was I happy in this course? No. I found only disappointment. My Sabbaths were miserable, my life hateful, and death, when reflected upon, was terrible. I became a romantic lover; was married at the time when peace was expected to bring extensive commerce and overflowing plenty. Great were my expectations, and as great was my disappointment. Want of work increased my poverty. I became abandoned, miserable, and almost helpless. A child was born unto me! the hardships which he had to undergo increased his father's wretchedness. In less than two years we had to leave our dwelling ten times. At length we were favoured with three month's employment; but the necessaries which we then scraped together, were again scattered by a fever, which seized my wife, and confined her thirteen weeks. Part of this time, my child likewise was ill. Too poor to provide a nurse for my afflicted partner, I attended her myself; and many a dreary night I watched the progress of the disease, and sometimes hourly expected her to be snatched from me for ever. We were so wretched, that we wished we might all three die together. My feelings were beyond description.

During this affliction, we had no one to remind us that we were guilty creatures,—that we must soon be called to give an account of the deeds done in the body. We had no bible; its threatenings and precious promises were alike unknown to us. How

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awful our condition! The recollection of it makes me shudder. At length my wife slowly recovered; and my fears, which were slight indeed compared with our dangers, soon subsided. In this state, a person prevailed with me, one evening, to go to a public-house. There I met with two strangers, freethinkers like myself. I joined them in conversation; and, in answering to a question of theirs, denied revelation in so hot-headed a manner, that they seized my hand, and heaped guilty praises upon me, saying that they had never seen one so young, dispute these points so freely. After much talk of a very foul nature, they invited me to a tavern next Sabbath evening, where a whole gang of such profane wretches met, for discussing deistical principles and other matters. One of them, with a presumptuous grin, said, "As clearly as a watchmaker could describe to you the works of a stop-watch, so clearly will I discover to you the great First Cause, and the Cause of that Cause." Whilst he uttered this contradictory and horrible expression, I fixed my eyes on his guilty countenance, which reminded me of one whose existence I had long disbelieved—I mean Satan. Oh, there appeared, even to me, something so alarming in the expression, that I was shocked, and hastily said to my fellow, "Ah, a man may go too far!" I parted from the company, and I thank God that he has delivered me from their snare.

From this time, though my principles remained the same, my presumption received a check. My life had been hitherto almost one continued scene of suffering. Still short of employ, I wanted food and raiment; I was involved in debt. Another source of misery arose from discord in my little family. We were often jarring, and thus aggravating our woes. One Saturday, we had been without food a great part of the day. This prevented my poor wife from finishing her part of our work, which having been received late in the week, we could not complete in time for payment. Knowing what this would expose us to, I flew into a violent passion, which discharged itself in dreadful oaths and curses. But never did I reflect on the sin of swearing with such abhorrence as now. I was ashamed of myself, and determined never to be guilty of the like again. My eyes were in a measure opened; I saw that I had proceeded in a very wrong course of life, and believed that I was cursed in my basket and in my store, in my going out and my coming in, in my lying down and my rising up. I thought that the whole artillery of heaven was pointed against me, and that it would soon destroy me, if divine mercy prevented not. Feeling the fearful idea of being under the displeasure of an offended God, I went out to pray for mercy. I earnestly begged God that he would enlighten my mind, teach me what to believe, and how to serve him. Though I knew that I had lived in wickedness, yet I had not hitherto felt "the exceeding sinfulness of sin;" but that night Jehovah "gave me to drink of the wine of astonishment, and the mixture thereof made me to cry out." Being ignorant of God, and the way of access to him, I spent the night in tears, and sighs, and groans. I cried, "What shall I do to be saved?" "How shall I escape the wrath to come?" I saw and acknowledged that I was "wretched, and miserable, and poor, and blind, and naked." Thus God humbled one of the most hardened and impenitent of sinners!

The next day being the Sabbath, I was under the same impressions; but I could not, on account of my clothing, presume to appear at any place of worship. Having no bible, I took Cowper's Poems, which I regarded as the best book I had. In reading the preface, written by the late Rev. John Newton, I met with a remark concerning the natural or carnal man, that "he would be glad to exchange his life for that of a dog." This arrested my attention; for it was an exchange which I had often wished. But I was still more deeply impressed by another remark—"that he and his friend had often wondered why it was that they were so unhappy; till they discovered that they had lived without God in the world." These words, "*without God in the world*," were applied with a divine power; they entered my very soul; every feeling within me bore testimony to the fact, and obliged me to confess it in reference to myself. On this memorable day, the sacred name of Jesus Christ kept passing through my mind for several hours together. "Ah," I exclaimed, "why should I think of that name which I have so long despised?" I had not remembered it for five years, except for the purpose of deriding it! Still it dwelt upon my mind, and melted my very soul—"Jesus Christ! Jesus Christ!" And for ever blessed be that holy name, for it then shed a cheering influence on my heart, which yet remains.

Arrested by the arrows of divine convic-

tion, I could no longer maintain my objections to revealed religion, as I was conscious that they had arisen from a judgment perverted by vicious inclinations. I therefore became earnestly desirous of a bible; but, unable to purchase one, I knew not how to obtain it. On the following Tuesday, this blessed book was sent to me; and, as it came from a very unexpected quarter, I received it with eagerness and gratitude, as the gift of divine providence. Being now reduced to the simplicity of a little child, I thought, as I held the book in my hand, "Whatever God may be pleased to teach me by this book I will obediently embrace." I proceeded through the Evangelists, and then read the other books of the New Testament, every part of which served to enlighten, to strengthen, and to comfort my mind. I was astonished to think I could ever have been an unbeliever. The truth was, God had in some measure "opened mine understanding to understand the scriptures." O my soul, and all that is within me, give to him the glory! The sacred volume became daily more precious to my soul. I began to pray to God in the name of Jesus, entreating that he would enlighten my understanding, convince me of my guilt, and forgive mine iniquities. I drew near unto God through Him who is "the way, the truth, and the life." "The stone," which I had so long rejected, now became to me "the head-stone of the corner." It was the Lord's doing!

I felt a longing to attend public worship, but from the meanness of my dress, remaining pride prevented me. Besides, I was afraid lest I should prove false to my profession. I continued, however, in prayer, and in reading the scriptures; and one Sabbath evening I resolved to go as I was to a chapel where I thought I might attend unnoticed. I stood a while in the porch. The congregation were singing,

"Come, Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove," &c.

I longed to unite with them; but was about to retire, when a noise in the street brought out one of the hearers. He invited me, and a gentleman standing at the door with me, to come into the chapel. He refused, but I gladly accepted the invitation, feeling, as I entered, that it was "no other than the house of God." I was overwhelmed with shame, not on account of my rags, but of my guilt; for I recollected that I had been absent from public worship for nearly five years. If the circumstances which had brought me to the house of God were calculated to fill my mind with holy admiration, much more so was the text which the minister gave out. It was, "Will ye also be his disciples?" My feelings were beyond description, while I uttered within myself, "O blessed Lord, fain would I be thy disciple!" The text did me more good than the sermon. I retired to prayer and thanksgiving for being restored to the means of grace.

Soon after this my little son had the measles. I expected his death; this awakened within me a most earnest concern for his soul; for I was persuaded that, according to the scriptures, he was conceived in sin and shapen in iniquity. He lived but ten days from the first of his illness, during which I was under very serious impressions on my own account, and offered strong cries with tears unto God for mercy to us both, beseeching him, day and night, to grant us an interest in "the precious blood of Christ," for then it was PRECIOUS. I burned all my wicked books and papers. On the Sabbath, having read that "the prayer of a righteous man availeth much," I requested the supplications of the faithful in their religious assemblies, and it was a day of prayer with myself. Next day his plaintive cries pierced the air and his father's heart, but God calmed and supported my spirit. The Sabbath evening I witnessed the solemn scene of his departure. I had ever been, even to weakness, fond of my child; I had shed over him many tears; but now when he lay before me in the agonies of death, clasping his hands, and beholding him with as much fondness as ever, I could not help exclaiming, "My dear son, thou art leaving this world for a better. I do not wish thee a single pang less than thy Heavenly Father sees fit to inflict." After a painful struggle, he gave up the spirit; and such was the support of divine grace, that I was enabled to maintain calm composure under this stroke.

I now attended public worship regularly. For several Lord's-days, I was astonished to find that what I heard preached, agreed so exactly with what God had taught me in private by his holy word. Several discourses, some of an alarming, and some of an encouraging nature, were very profitable to my soul. But the most delightful sermon that I heard, was one which described the character and experience of a soul under the influence of the gospel. I had hitherto

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looked more to the threatenings of the law than to the gracious tidings of the gospel. Hence I was, in general, distracted by doubts and fears; but now these were removed,—my feet were established upon a rock, even upon "Christ, who is the end of the law for righteousness to every one that believeth." I will not attempt to describe the joy which I felt in these first truly happy moments of my life. Oh, who among the sons of men can truly rejoice, save he who has received a sense of the forgiveness of his sins? Happy is the man who is in such a case!

On many a Sabbath morning God has been graciously pleased to free my mind from all the anxious cares of life, and I have been "in the spirit on the Lord's-day." Entering into the house of God, my soul has been filled with holy awe, in reflecting on the threatenings denounced against sinners. At such seasons, how painful has it been to me to see some sitting around me indifferent, and others perhaps asleep! Oh, how have I felt for the spiritual interest of my relatives and friends! At other times, the Holy Spirit has suggested the gracious invitations and promises of God to my mind; and then, had it been possible, I would not have exchanged five minutes of the happy time for a whole eternity of what the world calls joy. Since I believed in Jesus, though my portion has been scanty, "my bread has been given me, and my water has been sure." I have found a sacred pleasure in observing the hand of Providence on my behalf. My mercies have been new every morning; and, on receiving them from the hand of God as unmerited favours, they have filled my heart with gratitude and thanksgiving. Many are my remaining imperfections, and changeable my religious experience, but, "forgetting those things which are behind, and reaching forth to those things which are before, I press towards the mark, for the prize of the high calling of God in Christ Jesus." Trials I find, and trials I expect in the present state. "The bitter must come before the sweet, to make the sweet the sweeter." But when my troubles are so sanctified as to excite me to prayer, I consider this as a token for good, knowing that "we have not a High Priest who cannot be touched with the feeling of our infirmities.

My past experience affords me encouragement under every distress; for my greatest sufferings have ever been the forerunners of some special mercy. When was it that I felt the persuasion that Christ would mercifully save my dear child? It was when unable to procure food for my sick starving family. When was it that I felt most christian resignation? When my child lay before me in the agonies of death. When was it that I was enabled to believe my interest in the salvation of Christ? At a time when I was trembling on the borders of despair. Indeed, I never found that I had a friend in heaven until deprived of all earthly friends.

May I but know more of Christ and of myself; may I love him more and serve him better; may I "put off the old man which is corrupt according to the deceitful lusts," and, being renewed in the spirit of my mind, may I follow the Lord Jesus through evil report as well as good report, esteeming it my highest privilege and ambition to walk humbly, closely, and steadfastly with him; and thus, having saved my soul from death, may he do with me as seemeth good in his sight!

THE PERSECUTED CHRISTIAN AND THE CHILD.

Mr. Thomas Bradbury, a dissenting minister, happened to dine one day at the house of Mrs. Tooley, in London, a lady eminent in her day for her love to Christ and his people; her house and table being open to them all. Mr. Timothy Rogers, who wrote a work on Religious Melancholy, and was himself for many years afflicted with that malady, happened to dine there the same day; and, after dinner, entertained Mrs. Tooley and Mr. Bradbury by relating stories of his father, who was one of the ministers ejected from the Church of England for nonconformity in 1662. Mr. Rogers said that he had often heard his father speak with a great deal of pleasure of the manner in which he was once preserved from being sent to prison, after his *mittimus*, as they call it, had been written out for that purpose.

He happened to live near Sir Richard Craddock, a justice of the peace, who was a violent hater and persecutor of the Dissenters, and laid himself out to distress them by every means which the severe laws then in force put into his power, but especially by enforcing the act against conventicles. He had a particular hatred of Mr. Rogers, and wished above all things to have him in his power. Having heard that Mr.

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Rogers was to preach at a place some miles distant, he hired two men to go as spies, who were to take the names of all the hearers they knew, and to witness against Mr. Rogers and them.

The thing succeeded to his wish. They brought the names of several persons who were hearers on that occasion; and Sir Richard summoned Mr. Rogers and such of them as he had a particular spite against, to appear before him. Accordingly, they all came with trembling hearts, expecting the worst, for they knew the violence of the man.

While they were in his great hall, expecting to be called, a little girl happened to come into the hall, the grandchild of Sir Richard, about six or seven years of age. She looked at Mr. Rogers, and was much taken with his venerable appearance; and he, being naturally fond of children, got her on his knee, and made a great deal of her; and she was fond of him. At last, Sir Richard sent one of his servants to inform them that one of the witnesses was fallen sick, and could not appear, and that they must therefore come on another day, which he named to them.

Accordingly they came. The crime, as the justice called it, was proved; and he ordered a *mittimus* to be written out for sending them all to gaol. Mr. Rogers, expecting to see the little girl again, had brought some sweetmeats to give to her; and he was not disappointed, for she came running to him, and was fonder of him than before. She was, it seems, a great favourite with her grandfather, and had such an ascendancy over him that he could deny her nothing. She was withal a child of a violent spirit, and would bear no contradiction, being indulged in every thing. Once, it seems, having been contradicted in something, she ran a penknife into her arm, which nearly cost her either her life or the loss of her arm. After that Sir Richard would not suffer her to be contradicted in any thing.

While she was sitting on Mr. Rogers's knee, eating the sweetmeats he had given her, she looked wistfully at him, and said, "What are you here for, sir?" He answered, "I believe your grandfather is going to send me and my friends whom you see here, to gaol." "To gaol!" says she, "why, what have you done?" "I did nothing but preach at such a place, and they did nothing but hear me." "But my grandfather sha'nt send you to gaol." "Ah, but, my dear, I believe he is now making out our *mittimus* to send us all there."

She ran immediately to the chamber where her grandfather was, and knocked with her head and heels till she got admission. She then said, "What are you going to do with my good old gentleman here in the hall?" "That's nothing to you," said her grandfather, "go about your business." "But I won't," said she, "he tells me you are going to send him and his friends to gaol; and if you send them, I'll drown myself in the pond as soon as they are gone. I will, indeed." When Sir Richard saw that the girl was resolute, it shook him, and overcame the wicked design he had formed. He stepped into the hall, with the *mittimus* in his hand, and said, "I had here made out your *mittimus* to send you all to gaol, as you deserve; but, at my grandchild's request, I give up the prosecution, and set you all at liberty."

They all bowed and thanked his worship. Mr. Rogers stepped up to the child, laid his hand upon her head, and lifting up his eyes to heaven, said, "God bless you, my dear child. May the favour of Him whose cause you now plead, though as yet you know Him not, be upon you in life, at death, and throughout eternity." He and his friends then withdrew.

Mrs. Tooley listened with uncommon attention to the story; and, looking at Mr. Rogers, said, "And are you that Mr. Rogers's son?" "Yes, madam," said he, "I am." "Well," said she, "for as long as I have been acquainted with you, I never knew that before. And now I will tell you something *you* never knew before. I was the very little girl your dear father blessed as you have described. It made an impression on me I could never forget." Upon this double discovery, Mr. Rogers and Mrs. Tooley found they had a new tie of affection beyond what they had possessed before.

Mr. Rogers and Mr. Bradbury were now desirous to know how Mrs. Tooley, who had been brought up with an aversion to Dissenters and to serious religion, had been led to a knowledge of the grace of God in truth. She said that after her grandfather's death she was left sole heiress of his great estate, and being in the bloom of youth, and having none to control her, she pursued all the fashionable diversions of the time in which she lived without any restraint.

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But, in the midst of all, she felt a chilling dissatisfaction, both with herself and them, which she vainly endeavoured to remove by running the same fruitless round again and again.

Having contracted some slight illness, she thought she would go to Bath, as a place adapted for pleasure as well as health. When she arrived, she was providentially led to consult an apothecary who happened to be a very pious man. He asked her the nature of her complaint. "Why, doctor," she said, "I ail little as to my body; but I have an uneasy mind, which I cannot get rid of." "Truly," said he, "I was so too, till I met with a book which cured me." "Books!" said she, "I get all the books I can place my hands on—plays, novels, and romances—but when I have read them, my uneasiness is still the same." "That may be, miss," said he, "nor do I wonder at it. But I can say of the book I speak of, what I can say of no other, that I never tire of reading it, but can begin it again and again, as if I had never read it before; and I always see something new in it." "Pray, doctor," said the lady, "what book is it?" "Nay, miss," answered he, "that is a secret I don't tell to every one." "But could I get a sight of it?" said she. "Yes," he said, "miss, if you speak me fair, I can help you to it." "Pray get it me then, doctor, and I'll give you anything you please." "Yes," said he, "if you will promise me one thing, I'll bring it to you; and that is, that you will read it over carefully; and if you should not see much in it at first, that you will give it a second reading."

She promised faithfully she would; and, after raising her curiosity by coming once or twice without it, he at last brought it, took it out of his pocket, and gave it her. It was a New Testament. When she saw it, she said, "Poh (with a flirt), I can get that at any time." "Why, miss, so you might," replied the doctor; "but, remember, I have your solemn promise that you will read it carefully." "Well," said she, "I never read it before, but I will give it a reading now." Accordingly, she began to read it, and it soon attracted her attention. She saw in it what gave her deep concern; and if she was uneasy in her mind before, she was ten times more so now. She did not know what to do with herself; so she got away back to London, to see what the diversions there would do again. But all was in vain.

She lived at the court-end of the town, and had a gentlewoman with her as companion. One Saturday evening, she dreamed that she was in a place of worship, and heard a sermon of which she could remember nothing when she had awaked, save the text; but the dream made such an impression on her mind, that the idea she had of the place, and of the minister's face, was as strong as if she had been acquainted with both for a number of years. She told her dream to her companion on the Lord's-day morning; and, after breakfast, she was resolved to go in quest of the place, if she should go from one end of London to the other.

Accordingly they set out, and went into this and the other church as they passed along, but none of them answered to the one she saw in her dream. About one o'clock they found themselves in the heart of the city. They went into an eating-house and had dinner, and then set out again in search of the place she had seen in her dream.

About half-past two they were in the Poultry, and she saw a great many people going down the Old Jewry. She determined that she would see where they were going. She mixed herself among them, and they led her to the Old Jewry chapel. So soon as she entered the door of it, and looked about, she turned to her companion and said, with some surprise, "This is the very place I saw in my dream; and, if every part of it hold true, the preacher will take for his text, Psalm cxvi. 7, "Return unto thy rest, O my soul; for the Lord hath dealt bountifully with thee." When he rose to pray, she was all attention, and every sentence went to her heart. Having finished prayer, he took that for his text; and there God met with her. She was led to trust in Jesus, and thus found what she had so long vainly sought for—rest unto her soul.

Who can read this account, and look back at the state of the country here referred to, without being filled with holy gratitude for the privileges we now enjoy? No more ministers are in danger of being imprisoned for preaching the gospel, or others of being subjected to the same punishment for hearing it; but every man is permitted to worship God according to his conscience, while there are none who may lawfully disturb him or make him afraid. May we all feel our high responsibility, and improve to the utmost our distinguished advantages!

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"ONE IS NOT."

To the bleeding heart of a bereaved parent there is a volume of meaning in these three monosyllables. It is evening; the father has returned from his toils, and the children from school. What has hushed the sweet carollings which used to ring so joyously in our ear? Why these habiliments of mourning; the unbidden tear, the sadness of every countenance, the heaving of every bosom? Because *one is not.* The happy domestic circle is broken. A place at the fireside and the table is vacant. The family bow together at the hour of prayer, but *one is not.* The fond mother puts her little ones to bed, but *one is not there* to receive her warm kiss and sweet "Good night." The morning comes, the children are gathered for breakfast and devotion—but *one is not.*

A beloved and promising son went to a distant city to engage in business, and in due time return with the gains of honest industry; but, ah, *he is not!* The pestilence found him out, and hurried him to his long home.

A blooming daughter, the pride of her mother, and the darling of her father, filled all the house with gladness and love; but, alas, *she is not!* The angel of death came stealthily into her chamber; all that loveliness faded away; nor father, nor mother, nor brothers, nor sisters, shall see her more. When they visit her places of retirement, the objects in which she delighted are still there; but *she is not.* When they repeat her name, these mournfully answer, *She is not.*

So a babe is snatched from the arms of its mother. Her other children may survive, but the precious little one that began to smile and prattle so sweetly, *is not.* It was a lovely flower; but "the wind passed over it, and it is gone."

Oh, what a world of bereavements and sorrows do we live in! Where is the family that has never been stricken? Where the happy domestic circle that is safe from being broken? In how many thousands of human dwellings is the voice of lamentation heard every day, that a son, a daughter, a brother, a sister, *is not.* So it has always been in this dying world, and so it will be in all coming generations. "As death reigned from Adam to Moses," and hath reigned from Moses to the present hour, so will it reign till the last human family is broken up.

And if this be so, how ought parents, whose children are "like olive plants round about their table," to "rejoice with trembling!" How easily, how suddenly, may the fairest of them be plucked up and wither to dust! It does not follow that because they are "like the flowers of the field," and liable every moment to be cut down, that you should love them less; but it does follow that you should ever bear in mind how frail they are, and be habitually ready to give them up when He, who has an infinitely better right to them than you have, sees fit to take them away.

Another thought, and a very solemn one—Is the bright and joyous circle about your table and fireside, every day, every hour, liable to be broken? May you not, ere the sun goes down, be called to mourn that *one is not*, and in a little time that *another is not?* How fervently should you pray for their conversion; how diligently should you instruct and warn them, while you give your spirit no rest till Christ be formed in them the hope of glory;—then come what will, health or sickness, life or death, they are safe.

Oh, what bitter self-reproach do bereaved parents often feel when a beloved child is taken away, in the retrospect of their own unfaithfulness! How many have gone mourning down to the grave, stricken through and through as it were by this unavailing self-condemnation! And when so sharp are oft the stings of accusing conscience for parental unfaithfulness here, how will it be at the day of judgment, if it shall there appear that the child is eternally lost through such neglect?—*N. Y. Evangelist.*

THE CONNECTICUT SAILOR BOY.

The *Cornelia* was a good ship (said one of the West India chaplains of the American Seamen's Friend Society); but at one time we feared she was on her last voyage. We were but a few days out from New York, when a severe storm, of five days continuance, overtook us. Like a noble charger between two contending armies, did the ship quiver in all her joints, and struggle to escape from the fury of the winds and the waves. At the height of the storm, I must tell you of a feat of a Connecticut sailor boy. He was literally a boy, and far better fitted for thumbing Webster's Spelling-Book, than furling a sail in a storm. But

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his mother was a widow, and where could the boy earn a living for himself and his mother better than at sea? The ship was rolling fearfully; twice I saw the Captain lose his centre of gravity—though he kept his temper well—and measure his length on the deck. Some of the rigging got foul at the mainmast head, and it was necessary that some one should go up and rectify it. It was a perilous job. I was standing near the mate, and heard him order that boy aloft to do it! He lifted his cap and glanced at the swinging mast, the boiling wrathful sea, and at the steady, determined countenance of the mate. He hesitated in silence a moment; then, rushing across the deck, he pitched down into the forecastle. Perhaps he was gone two minutes, when he returned, laid his hands on the ratlins, and went up with a will. My eye followed him till my head was dizzy, when I turned and remonstrated with the mate for sending that boy aloft. He could not come down alive! Why did you send him? "I did it," replied the mate, "to save life. We've sometimes lost men overboard, but never a boy. See how he holds like a squirrel. He is more careful. He'll come down safe I k-o-p-e."

Again I looked, till a tear dimmed my eye, and I was compelled to turn away, expecting every moment to catch a glimpse of his last fall.

In about fifteen or twenty minutes, having finished the job, he came down, and straightening himself up with the conscious pride of having performed a manly act, he walked aft with a smile on his countenance.

In the course of the day, I took occasion to speak with him, and ask him why he hesitated when ordered aloft,—why he went down into the forecastle?

"I went, sir," said the boy, "to pray."

"Do you pray?"

"Yes, sir, I thought I might not come down alive, and I went to commit my soul to God."

"Where did you learn to pray?"

"At home. My mother wanted me to go to the Sabbath school, and my teacher urged me to pray to God to keep me, and I do."

"What was that you had in your jacket pocket?"

"My Testament, which my teacher gave me. I thought if I did perish, I would have the word of God close to my heart."—*Seamen's Magazine.*

Correspondence.

MORAL INABILITY.

CONCLUDING ARTICLE.

We adopt the triple division of our mental powers. It is both founded in nature, and exhibits the fundamental error of Edwards with great clearness. According to this division, the two former classes of our faculties are *necessitated*, the last is *free* and spontaneous.

I. Our sensations, appetites, passions, desires, and emotions of all kinds, now frequently called, for brevity, SENSITIVITY (necessary).

II. Our perceptions, judgments, reasonings, all our purely intellectual movements, which (in this controversy especially) we may briefly call REASON (necessary).

III. The entire activity of the mind, which is generally called WILL (free).

Now, the first two classes are, *in themselves*, passive and *necessary*. 1st. We cannot avoid our desires, &c. being awakened or excited, when the appropriate object is before the mind. 2nd. We cannot avoid the conclusions of reason, when the terms of any proposition are understood, *e.g.* a just being must punish sin; God is a just being: understand and admit these assertions, and we are *necessitated* to believe the conclusion, that God will punish sin. But, 3rd. *Will* is free. It is the active power of the soul, and it can be directed spontaneously by the mind. It can resist even unto death. It can yield to the slightest allurement, or fear, or call of duty. It can divert attention from any object which is exciting our sensitivity,—from any truths which claim our attention in order to their being comprehended and believed. *All creation besides* the WILL *is necessitated;* all matter, of course, from the universe around us to the body and its organs in which our mind is placed. Again, in mind itself, a large part is necessary,—all our sensitivity, all our reason. *Will, therefore, is the only*

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free existence in creation. If Will be not free, all is necessary,—all mechanical,—all moved by causes acting as *necessarily* as that by which a stone falls to the ground. Man becomes strictly (according to the Socialist theory) "the creature of circumstances, over which he has no control." Responsibility ceases. Man's actions become only unavoidable consequents of causes set in movement by the *Great First Cause.* God becomes the author of all human actions, *in the same sense* in which he is the author of the movements of all material nature. God *becomes the author of sin!* This reasoning is irrefutable. Nothing but the absolute freedom of man,—nothing but allowing him to be made so far in the *image of God*, that he has power *to cause*, in his *limited* sphere;—nothing, in a word, but allowing man to be a *free*, though *finite* cause, can remove the authorship of sin from the Great First Cause of causes.

Now, Edwards and all other advocates of Moral Inability, maintain but *two* grand divisions of the mental faculties. From Edwards himself to Belsham and Priestley, and Dr. Thomas Brown, they all represent inclination or desire as identical with Will, that is, that Will is the "*strongest desire*," or "as the strongest desire," or "desire arrived at a certain degree of strength." The opposed theory places Will *between* sensitivity and reason, and regards it as free to follow the impulses of the one, or to yield to the authority of the other,—as competent, naturally, to exert its energy in any of the various directions towards which the activity of the mind may be solicited.

We fully grant that Edwards may seem to prove *logically*, that any theory opposed to his involves a *logical* absurdity. Hear him. "Every change must have a cause; every volition is a change of the mind's condition, and must therefore have a cause." True; but what is that cause? This is the *hinge on which all turns.* Says Edwards, "It must be the *strongest motive.*"* His opponents reply, "If any *motive* can be so strong as *literally* to master the man, so far the man is not free, and responsibility ceases." But rejoins Edwards, "What power but a motive can cause our volition to be what it is?" Answer: "The man himself causes it to be what it is." "But," says Edwards, "he must then cause it to be what it it is by *another preceding volition;* for we have no active or causal power in our nature but Will; so that any volition, to be free, must, according to this reasoning, have another preceding it; and *that* also, to be free, must have another causing that; and so on without end, which is absurd." Yes, it would be absurd logically. But *logically* only. It is refuted, 1st, by its own inevitable and strictly logical consequences, which are, amongst others, the awful ones that man is a merely necessary and irresponsible creature, and God the author of his sin. Indeed, Pantheism and Atheism are its unavoidable conclusion. This has been amply shewn by our first modern philosophers. But, 2ndly, it is refuted by the grand guide which God has given us,—the guide which, if it deceive us, deceived we must remain, and all knowledge and reasoning, all faith and religion, become an impossibility. We mean, Consciousness. We know nothing, literally nothing, unless we can trust the veracity of our own consciousness. Why do I believe that I am? I am *conscious* of it. Why do I believe that I remember, and judge, and feel? Because I am *conscious* of it. Why do I believe that there is a world *without* me, something besides myself (without believing which I could not believe even in the Creator of that world), why? Because I am *conscious* of it in my sensations and perceptions. And why do I believe that every act of my Will is unforced and free? Because I am conscious, in each case, that a different choice and volition lies in my power. This is what each man is conscious of, "I am *free* to will." If I am not, my consciousness deceives me; if it deceives me in one thing, it may in another. All existence may be a delusion. I may believe with the great sceptic Hume, that there is neither mind nor matter,—neither cause nor effect,—neither a creation nor a Creator,—neither a miracle nor a religion!

The foundation of Edwards's logical mis-

* It has been observed, that the term "*strongest*," applied to motive, is itself an assumption, and can only be sustained by reasoning in a circle, thus—Which is the strongest motive? *Ans.* That according to which the will acts. But how do you know it to be the strongest motive? *Ans.* Because the will acts according to it. But you have thus made your definition its own proof! You *assume*, equally in *both* answers, that the motive according to which the will acts is the strongest. Now, the whole question is does the strength lie in the will itself, or in the motive? You *assume* it to be in the motive. Your opponent says, No, I am *conscious* of power in my will *to give itself* to any motive. I can set the force of my will against the strongest possible motives. I can throw its energy towards those which are the weakest of all.

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take is in reality *materialism*. He reasons from mechanical to mental causes, as if their nature and mode of action were the same. *Experiment*, which is the basis of scientific knowledge, assures us, that mechanical causes do act necessarily, and he conceives of mental causes only according to the analogy of material ones. But our *consciousness* is the final appeal in all discussions on the nature of the mind's operations, just as experiment is the final appeal on the properties of matter. Now consciousness, on the simplest or the profoundest inspection of it, invariably testifies, "I can resist, or I can modify, or finally triumph over any motives presented to me. I can weaken those which appear strongest, or I can even look them full in the face, and still say I *will* not." Thus speaks the final arbiter on *mental* questions. We have, indeed, no notion of *efficient cause* at all, except that which we derive from our own Will, as an *un*-mechanical, self-acting cause; and a cause, therefore, in regard to which *logic* based on mechanical analogies wholly fails.

We have only room to add, that we consider Scripture to assert with equal clearness, the freedom of the human will, and absolute divine predestination. We think a fair reconciliation between the two may be pointed out; but if we did not think so, it would not interfere with our as readily accepting both, on the authority of inspiration, as the union of Deity and Humanity, or the divinity of Father, Son, and Spirit, in connexion with the *unity* of God.

If any of our thinking young readers will lay aside light books for a time, and study the subject in the pages of that noble thinker (though we hold him to have erred), Jonathan Edwards, and his modern opponent, Tappan; if they can add a look into Morell's History of Philosophy, or into Sir W. Hamilton's Notes to Dr. Reid, they will find *the effort to master* this most difficult of subjects, both instructive and invigorating to their minds. F. Clowes.

Notices of Books.

Memoir of Thomas Burchell, Twenty-two Years a Missionary in Jamaica. By his Brother, W. F. Burchell. Pp. 416. London: Benj. L. Green.

We have here a biography every way worthy to be committed to the "immortal custody of the press." We cordially thank Mr. W. F. Burchell for his valuable little volume.

We had the pleasure of becoming acquainted with Mr. T. Burchell shortly after his arrival in England, when he had been driven home by the white savages of Jamaica, for the single offence of loving the souls of negroes, and winning them to Christ. He was in company with Mr. Knibb, and in a city built, it is often and justly said, by the "blood of slaves." The "prudent ones" would have restrained these prophets of the Lord from publishing the "Burden of Jamaica." They met with but equivocal encouragement. The writer, with others, admired the noble spirit of the men, unable to be silent on the foul iniquities of slavery, and deemed it a privilege to offer them his comparatively humble chapel. Soon they succeeded in bursting the trammels of "judicious committee men," and quickly all the *real* christianity of the kingdom was in a blaze of holy wrath. Each of the great actors nobly bore their part; and it may be safely affirmed that if Knibb was the Luther to consign slavery to public execration, Burchell was the Melancthon, whose polished manners and superior education, combined with great mental vigour, and a firmness and fearlessness of which Melancthon had little or none, carried the more educated and influential with him. Not equal to Knibb in impassioned eloquence, he surpassed him in the parlour. As a man, probably, he was generally the favourite; though to us the benevolent, though somewhat blunt, indignation of Knibb was equally interesting. Both were devoted men, consecrating sincerely and without envy their different talents to the object equally dear to both.

The part of Mr. Burchell's life hitherto unknown to the public, and the development of his character as a man and a christian, will be found unusually interesting. To us of this generation this life is deeply interesting; but there will be ages when

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Jamaica's dark-coloured population, emancipated not only from personal slavery, but from political slavery to Downing-street Secretaries, Colonial Governors, and Parliaments elected by their tyrants,—educated, independent, and, we trust, above all, largely imbued with the love of Him whom Burchell preached to them,—there will be ages in which Jamaica's negroes, when these records of their emancipators shall have become more antique to them than Herodotus or Livy to us, will hang over them with far greater delight. In *those* times could we but hear the judgments passed by the negro Macaulays! Planters' justice paralleled with that of Jeffreys,—Knibb and Burchell placed far above a Sidney and a Russell,—and the base bribing of the planters by Stanley, Althorp, and others, branded as pusillanimity and meanness,—the awarding of twenty millions of honest Englishmen's money to men-stealers,—the refusal not only to compensate the slaves, the real sufferers, but actually exposing them for six years to greater cruelties than before,—the allowing magistrates, lieutenants, and clergymen, to pull down Baptist chapels to the amount of £12,000, and never requiring them to part with one farthing even of the twenty millions as an indemnity, grudging even half the amount out of the English exchequer (not because it was to be paid more justly from the planters' exchequer)! Yes, we fancy that in recording things like these, our negro Macaulays will paint the Whig ministry of that day as the meanest conceivable instrument of a mighty, a noble, and an indignant nation.

We are happy to see Mr. W. F. Burchell speaks firmly on these points. His book has our most cordial recommendation to all our readers. It is one of the few which tend to brace and nerve the christian reader to *manly* piety. In this respect it is quite equal to the life of Sir T. F. Buxton, and, of course, superior in a religious point of view.

AN ENQUIRY INTO THE EXTENT AND CAUSES OF JUVENILE DEPRAVITY. By THOMAS BEGGS. pp. 184. London: C. Gilpin.

It is our melancholy duty to solicit the attention of every philanthrophic reader to this small volume.

We have read it carefully through with intense though painful interest, and certainly have not read it for the last time. It has obtained the *second* prize for an essay on the subject; we should certainly like to see the *first*, though we think it inconceivable that it can in the least lessen the value of this. Mr. Beggs is evidently familiar with his subject. His book is full of facts and valuable statistics, which are evidently not exaggerated. Indeed, we have been rather struck with a Paley-like solicitude not to overstate his case. He reduces to their proper limits many of the reckless calculations and assumptions which have been made, and confines himself to what is undoubted; not, of course, omitting the suggestion, that a large allowance must be made for what never becomes known.

He powerfully shews that the great mass of juvenile depravity is not of a kind to be reached or modified by schools merely; much less by costly prisons and *preventive* measures. He shews, to an appalling extent, the influence of strong drink, in leading directly or indirectly, to early crime, and in strengthening criminal habits. Mr. Beggs's remarks on this subject are evidently not those of a temperance *declaimer*, but of an acute and actual observer. Though his book is not a temperance lecture, we can hardly conceive of one more calculated to induce a christian or even benevolent man to banish from his own house the greatest source of *juvenile*, as well as national demoralization. We had marked many passages for quotation, but cannot find room for them this month, and must conclude with strongly urging Mr. Beggs's essay on the pious and philanthropic, and, indeed, on the christian public generally. There is a great deal in it which especially claims the attention of Sunday school teachers. A copy should be procured by every Sunday school.

PRIZE ESSAYS, BY WORKING MEN, ON THE TEMPORAL ADVANTAGES OF THE SABBATH. Pp. 211. Religious Tract Society.

These essays claim special notice from us, not only as the productions of *working men*, but on account of their *intrinsic* merit. We could wish, indeed, in the growing state of the national intelligence, that the Jewish word Sabbath, had given place to Sunday, First Day of the Week, or rather, LORD'S DAY, *our* favourite epithet. "There is much in a name," and we think under our dispensation the last mentioned one sums up so justly, beautifully,

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and attractively the whole of the *religious* obligation to observe the day, that we should be happy to see it supplant every other. It was the request of an humble and intelligent christian, eminent alike for piety and industry, to his children, made, too, in his old age, that they would not only carefully observe the day, but always call it the "Lord's Day."

These essays are on the *temporal advantages* of this day, and most conclusively, and beyond all possibility of refutation, have the "Working Men" pleaded their cause. The little book before us contains but five essays out of fifty-three to which prizes were awarded, and out of *one thousand and forty-five* which were sent in. They are written by persons of every creed, and in one case by a person of *no* creed; for we happen to know that the writer of one which obtained a prize is an *infidel!* and he stated to our informant that he did *sincerely* believe in the advantages he enumerated. They are written also by persons of every occupation and trade, except that of man-killer, —"the Red Men," as Carlyle terms them, "with the weapons of destruction girt upon their haunches." The advantages of a day which, rightly used, would destroy every pretext even for *their* horrid trade—what was that to them? The warrior's mercenary implement—who was he to celebrate the blessings of a day sacred to the worship and honour of the PRINCE OF PEACE? In the five essays before us we have the thoughts of (1) a porter, formerly a gardener, (2) a journeyman shoemaker, now a schoolmaster, (3) a compositor, (4) a frame-work knitter, and (5) a tailor. We are especially pleased with the first and the fourth. The former is business-like, and the chief points well stated; the latter more descriptive, and in parts very touching,—each admirably adapted to tell, we think, on all considerate men, and all considerate masters too. The Tract Society, besides this little work, which we most strongly recommend, has published the two we have mentioned as separate tracts; the latter was, indeed, published as a tract at our request, and we are therefore doubly bound to call attention to it. We confess it is the one of the five which most *touched our feelings*, and we have a strong opinion in favour of arguments to the heart. When (as in this case) solid reason lies behind, it is the worthy appeal to our better feelings, which does and ought to influence to action. Our intelligent manufacturing population will be especially pleased, we think, with the frame work-knitter's tract, and with that of the porter too. We hope to find room for a few extracts. In the meantime we commend the five essays to every Sunday school, to every manufacturer, to every *railroad director*, and to every one interested in promoting the right observance of the LORD'S DAY.

ADDRESSES TO CHILDREN; WITH INTRODUCTORY SUGGESTIONS TO MINISTERS AND TEACHERS. By SAMUEL S. GREEN, B.A. Taunton. Pp. 131. London: Benj. L. Green.

This is the first of a series of Shilling Volumes, to be published quarterly, under the title of "The Sunday School Library." It consists of nine excellent addresses, containing a great amount of information in scripture history and truth; and written in a style adapted to the capacities, and likely to excite the interests, of children. We earnestly commend it to those who are in the habit of reading to their children or scholars, as well as to teachers who desire to attain to excellence in the important art of addressing the young.

POPERY A SYSTEM OF PRIESTLY POWER: A LECTURE DELIVERED AT A MEETING OF THE SCOTTISH ASSOCIATION FOR OPPOSING PREVALENT ERRORS, AT QUEEN-STREET-HALL, EDINBURGH, BY JOHN EUSTACE GILES, AUTHOR OF "LECTURES ON SOCIALISM." Price One Shilling. London: Partridge and Oakey; Leeds: John Heaton.

We have much pleasure in calling the attention of our readers to this eloquent and masterly lecture. The lateness of its arrival prevents our noticing it at the length it deserves, until next month. We may just state, however, that it has been published at the urgent request of the Association, under whose auspices it was delivered, and the Committee of which, we perceive, includes the names of James Douglas, Esq. of Cavers, the Rev. Drs. Brown, Cunningham, and Grey, the Rev. W. Innes, Dr. Beilby, Thomas Constable, Esq. Geo. Harvey, Esq. R.S.A., Robert Paul, Esq. &c.

A PRESENT FROM AGE TO YOUTH. Edited by WILLIAM INNES. Pp. 126. London: Hamilton, Adams, and Co.

It is quite a sufficient recommendation for this interesting little work, to mention the name of the venerable editor. It con-

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sists of a great variety of well-selected extracts, anecdotes, narratives, &c. all calculated to please and benefit the young. We know few books of the kind, better calculated for "A Present from Age to Youth."

THE HISTORY AND MYSTERY OF GOOD FRIDAY. By ROBERT ROBINSON, of Cambridge. Pp. 48. London: Houlston & Stoneman.

Those of our readers who are already acquainted with the works of Robert Robinson of Cambridge, will discover here only an old friend in a new dress. To others, we may say, that it is one of our favourite pieces; we always esteem it a treat to read it; and if our friends procure it on our recommendation, we are sure they will thank us for introducing it to their notice.

A Page for the Young.

MEMOIR OF MARIA BREWSTER,

OF GREAT HENEY, ESSEX.

Maria Brewster, the subject of this brief memoir, was born in the parish of Great Heney, Essex, in the year 1821. She was the seventh child of Peter and Mary Brewster. Her father died in her infancy, and on her mother, who still lives, devolved the charge and education of the family. Her mother studiously sought to train up her children in the nurture and admonition of the Lord. Maria was a child of a very affectionate disposition and gentle manners, and afflicted with deafness, so that it was with great difficulty she was taught to read and write. About the age of twelve or thirteen she appeared peculiarly tried in her mind, and was observed to search the Scriptures very much. Mason's Spiritual Treasury, and Bunyan's Pilgrim's Progress, were her favourite books. She used to remark that Bunyan was a sealed book to her, though she took so much interest in it. But when it pleased the Lord to open her mind to the understanding of the christian's life, her delight in it increased. And this or the Bible, or some other book of the same character, was found in her hands. As she could not take part in the conversation of the family owing to her dullness of hearing, she always took some book with her to her meals and read it during the few spare minutes she could command. Sometimes her mind seemed much harassed by doubts. A deep sense of her own sinfulness led her to fear there could be no mercy for one so unworthy. These exercises of mind led her to retire often for reading and prayer, and she was often found by her friends on her knees in wrestling prayer with God.

She never sought any worldly company; all she wanted was the company of aged christians, who could tell her of the path she desired to travel. Her conduct in this world was admired by all who knew her. She never neglected any demand that her department of labour called her to perform, and would often dispatch her own work quickly that she might assist others. Of her it may be said, she was diligent in business, fervent in spirit, serving the Lord. At the age of seventeen she was called to witness the death of a dear sister who slept in Jesus. And she embraced every opportunity of hearing of her hopes and comforts during her affliction. This event led her to a closer acquaintance with the scriptures. The Bible became to her a precious book indeed. She was particularly fond of the New Testament, as revealing the fulness of the glory of Christ, in whom she delighted. Often she was heard lamenting that her heart should be so cold and indifferent. Her feelings are well described by Newton:—

> "If I love why am I thus?
> Why this dull and lifeless frame?
> Hardly, sure, can they be worse
> Who have never heard his name."

She felt deeply for her friends and relatives, and would write faithful warnings to them, and would beg them to seek first the kingdom of heaven, knowing that all other things would be added unto them. About this time she expressed a wish to join the brethren with whom she worshipped, and rejoiced in her union with the people of God. Like the apostle, she could say, "Grace be with all those who love our Lord Jesus Christ in sincerity." Interested in the welfare of the young, she would pray much for them, and talk much to them,—her deafness preventing her from occupying

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that important sphere of labour, the Sabbath school. One day she remarked to a friend with whom she was walking, "I feel as if I shall not be long in this world." Her friend replied, "My dear, what makes you say so, you are looking so well, and in such good health." Her answer was, "I am so happy in the prospect of heaven that I long to be there to behold my Saviour face to face." The illness of her eldest brother exercised her mind very much, for she was strongly attached to him. They went to the house of prayer together, and enjoyed the ordinances of God together. During his ten months' affliction, she was rejoiced to find that though his earthly tabernacle was dissolved, he had a well-founded hope of the building of God, "the house not made with hands eternal in the heavens." And although the separation was painful, she was supported by the gracious promise, "I will supply all your need through Christ Jesus." In the year 1845 she was led to see that the ordinance of believers' immersion was obligatory upon all the disciples of Christ, as he said, "If ye love me, keep my commandments." As soon as the path of duty was clear, she obeyed the Saviour's injunction with great cheerfulness; for she said her salvation stood not in the wisdom of man, but in the power of God, therefore unreserved obedience should be rendered to his will. Maria Brewster was baptized by the Rev. S. Higgs, on September 7th, 1845, and united with the church under his care the same day. Her christian deportment was according to the gospel, and marked chiefly by a steady perseverance in the ways of the Lord and enjoyment of his word. In January, 1848, she was the subject of that distressing cough which is not unusually the attendant of the last stage of consumption. Her cheerfulness, however, never forsook her, nor was her confidence allowed to fail. To her distressed mother she said, "The will of the Lord must be done: I wish not to murmur. I want to see you and my dear sister resigned to the will of God. If it were his will that I should be better, for your sakes I should rejoice; but if he has determined otherwise, I want you to be resigned to his will." These and similar desires formed a permanent record in the last letter she ever wrote, and which was read, at her request, when her funeral sermon was preached, by her beloved pastor, the Rev. S. Murch. She fell asleep in Jesus on Feb. 19th, 1849.

"Dear Sir,—I now proceed to the particulars of my mind respecting the funeral service. I will shew you the cause I have chosen those precious words for a funeral text, 'These all died in the faith' (Heb. xi. 13). There were six in the family; three are left, and three have been taken, and these all died in the faith. Dear Pastor, I hope you will encourage my parent, who is bereaved of her children, not to mourn for them, nor to weep for them. Her loss is our unspeakable gain. Her loss will be for a very short time. Soon will she come to us, never, never more to part. Encourage my mother and sister to be of good cheer, for soon, through Christ, who has loved them, and given himself for them, they will overcome all their troubles and trials. For he says, 'Be of good cheer, for I have overcome the world.' I have two brothers who I hope will be present at the funeral. I sincerely and earnestly pray to the God of grace and of Almighty power that he will convince them of the depraved state of their hearts. O be faithful to them; warn them to prepare to meet their God. O may that God speak with power in the word that shall be spoken, that it may prove a time of life and salvation to their souls.

During the time of my affliction, I have seen nothing and felt nothing in myself but that I am a sinner. I feel that I have no merit of my own. I know that I must, and I believe I shall, be saved in and through Christ that died. O the Lamb of God that died for sinners, of whom I am chief.

Dear Sir, you can tell my much beloved brethren and sisters in the Lord Jesus Christ, what that God, who is so full of love, hath done for my soul. Tell them my mind has been stayed upon Christ and his crucified. None but Christ. None but Christ. He has been all and in all to me. I have looked on him with many sorrows, that I have pierced him with many wounds. But he has pardoned me, and I feel as if I cannot but trust that he has washed away all my sins in his precious blood. Tell them how gracious that God has been to me. He has shewn me great favour, and his favour I have proved to be better than life. He has taken away from me the spirit of unbelief, that I have enjoyed much comfort and consolation in the promises of the dying Lamb of God. This is he whom I have longed to worship without sin.

'There shall I see his face,
And never, never sin.'

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I have longed to behold my King in his beauty; there shall I see ten thousand smiles in his face, and love in every smile. I have found it sweet to be passive in his hands, and know no will but his. Tell my beloved brethren and sisters in the church of Christ—*beloved*, I say, I love them because they are beloved of Christ—that I have often thought of them. My time has been short with them in the church militant. I feel it is far better to go from the church militant to the church triumphant. O encourage them to be of good cheer, and go on with joy, rejoicing in hope, for surely God doth bless the latter end of all his chosen saints. O that each one of us may be found surrounding the throne of God and the Lamb, having everlasting joy upon our heads. Then shall we sing in nobler strains, and Christ will be our song.

Dear Sir, be faithful to the dear young people whose conduct proves they are servants of Satan, and not the servants of God. Tell them out of much affliction and anguish of heart I have written unto them with many tears, not that they should be grieved, but that they might know the love which I have more abundantly for the welfare of their never-dying souls. Ask them if this is not a warning to them,—a blooming youth that is snatched away. Ask them if this does not speak loud to them, 'Be ye also ready, for in such an hour as ye think not the Son of Man cometh.'"

Here her strength failed her, and she could write no more; but about a week after, her strength reviving for a little time, she finished what she wished to write thus:—

"My dear young friends, it is with a dying, trembling hand I now write to you. My dear heavenly Father knows my motive, that it is love and well-wishing that I feel for the welfare of your dear immortal souls. I feel as if I would you should be happy. Oh, come to Christ. Come and prove what reality there is in Christ; for I do assure you that there is such reality to be found in Christ as the world cannot give. Oh, do come to Christ, and prove him what a Saviour he is. Seek him while he may be found, call upon him while he is near. Christ spake as never man spake. He has promised that whoso cometh unto him he will in nowise cast out. However vile you may have been, whatever crimes you may have done, God is full of love, full of forgiveness, and full of compassion. Believe he is able, and as willing as he is able, to save your souls, that they may live, and have life everlasting. Oh, come and prove his almighty power! Oh, come to the fountain of his blood, and seek him in all the sincerity of your heart to wash and cleanse you in that blood. You will find him so faithful to his promise! And,—

> "'Tis religion that can give
> Sweetest pleasures while we live;
> 'Tis religion must supply
> Solid comfort when we die.'

I feel as if I cannot help expressing the present feeling of my mind. While I am now writing to you I would not exchange my portion, the hope of eternal glory and everlasting happiness I shortly expect to be in the full enjoyment of, not if I had the promises of life, health, strength, and all the gold and silver the world could contain. Oh, no, it appears to me vanity of vanities!"

. . . . . .

May those who read this account listen to her entreaties, and follow her as she followed her Lord.

Miscellaneous.

THE DANGER OF ASSOCIATING WITH INFIDEL COMPANIONS.—I was, several years ago, called to visit a stranger in affliction. This person I had never seen before; but he sent to request that I would call upon him, in consequence of my having formerly attended a relation of his, when on the bed of sickness and death. Soon after I entered the room, we were left alone, and while he was labouring for breath, he thus addressed me: "I have been living, sir, for fifteen years without God and without hope in the world. I had the benefit of a religious education. I regularly used to go with an aged relative, with whom I then lived, to the house of God. But I soon left my father's house, and then I went far astray indeed. I most unhappily fell into dissolute habits, and into the company of some who had imbibed themselves, and too successfully instilled into me, the infidel maxims of the French philosophers. I went on in this course for several years. But I now clearly see that men have recourse to such systems, not

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from a conviction of their truth, but to palliate, if they can, a life of licentiousness. I can say from experience, these maxims never gave me satisfaction, even at the time I professed to embrace them. I never got quit altogether of my early impressions. I felt a secret conviction that there was a truth in what I had been taught in early life, and that I was now quite wrong. I always looked for some favourable opportunity, when I should retrace my steps; but, when I was making resolutions to do so, every new assault of temptation quite overcame me, and bore down all the good resolutions I had formed. I now feel that there is nothing in these systems under which I tried to shelter myself, which I can lay hold of in the time of trouble." Being asked if he was accustomed to attend any place of worship, he replied, "At first I did; but I afterwards gave it up, and used to spend the Sabbath either lounging in my room, or walking about the streets. For some years past, I have gone regularly nowhere." In the prospect of death, however, he seemed deeply impressed with a sense of his guilt, and to cling to the doctrine he had heard in early life, but had long forgotten, that an atonement has been made for the guilty, and that the blood of Jesus cleanseth from all sin. He seemed to experience the deepest remorse at the recollection of his criminal conduct, and most feelingly lamented that he could not get his mind impressed as he wished, with what he now saw to be the deeply interesting truths contained in the word of God. In this state, his strength gradually declined. I saw him repeatedly, and in a few weeks after I first saw him, he expired.—What a melancholy picture have we here of the dreadful danger arising to the young, from associating with unprincipled companions,—with those who would encourage them to cast off the fear of God, and, by endeavouring to infuse into them their infidel and licentious opinions, betray them to their ruin!—*Innes's Present from Age to Youth.*

ADVICE TO CHRISTIAN PARENTS.—I know nothing so much calculated to impress the mind of a child, as a father or mother taking him apart, and praying for him in his presence. It thus shews that child the deep interest the parent feels in his future happiness; and I have no doubt that such prayers, though forgotten at the time, have after many years been remembered, and produced the most blessed effects. It will not, I hope, be thought out of place if I refer to my own experience. When a boy at school, I was asked to spend a week with the late Dr. Hamilton, formerly of Dunbar, afterwards of London, a very pious man, connected with the Methodist body, and grandfather to that justly popular minister, the Rev. James Parsons of York. On the Sabbath afternoon, he called his two boys, about my own age, and myself, into his room, and after praying fervently for us by name, he desired us to go to our rooms, and think of what he had been asking for us. This is the first occasion, so far as I recollect, on which I felt the importance of being prepared for eternity. It was then I understood something of the privilege of prayer. I felt it to be the highest honour to be permitted, nay invited, to come into the presence of the eternal God, in the name of Jesus, to implore pardoning mercy and sanctifying grace. I consider such a feeling, in a greater or less degree, as a test of character, and forming a part of the mental history of every one who truly embraces the gospel. Accordingly, in a pastorate of above half a century, I have always been partial to the plan of personal conversation with the young. The great point here is to make such an interview strictly conversational, and as easy as possible. This is something different from mere public preaching. Such is a necessary professional engagement. Men tell us we must preach; it is by this we have our living. On the other hand, this private intercourse is a manifest expression of personal kindness, of the interest we take in the happiness of our young friends. But another advantage is, that in such a private interview, we are sure we have the attention of those we address, which cannot often be said in our public preaching.—Approaching, then, the end of my pilgrimage, I mention this part of my own experience here, and if it shall lead one christian parent or minister to adopt a plan which I consider uncommonly fitted to be useful, the object of its being recorded will not be altogether lost.—*Ibid.*

CHRIST OUR PATTERN.—We have in the character of Jesus Christ, a pattern of perfection, which we may safely follow, and the only one we may follow without exception. For there we see how God himself would live, nay, and how he did live, when among men in the person of Jesus Christ. He not only brought life and immortality to light by his resurrection from the dead, but opened up, and went before, as the Captain of salvation, in the way that leads to that eternal life, setting an example that we may follow his steps. And accordingly we find, that in all the directions he gave for entering into life, this was always the concluding part—"*Follow me.*" And thence he lays it down as a general rule, "If any man serve me, let him follow me; and where I am, there shall also my servant be." And the Apostle John speaks the same language: "He that saith he abideth in him, ought himself also to walk even as he walked." This is a matter of the utmost importance, and is not to be accomplished by observing some one or more pieces of his example, or to copy from thence this or the other virtue, as I have heard some speak. The whole must be taken together; and as the apostle wisely directs, "the same mind must be in us that was in Christ Jesus;" and as another advises, "Arm yourselves with the same mind which was in him when he suffered for us in the flesh." A large field, and which deserves to be very particularly considered, as indeed it takes in the whole system of practical christianity.—*Riccaltoun.*

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Intelligence.

THE ANNUAL MEETINGS.

Since our going to press last month, most of the Annual Denominational Meetings have been held in London; and many of them seem to have been more interesting and more largely attended than usual.

BAPTIST UNION.—The Thirty-seventh Annual Session of the Baptist Union was held at the Baptist Mission-House, Moorgate-Street, on Friday, April 27th. The usual proceedings of the Union were varied by the delivery of an able and impressive introductory Address by the Rev. Thomas Morgan, of Birmingham, after which, the Report of the Committee was read by the Rev. J. H. Hinton. The Report recorded the very pleasing fact, that the clear average increase in the churches, "after having, during seven successive years, and by an uninterrupted progression, been reduced from ten per annum to little more than one, has at length begun to augment, and has been, for the year ending the 1st of January last, nearly four." A resolution was passed expressive of gratitude for the sign thus given of returning prosperity; also one recommending services on Lord's-day, the 10th of June, and the week following, for seeking the increased out-pouring of the Holy Spirit. A communication from the Secretaries of the Union, in reference to this resolution, will be found on the subsequent page.

BAPTIST MISSIONARY SOCIETY.—The Annual Meeting of the members of the Baptist Missionary Society was held in the Baptist Mission-House, Moorgate-Street, on Tuesday morning, April 24th. Mr. Phillips, of Melksham, having being called to the chair, the Secretary read the minutes of the Committee, which detailed the proceedings in reference to the proposed Incorporation of the Society, and the ultimate withdrawal of the plan "on account of the differences of opinion," with regard to it, "among the supporters of the Society." The Treasurer's account shewed a balance of £4946 against the Mission. On Thursday, April 26th, the Annual Public Meeting was held in Exeter-Hall; S. M. Peto, Esq. M.P. occupied the chair, and addresses were delivered by the Revs. N. Haycroft, of Bristol; J. Jordan, of Enstone; H. Dowson, of Bradford; T. Boaz, of Calcutta; A. Sutton, and W. Barton. The Report, or an Abstract of the Report, we hope to present in our next number.

BAPTIST HOME MISSIONARY SOCIETY.—The Anniversary of this Institution was held at Finsbury Chapel, on Monday evening, April 23rd. Mr. Alderman Challis occupied the chair, and Addresses were delivered by the Revs. A. M. Stalker, of Leeds; J. Branch, of London; H. S. Brown, of Liverpool; and S. Green, of London. The Report of the Committee, which was read by the Rev. S. J. Davis, shewed that the number of central stations supported either wholly or in part from the funds of the society, was 111; the number of subordinate stations, 186; the number of additions to the churches during the year, 562; and the present number of members, 4,335. Also, that the missionaries calculated that they preached the gospel weekly to 23,000 of their countrymen; and that the brethren at the village stations, many of whom are unsalaried, had been favoured with very considerable success. The Report concluded by a very earnest and forcible appeal for increased contributions towards the funds of the society, which were £530 in arrear.

BAPTIST IRISH SOCIETY.—The Annual Meeting of this Society was held in Finsbury Chapel, on Tuesday evening, April 24th. R. Harris, Esq. M.P. occupied the chair. The Report, which was read by the Rev. F. Trestrail, was an interesting document. It stated that there are in connexion with the Society 15 churches, of which the missionaries are pastors; that the churches consist of more than 500 members; and that the additions during the year amounted to 138. The Treasurer's Report shewed a balance against the Society of £1670. The Revs. C. M. Birrell, W. Hamilton, and J. Bigwood ably addressed the Meeting.

THE HANSERD KNOLLYS SOCIETY.—The Annual Meeting of the Hanserd Knollys Society was held on Thursday evening, April 26th, at the Hall of Commerce, Threadneedle-Street. Jas. Lowe, Esq. occupied the chair, and the Meeting was addressed by the Revs. Messrs. Green, Newman, J. J. Brown, Trestrail, and Black; and by Messrs. C. Jones, Pewtress, and Underhill. The Report stated that the expectations with which the Society was formed had been fully realised; that during the year the number of subscribers had risen from 1007 to 1300; and that the balance in favour of the Society amounted to £40.

ANTI-STATE CHURCH ASSOCIATION.—The Meeting of the Council of this Association was held at Radley's Hotel, Blackfriars, on Wednesday, May 3rd. The Rev. J. Burnet occupied the chair. The Report of the Executive Committee presented a full and interesting statement of the operations of the Association, and expressed great gratification and thankfulness at the success which had attended their labours. The Treasurer's account presented a balance of £188 in favour of the Society. Resolutions were passed condemnatory of the Regium Donum, and of Mr. Shore's imprisonment, also recommending more active and direct efforts for carrying out the objects of the Association. On the evening of the same day, the Annual Meeting was held in Finsbury Chapel; Dr. Thomas Price occupied the chair, and the meeting was ably

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and eloquently addressed by the Revs. W. Brock, J. Burnet, Thomas Spencer of Bath, G. H. Stoddart of London, and by Edward Miall, R. Harris, and L. Heyworth, Esqs. The meeting was very large and enthusiastic, the interest being increased by the presence and advocacy of Messrs. Spencer and Stoddart, both clergymen of the Church of England.

THE BAPTIST UNION.

To the Editor of "The Church."

Dear Sir,—By direction of the Committee of the Baptist Union, we beg to call the attention of the churches, through your columns, to a resolution passed at the Annual Session of the Union, on the 22nd of April. It was then moved by the Rev. G. W. Fishbourne, seconded by J. H. Allen, Esq., and resolved unanimously,—

"That the pastors and churches in the denomination be affectionately invited to appoint services on Lord's-day, the 10th of June, and in the week following, for seeking the increased out-pouring of the Holy Spirit, and the extension of godliness among them."

It will be in the recollection of all the brethren, that an invitation, substantially similar to this, was issued by the Union last year, under a deep feeling of concern produced by the continued diminution of the yearly rate of average increase deducible from the returns of the churches. The repetition this year is much more than a matter of form or of routine. The brethren assembled at the recent Annual Session received, with no common gratitude and delight, the information that the returns last made exhibit an augmentation of the rate of annual increase, as compared with the preceding year: and combining with this fact the testimony borne by those to whom the actual state of the churches is somewhat extensively known, they felt themselves encouraged to hope that signs were appearing of returning prosperity. Under this aspect of things, they felt that there were inducements of peculiar power to a united resort to the throne of grace. Surely the mercy we have received should be gratefully acknowledged in the presence of Him from whose undeserved bounty it has come: nor can it be either unwarranted on our part, or unpleasing to the Giver of all good, that we should convert mercies thus graciously given, into a plea for a more copious blessing. Prayer—united prayer—always important, has much to encourage and to quicken it now; and the committee earnestly hope that the concurrence of the pastors and churches with the invitation now sent forth by the Union will be still more general and fervent than it was in the year 1848. May the God of Zion vouchsafe to us at least that he is preparing a blessing for us, that he is preparing us for a blessing.

We are, dear Sir, on behalf of the Committee of the Baptist Union,

Yours in our common Lord,

J. H. HINTON, E. STEANE, } *Secretaries.*

May 7th, 1849.

THE ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY AND TRACTARIAN VIEWS.

The present Archbishop of Canterbury published, in a work entitled "Apostolical Preaching considered," a strenuous defence of *Baptismal Regeneration*. That part is now reprinted, we presume under his auspices, under the title, "Regeneration in Baptism an Apostolical Doctrine." We have seen his arguments. He *assumes* that Infant Baptism is right,—*shews that the Apostles always address the baptized as regenerated*,—and hence draws the irresistible conclusion, that all baptized persons are to be viewed as regenerate,—*ergo*, infants having been *born* unregenerate, must have been regenerated in baptism. When will our Pædobaptist brethren awaken to perceive the *tendency* of their practice? Unless they can refute the sentence above in italics, the Archbishop and the Tractarians are right. Nothing would be such a deathblow to Puseyism, and Popery too, as the renunciation of Infant Baptism by *evangelical* Pædobaptists.

LADY HEWLEY'S CHARITY.

This long-disputed case is now settled. The only Baptist trustee is S. M. Peto, Esq. Bloomsbury, London. A fitter gentleman could not be found probably to represent the Denomination in the trust; but how, after the last legal decision, which gave the Baptists an equal standing with the English Presbyterians and Independents, the trustees consist of three *Scotch* Presbyterians, three Independents, and *one* Baptist, we are utterly at a loss to comprehend. Six Pædobaptists and one Baptist! Moreover, the next Baptist trustee is to be chosen by the six surviving Pædobaptists!

NEW BAPTIST CHAPEL, AT KIRKSTALL.

The first stone of a new chapel, about to be built by the Baptist denomination at Kirkstall, was laid on Tuesday, May 15th. The attendance, which was large, consisted of friends from neighbouring churches and the inhabitants of the village. The stone, after the usual religious services, was laid by James Richardson, Esq., and this done, a very able address was delivered by Dr. Acworth, president of Horton College. In the evening, upwards of eighty friends took tea together. The whole proceedings were of a most encouraging character. The Rev. Jonas Foster, of Farsley, officiated as chairman, and addresses were delivered by the Revs. G. Mitchell, of Horsforth; A. M. Stalker, of Leeds; Mr. Lord, of Ipswich, and other gentlemen. The new chapel, which is to be a neat plain building, it is estimated will cost about £450, towards which, upwards of £150 has already been subscribed.

WHITCHURCH, HANTS.

On the 8th of May, Mr. Charles Smith, late of Horton College, was recognised as the pastor of the Baptist church, Whitchurch, Hants. The Revs. D. Katterns, of London, J. Morton (Independent), and Dr. Godwin, of Bradford, took part in the service.

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THE CHURCH.

"Built upon the foundation of the Apostles and Prophets, Jesus Christ himself being the chief corner-stone."—Eph. ii. 20.

JULY, 1849.

THE EVENING OF LIFE.

A MEDITATION FOR THE AGED.

BY DR. F. A. G. THOLUCK.*

"In those days was Hezekiah sick unto death. And Isaiah the prophet, the son of Amos, came unto him, and said unto him, Thus saith the Lord, set thine house in order, for thou shalt die, and not live."—*Isaiah* xxxviii. 1.

Good cause has he for gratitude to whom the Lord sends such a messenger, saying, "Set thine house in order, for thou shalt die;" and this is the lot of all, excepting those who are cut off in the midst of their years. For, let a man gradually grow old, and how many messengers, one after another, arrive, admonishing him to set his house in order! Says not the proverb—

"Age, like a well-bred man, before
He enters the house, knocks at the gate,
Knocks at the window, knocks at the door,
Cries at all corners, 'Hark, I wait!'"

Alas, for him who grows old without growing wise, and to whom the future world does not set open her gates, when he is excluded by the present. The Lord deals so graciously with us in the decline of life, that it is a shame to turn a deaf ear to the lessons which he gives. The eye becomes dim, the ear dull, the tongue falters, the feet totter, all the senses refuse to do their office, and from every side resounds the call, "Set thine house in order, for the term of thy pilgrimage is at hand." The playmates of youth, the fellow-labourers of manhood, die away, and take the road before us. Old age is like some quiet chamber, in which, disconnected from the visible world, we can prepare in silence for the world that is unseen.

There is nothing more forbidding than to see an aged person, who refuses to give up a world, which yet is giving up him. Even the unsanctified mind feels this conduct to be most unnatural; although, doubtless, if a man have his treasure in this world only, his heart will also be where his treasure is. How then, O Lord, shall I express my grateful sense of thy mercy, in having given me the assurance of an inheritance in heaven, and redeemed me from the bondage of this perishing world! Oh, how

* From "Stunden Christlicher Andacht."

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wretched,—how unspeakably wretched,—should I be, if at this time of life I had still my God to seek! It is hard for the old to undergo conversion and to reform their ways. Even old age, perhaps, may have strength enough left to deplore the vain courses of the past; but to enter upon a new path, and steadily and resolutely pursue it, must be difficult indeed for the old! Justly, therefore, does the preacher say, "Remember now thy Creator in the days of thy youth, while the evil days come not, nor the years draw nigh, when thou shalt say, I have no pleasure in them. . . . Or ever the silver cord be loosed, or the golden bowl be broken, or the pitcher be broken at the fountain, or the wheel broken at the cistern: Then shall the dust return to the earth as it was, and the Spirit shall return unto God who gave it."*

Even this, however, is not all; for, how impoverished should I feel, if left in my silent, solitary hours, destitute of all my treasured recollections of God's gracious dealings towards me, during the long pilgrimage of life! If we can look behind us upon a vast extent of way, whose many thorny places, and mountains, and precipices, we have safely traversed, with a hold of the Divine hand; we are then enabled, with cheerfulness and confidence, to look forward also to the hour when we shall have to cross the last deep gulf. A thousand trials have made us familiar with that hand which will then uphold us, and thus we muster courage for the final outset.

"O death! how bitter is the remembrance of thee to a man that liveth at rest in his possessions, to him that hath nothing to vex him, and that hath prosperity in all things; yea, unto him that is yet able to receive meat," saith the son of Sirach. Yes, and by what expedients do such men try to overcome thy bitterness! Oh, when I see them, like some beaten foe, who retreats from fence to fence, behind the last entrenchment —driven now from the joyous revelry of youth, and anon from manhood's keen enjoyments, until they are reduced at last to solicit a faint gratification from stimulating perhaps a languid palate—Oh, when I see them, like the worm which cleaves to the withered leaf, feeding on the wan and shadowy remembrance of days never to return, and trying whether it may do them any good to *forget* that which they now no more can *change*,—How do I then, with my whole soul, exclaim, Thanks be to Jesus Christ, who hath delivered me from the bondage of this corruptible world! The poet says,—

> "Taught by some impulse from on high, men's minds
> Suspect the coming danger, as we see
> The waters heave before the approaching storm."

But of you it may be said—

> "They hear the wild winds lash the bursting sails,
> At every joint the shivering vessel creaks,
> But strike they will not, and go blindly down."

How sweet, O death, is the thought of thee to the man who could never find a satisfying portion here below, but who, even amidst this fleeting life, still lived and leaned upon the promises of that which is everlasting! I do not quail before thy scythe,—it can cut off nothing which I am not willing to leave behind, that the wings of my spirit may bear me unencumbered away. Old age—for him who has a Saviour—thy rosy evening changes so insensibly into dawn, that there is scarce a night between.

Yes, I will set my house in order;† the task will not be difficult. My

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* Eccles. xii. 1-7. † *i.e.* Make my Will.

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accounts are all settled. The best of my property I take along with me. I leave my children to the great Father of the fatherless, to whom belong heaven and earth. My body I bequeath to the earth, and my soul to the Lord: He has sued for it longer than my life, and he has bought it with his blood. Thus, I lay every weight aside, and am ready for the journey. When the traveller has paid his debts in the city of a foreign land, how does he exult to pass the gate, as he bends his steps homeward. I have no more a single creditor upon earth, and I know I shall find none in the place to which I go. Oh, it is a blessed thing to die, when we can say with Hezekiah,—"Behold, for peace I had great bitterness; but thou hast in love to my soul delivered it from the pit of corruption: for thou has cast all my sins behind thy back."* Yes, old men, the blessed thistle is an herb of precious use.† It soothes the aching of the heart. But beside the Cross of Jesus there grows a plant that is fairer still, and has a juster claim to be called *Heart's-ease*. Nothing like it alleviates the bitter pangs that precede the hour of dissolution!

Life! I have enjoyed thee. Every draught from thy fountain was not bitter to my taste; nor is all vain beneath the sun, provided we enjoy not the creature only, but in the creature, the Creator. That which made thee sweet, however, was the loving-kindness of my God, conveyed to me through all created things, as through so many pipes and channels; and this loving-kindness of my God I shall take along with me. The earthen pipes through which it used to flow, may indeed be shivered, but He who made them, can be at no loss to find others to supply their place. Extinct, for ever extinct, is all the pleasantness of life, so far as the creature only was its source. But in so far as, in all our enjoyments, it flowed from the thought of that supreme hand by which these were conferred, the pleasantness of life exists, and will abide with us for ever. And in this way, how may every day become a treasury, and the very poorest life exuberantly rich! No, I cannot look back upon mine, as if it were a mere vanity. Even now, when from my silent chamber I survey it all, my heart fills with an exultation which it cannot contain. I feel that I need a new heart and a new tongue, to utter all that my God has done for me, and worthily to sing his praise. What sort of hearts can they have, who find it difficult to understand how praising God for the mercies he has bestowed can constitute a main part of the felicity of the upper world? Among the gifts of the Spirit of grace, this itself is one, that the longer we frequent the school of Jesus, so much the richer source of delight does thanksgiving become. I have always the impression, that here, upon earth, my gratitude has never yet found an adequate expression. Words cannot utter,—tears cannot exhaust,—and even the deep sigh, which escapes like a full spiritual tear from my heart, cannot reveal it all! There will, however, be new tongues and new languages. Paul has told us of the tongues of angels; and, on the day of Pentecost, the Apostles received tongues of fire, with which to declare the wonderful works of God. Oh, when the everlasting Pentecost arrives, surely, with the spiritual baptism which it brings, it will also bring new tongues, with which to praise the mighty works of God, in strains far loftier than here on earth our faltering lips could ever reach!

Zion, thou city of my God, in spirit I am already enrolled among thy inhabitants! and although, for a little, I must continue to sojourn in the flesh, my days shall be spent in preparation, that, when at last I

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* Isaiah xxxviii. 17.

† The *carduus benedictus*, once so approved as a simple, especially in affections of the heart.

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enter thy glorious streets, I may not appear as a stranger there. Whatever of thine, O Earth, I cannot take along with me, let me forget—forget for ever. It is not worth remembering. But yet, while my respite lasts, it shall be my daily study to carry away from thee as much as I can, that it may be still a source of enjoyment to me, when admitted into the everlasting tabernacles. And inasmuch as the very best of thy gifts need not be left behind, but may accompany me whither I go, why should I still cling to thee, when I hear the cry,—"Behold, the bridegroom cometh!" At every season of life, we should be as servants who wait for their master, with loins girded and lamps burning. Oh, how much the more proper is this for the man, who has death already standing at his door!

THE GOSPEL TESTIMONY.

BY THE REV. J. S. HUGHES.*

"This is a faithful saying, and worthy of all acceptation, that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners; of whom I am chief."—1 *Tim.* i. 15.

Various have been the arguments insisted on in behalf of the christian religion, an account of which and its Divine Founder is found in the New Testament. The purity of its doctrine and morals,—the accomplishment of ancient prophecy,—the stupendous miracles of Christ and his apostles,—the wonderful circumstances of its first establishment in the world, have been most skilfully and successfully wielded by the advocates of christianity; and, like a phalanx of resistless evidences of its Divine origin, have valiantly withstood the attacks, and overturned the futile sophisms, of antichristian men in every age.

It is of the first importance for us to be apprized and convinced of the *truth* of the facts of the New Testament. The evidence of *its* truth, like all other ancient books, is derived from both *internal* and *external* sources. The probability of what it relates, the beautiful harmony of its parts, together with the definite clearness of its narration, entitle the New Testament record to a favourable reception. The *external* evidence rests upon the concurrent testimony of writers who lived at or near the time wherein the facts it relates are said to have occurred, who refer to the books themselves, their authors, or their contents.

In the case of the New Testament, the amount of evidence, both *internal* and *external*, of the truth of its history and the facts it relates, is so abundant and cumulative, as to establish beyond the possibility of a doubt, or the shadow of uncertainty, the *credibility* thereof, and warrants us to assert, with unshaken confidence in its declarations, with Paul, "*This is a faithful saying, and worthy of all acceptation, that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners; of whom I am chief.*"

The passage before us contains the essence of the gospel,—the principal part of the New Testament,—the most welcome of the divine communications,—the sweetest declaration of divine love,—yea, the one great and

* In our No. for May we introduced an article by the Rev. E. Davis of St. Ives, by the announcement that his death had taken place since he had forwarded to us the article. We have now to make a similar announcement respecting the lamented author of the above piece. It has been in our hands but a few months. Its writer was, when he sent it, well, and actively engaged in the prosecution of his duties; he has now finished his work, and been called to his reward. "Being dead," however, "he yet speaketh." May the solemn event thus repeated, be a message to each of our readers, as well as to ourselves,—"Be ye also ready, for in such an hour as ye think not, the Son of man cometh."

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glorious truth on which the sinner's hopes of pardon and eternal life for ever rest, "Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners."

Paul deduces here, from his *own example*, a conclusion which he had before asserted as *generally true*.

Let us consider,—

I. *The gospel testimony.* "Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners." This is the greatest and most important *fact* that God has mercifully revealed to us, and, being communicated from God, claims our credence, and most serious attention.

1. *The person who came is "Christ Jesus."* The term *Jesus* means a saviour, and was a title applied by the Jews to any public benefactor,—preeminently so to the *Son of God*. The term "Christ" is, properly, an *appellative*, derived from the Hebrew, and not a *proper name*. Originally it was used as expressive of office and dignity, and in this sense is of frequent occurrence in the New Testament. However, it shortly came to be employed as a *proper name*, or a *cognomen*, probably in the life-time of our Saviour. The corresponding term in Hebrew signifies "anointed," and was employed with allusion to the regal, prophetical, and sacerdotal offices; since, by *anointing with oil*, persons among the Jews were inaugurated into these respective offices. "Christ Jesus" is He who is the messenger of mercy, and pardon, and reconciliation from heaven to earth, the "anointed Saviour;" the one term designatory of his office and works; the other, of his *divine appointment* to that office by the Father.

2. "*He came into the world.*" This does not simply mean "came into being;" but is expressive of a change of *condition* or *place*, or of both. As God's *equal* and *fellow*, Christ *proceeded from* the Father; but, in his *official capacity*, was *sent by* the Father. In the one sense, "the Word *became* flesh," in the other, "God so loved the world, that he *sent* his only-begotten Son." He came *voluntarily*. As the God-man, he came *officially*. He came in the *fulness of time*, as the subject of promise and the divine purposes, and, as a person allsufficient to complete his allotted work, he *came once for all*. He willingly undertook to do all connected with his gracious mission. It was necessary that he should *appear* in our world, in order to accomplish our redemption, and that the world might see, and be fully persuaded of, the *nature*, *value*, *importance*, and *glorious results* of his mission.

3. *He came "to save sinners."* What an act of surpassing mercy and incomparable love! All sinners are, as such, in a lost and ruined state, having forfeited all claims to the divine favour and protection, and to all happiness. As transgressors of God's holy law, they deserve *punishment*. But such as are lost and ruined, degraded, condemned, "Christ Jesus came to seek and to save." As *all* have *sinned*, *all* need salvation, but none deserve it. As Christ came into the world *to save* sinners and "died for all," *all* may be saved. He came not to call the *righteous*, but *sinners*, to repentance. This is not only an act of *condescension*, but of great *pity*; not only of love, but of the most *tender mercy*.

His great *object* is *to save men*. The term "salvation" primarily signifies *deliverance* from physical or temporal evil, hence it is used to designate that *spiritual deliverance*, the salvation of souls from the curse of the law, and from the wrath to come.

Three things seem to be included in the scriptural use of the term. First, *the deliverance of the sinner from the curse of the law*. "Cursed is every one that continueth not in all the things written in the book of the law to do them." Christ Jesus is come to "redeem us from the curse of the law, being made a curse for us." Secondly, *the deliverance of the soul from the love and dominion of sin*. By his Spirit and truth he purifies the

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thoughts, sanctifies the affections and feelings, and the whole of the sinner's moral being is gradually transformed into his glorious image. And, finally, the *salvation of Christ secures to the sinner the renewed friendship and favour of God.* Without the *friendship* of God, our salvation would be incomplete; for in God's favour only is peace and joy. How bright the hopes, and delightful the prospects of a true believer! Christ will raise him to the dignified position of angels: he shall be restored to holiness, happiness, and God.

Jesus Christ may be said *to save sinners* in a threefold sense. First, *he effected the means of salvation.* This he did at a great cost. It behoved him to become a man of sorrows, acquainted with grief. It cost him a life of incessant toil and suffering, an agonizing and ignominious death. What infinite goodness, love, and mercy we do behold in Christ's offering himself an expiatory sacrifice for sin! Secondly, *he taught men the way of salvation.* This he did by his ministry, his divine teachings as, a Prophet sent from God, sanctioned by divine authority, he came to reveal the mysteries of redemption to the world. He afterwards sent his apostles to fulfil the great purposes of his grace, and, by means of his servants and his truth, still makes known to sinners the way to happiness and eternal life. And, finally, *he furnishes all the necessary aid to promote the salvation of men, that is consistent with their responsibility and free agency.*

Let us notice,—

II. *The adaptedness of the Gospel Salvation to the condition of man.* "Of whom I am chief."

We are to estimate christianity, like all other systems, by its *effects.* The *adaptedness* of the salvation it reveals, is visible in the mighty moral transformations of character it has accomplished in the world.

The apostle here directs our attention to the perfect fitness of Christ and his salvation to meet all our wants, by referring to himself as a *proof* thereof. "Of whom I am chief." Some render this expression thus: "the first who, from a blasphemous persecutor, have become a christian;" others render it, "of whom I am a chief," *i. e.* one of the chief; but we see no reason to abandon the common interpretation, that of regarding the expression as indicative of profound humility and self-abasement. In writing to the Corinthians (1 Cor. xv. 9) the same apostle speaks of himself as "the least of the apostles."

1. *Let us consider what Paul was before his conversion.* He thus speaks of himself, while in his unregenerate state, "Who was, before, a blasphemer, a persecutor, and injurious;" the *spirit* of illwill and aversion to christianity, is expressed in the first term, being, in the second and third, carried to greater and still greater effects. He had an opportunity of knowing the true character of Jesus Christ; but he still continued completely ignorant that he was the Messiah. His *ignorance* by no means was *meritorious*, but, having sinned through ignorance, he had not yet arrived at the last stage of human guilt and depravity, determinedly to oppose all convictions of truth and conscience.

2. *Let us consider what Paul was after his conversion.* Of the former *blasphemer* it may now be said, "Behold, he prayeth;" the *persecutor of* the church is become one of the *lambs* of the flock of Christ, and, as such, is to be persecuted in his turn; the proud Pharisee is transformed into a humble disciple of Jesus,—human pride and ambition give place to child-like docility at the foot of the cross.

Now, if the Gospel Salvation so completely changed the disposition and character of the *chief*, or *one of the chief*, of sinners, are we not warranted in believing that it can effect the same mighty changes in the characters of others? Surely, what *has been* done, may be done *again;* and

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what may be done *once*, may be done times without number. The salvation of the once persecuting and blaspheming Paul is, and will be, in the annals of christianity, an everlasting monument of the Divine benevolence and love.

Let us briefly advert to,—

III. *The credibility of the testimony.* "This is a faithful saying." To do justice to this topic would require more time and space than can possibly be given to it at present.

First,—*Let us take the testimony itself.* We have abundant evidence of an *internal* and *external* kind, to prove the *authenticity, genuineness*, and *inspiration* of the sacred oracles. We might enlarge on the *probability*, the *possibility*, and the *necessity* of a divine revelation; but suffice it to say, that the testimony of God concerning his Son Jesus, which is the life and essence of scripture, is in perfect harmony with all our notions of moral rectitude. Its *nature*, its *revelations*, its *doctrines*, and *glorious designs*, entitle it to the cordial reception of every rational, unprejudiced, and judicious mind. Secondly,—*The character of those who testify*, also furnish us with *internal* evidences of the genuineness and authenticity of the New Testament. We have no reason to suspect any kind of imposition. The *thing itself* precluded the possibility of a *forgery;* for when these writings were given to the public, there was a sufficient number of persons anxious and qualified to *detect* it, if it were to be found. They had a thorough knowledge of the subjects and facts which they relate. If they attempted *imposition*, there surely was a moral certainty of its being detected. None of Christ's followers were *enthusiasts* or *fanatics*, but had become his disciples by rational conviction, and of their own accord. The *testimony* itself, and the character of the *witnesses*, entitle the fact, "That Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners," to be considered as deserving of our credence,—being *divine*, it is worthy of credit.

IV. *The claims of this testimony to our acceptance thereof.* "And worthy of all acceptation."

It is worthy of our most cordial acceptance.

1. *Because it is true.* 2. *Because it is important.* It is not a common story, which may be true or untrue, which may be treated with scorn and indifference. No; it is a communication from God, important alike to all classes and conditions of men. Every *sinner* has to do with *it*, and *it* has to do with every sinner. Oh, then, remember, that this testimony has reference to your spiritual and eternal interests. Believe the Gospel,—accept Jesus Christ *in all that he is*,—and surrender yourselves to him *in all that you are.*

Conclusion,—

1. The salvation of mankind has been effected at a great cost. The Son of God has been *sent* to our world,—lived a life of suffering,—bore with all manner of unkindness which human malice or envy could invent. The value of the blessing, and the worth of it in the author's estimate, call upon us all to appreciate the great salvation which is so freely offered.

2. If Paul, one of the chief of sinners, was converted and saved, none need despair.

3. If the gospel testimony be a *faithful* saying, *unbelief* must be a great and fearful crime.

4. If it be worthy of all acceptation, how great will be the guilt, and wretched the condition, of those who live and die in rejecting the counsel of God, and despising the only means of safety from the wrath to come, and the awful threatenings of the divine law!

Swansea.

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THE RISING MINISTRY.

"Pray ye therefore the Lord of the harvest, that he will send forth labourers into his harvest."—*Matt.* ix. 38.

Much concern has been expressed of late respecting our denominational prospects of an efficient *Rising Ministry*. On a subject of such vital importance to the welfare of the churches, we may be permitted to make a few remarks. Many have been the pamphlets, addresses, or articles in journals, in which the subject has been discussed of late; and all of them will do something, we may hope, towards the end desired. Amongst the last was a stirring article in the "Eclectic," on which the only criticism we remember being inclined to make was, that it attributed, we thought, far too much to ability and attainments in regard to successful preaching; it being notorious that the most powerful and learned minds are, with few exceptions, not to be found among our *popular* preachers. That acceptableness, and the usefulness consequent thereupon, seem to depend, as a friend once remarked to us, "Rather upon a certain *knack* than upon the ability of the preacher." It seems clear that amongst both Baptists and Independents there never has been such a general deficiency of applications for admission to the colleges, by young men of *superior gifts* and promise, as within the last few years. This has led to much and earnest thought and conference amongst those who have endeavoured to benefit the church of Christ by educating its ministers; but as yet the public mind has not generally reached any definite conclusion. We think the fact just mentioned must be regarded as one of the effects of a low state of piety in our churches, and consequently of the self-denial and zeal required to labour in a work so discouraging and so *ill-requited* as that of the christian ministry amongst Dissenters, and amongst Baptists especially. If a situation in a railroad, shop, or farm be vacant, the applicants are innumerable. Yet innumerable doors are open for the work of the Lord: the fields are white unto harvest, "but the labourers (*well-qualified* labourers) are few." Jesuits and Puseyites are, indeed, earnestly *self-denying* and numerously at work. The apostles of Infidelity and Socinianism, in its different grades, never were more active. *They* find minds well endowed and resolute for their destructive labours. Men from the higher walks of life will devote themselves to drudgery and toil in the service of hierarchical and sacramental impostures. Oh, how few of our richer men's sons consecrate themselves to the service of the truth itself! One good result must surely follow the calling of public attention to these facts. It will lead our churches to "pray earnestly the Lord of the harvest that he would send forth labourers into his harvest." No set of men have laboured with less confidence in human qualifications for the ministry than College Tutors and Committees. *They* have such constant *experience* of the uselessness of all their efforts, *except* as aids to gifts already possessed, that *they* are rarely ever tempted to forget the divine in the human. But we fear that the churches of Christ have allowed themselves to depend too much on colleges for that which heaven alone can bestow. How rarely do we hear the prayer which stands at the head of this paper! How rarely, if it ascend sometimes in reference to the heathen, is it offered in reference to *Britain!* And even when it is presented in reference to churches at home, how feeble is the sense of need! Yet it may be confidently asserted that no cause, and especially God's cause, has prospered much or long without efficient leaders. It is a law of Providence. Christianity began its course in obedience to this law. It has flourished, or decayed, or revived again, in obedience to it. God *could*

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edify and perfect his saints otherwise, but he has not seen fit to depart, in regard to his church, from one of his great providential laws,—that every cause amongst men must depend much on its leaders. He therefore gave at first those marvellous qualifications which gathered rapidly thousands into his churches, and fitted men to govern the churches so collected. Nor can we look for any extensive revival and *deepening* of *true* religion now, but in obedience to the same law, and as a consequence of an effusion of *really* spiritual gifts from the same fountain of light and wisdom. Hence our Lord's command, "Pray ye the Lord of the harvest." If looking to our colleges for ministers has led our churches to look less to God for the gifts without which it were sinful and useless for young men to enter christian colleges at all, then they have used colleges to their injury. We strongly suspect this to be the case; and if so, God will teach us, in the way he is now doing, that gifts for the ministry are *his* gifts; and that while it is our duty to cultivate them and facilitate their exercise, it is equally our duty to *ask* them of the *only* Giver. We hear much of many minor causes for so little of the best talent in our churches being consecrated to the service of the church. We think ourselves that too large a proportion of the more able minds, born and brought up in the midst of Zion, desert her for the world; and that another large proportion of it is wholly indisposed to renounce worldly respectability and prospects in secular life for the comparatively poor and despised service of God. *Worldliness and the world are absorbing the talents of the church.* Can we conceive a louder call to wrestle with God on behalf of the church in the language of our motto? We may not occupy more space at present. Another occasion may allow room for some of the many thoughts which must crowd any reflective mind on this subject. We only add, that the work of the ministry is evidently becoming *intellectually*, as well as spiritually, an increasingly difficult one. Even in agricultural communities, and incalculably more so in our manufacturing towns, the people read so much more, and become so much more intelligent than their forefathers, that the christian ministry must, in this respect, keep *ahead* of their hearers, or be in danger of their open or *secret* contempt. Pious parents, who are giving their children a better education than they themselves received, should never forget the *kind of ministry* which will be needed to interest their beloved offspring.

F. CLOWES.

THE WOMAN THAT WAS "A SINNER."

"Wherefore I say unto thee, Her sins, which are many, are forgiven; for she loved much: but to whom little is forgiven, *the same* loveth little."—*Luke* vii. 47.

The correctness of the interpretation now offered of this verse, will perhaps be more apparent if we endeavour to obtain a graphic view of the whole scene. At all events the attempt need not be fruitless of advantage.

Christ was now in the city of Nain, where he had attracted some notice by his miracles, one of which was the raising of a widow's son to life, in the very midst of the funeral procession. A Pharisee, named Simon, invites him to sup at his house. Although no very flattering reception was to be expected from one of that haughty sect, he accepted the invitation, embracing whatever opportunity the occasion might afford of doing good. The scene that occurred was a very remarkable one.

The Pharisee treats Christ *respectfully;* he is, from all that appears,

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guilty of no breach of ordinary *good-breeding* towards him. But his behaviour does not go *beyond* common respectfulness. There was no cordial *welcome* offered. He did not "make much" of his guest,—did not treat him either as a friend, or as a stranger of dignity. His motive in asking him to come, might have been simple curiosity to see the peasant of Galilee, of whom such wondrous things were said. He did not offer him the hearty kiss of welcome,—did not provide him with the luxury of water for his feet, or of oil for his head. One can imagine there was a good deal of restraint and reserve in the intercourse, on *his* part, as if he did not quite know *what to do* with his guest, now he was come.

Whilst they were at supper, a woman living in the city came into the room, and took her station behind Jesus, at his feet. The Easterns, at their meals, recline on a couch, on their left side; so that the feet would be accessible from behind. On going to Jesus, she manifests deep emotion, like a person quite overcome by her feelings towards him. She does not wait calmly to hear the conversation, as others coming in might have done. She is constrained to take a more prominent part in the scene. She *says* nothing; but she weeps, when she looks on Christ,—with her copious tears she washes his feet, then wipes them with her own hair, then she pours costly ointment upon them, and kisses them repeatedly. Her silence must have made the scene the more impressive. Her feelings probably did not *admit* of words, they were clearly such as words could not have *expressed*.

The Pharisee was amazed at this behaviour of the stranger, so different from his own treatment of Christ. It was as if he had made some *new discovery* about his guest. *He* did not know much of him; but *the woman* clearly did. What could make her so excessive in her attentions? Did she think more highly of Christ than he did? Or did her want of education impose less restraint on her behaviour? At all events, it does not seem a becoming thing. If he be a prophet, as is asserted, surely it cannot be right for him to admit such intimacy from a person of *her* character, "for she is a sinner," her conduct is notorious for its flagrancy. Probably she was known in the city as a woman of abandoned reputation. The Pharisees' abhorrence was great of "publicans and sinners," "publicans and harlots." No doubt this man's amazement and disgust at the scene before him were profound, nothing perhaps but a Pharisee's regard to external decency kept him from expressing as much to his guest.

But Christ knew his thoughts. If his countenance and manner did not betray them, He who "knows what is in man," could read them in their secret recess. Breaking the silence, he said, "Simon, I have somewhat to say to thee," and then, with his permission, he put the case to him, *which is to be the key* to the different behaviour of the woman and of himself towards Christ, "There were two debtors: one owed ten times as much as the other: the creditor forgives them both; which of them will feel most obliged and grateful to him?" "No doubt," says the Pharisee, "the one *to whom most was forgiven*." "Thou hast rightly decided," says Christ; "and this exactly explains the difference of the treatment I have received from yourself and from her. I do not complain of any *incivility* on your part; but you have not been *extravagant* in your attentions; you gave me no kiss, no water, no oil; these you *would* have offered had you been *much* moved with regard to your guest. But see this woman! with what tokens of grateful reverence and affection has she overwhelmed me! She has done even *more* than might have been looked for, or than is ordinarily shewn towards guests; she has bathed my feet in her own tears, and wiped them with her own hair; she has kissed

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even my feet, and done so ever since I came in; and, instead of the usual oil upon my head, she has expended precious ointment on my feet. It must be clear to you that her gratitude is unbounded; 'she loves *much*;' why? because she is conscious of having received a great blessing from me (for this is not the first time I have met her). You say, 'she is a sinner;' yes, and she knows it, and that is part of the reason why she loves me; she feels herself unworthy to be noticed by me; but I have *forgiven* her sins: that is the *other* part of the reason for her love; she is *a consciously forgiven sinner*. 'Wherefore I say unto thee, her sins, which are *many*, are forgiven; for she *loved much*,' (not, her sins are forgiven *because* of her love, but) you may, *according to your own admission* about the two debtors, *judge for yourself* that she has had a large debt of guilt remitted, for she *acts* as if she had; she *loves* much, that is *just what people do* (you yourself allow it) who are conscious of having received some large benefit."

What had been the precise nature of Christ's previous kindness to her, we are not informed. Some think she had been healed of some disease; or had had a dead relative raised to life (he *had* healed several in Nain,—see ver. 21). *That* would have been in some sense, a proof of Christ's forgiveness,—it would shew that he could confer a favour on the most unworthy. But, in all probability, there was something *more;* he speaks distinctly of *forgiveness*, as *the* blessing that had been communicated. We can easily imagine the facts of the case. She was a *sinner*, not in the ordinary sense, but the term was fixed on her as a brand of public infamy; she *felt* her degraded position as an outcast from society; never perhaps did she obtain a friendly look from a fellow-creature's eye. We know how the Pharisees, your "correct people," would move along the street, with the implied command, "stand by thyself, come not near me; for I am holier than thou." At length a person named Jesus comes to the town, and attracts much attention by his teaching and his deeds of power and benevolence: among other things it is reported that a certain widow's son has been raised from the dead, the people flock to see him, and she goes with them. Nothing surprises her more than to find him so full of condescension. He mingles with "publicans and sinners," intent on doing them good; strangest of all, he takes notice of *her!* casts a look of melting pity on the poor creature, and advises her to reform. "But," she might say, "what shall I gain by it? my character is irrecoverably gone, and I must ever remain an object of aversion to the better members of society; none of them will receive me." "*I* will receive you," is the reply. "*God* will receive you; angels and all the good will rejoice in the change; a full pardon is offered you."

What an effect would this have on the poor woman! Can we wonder at her affectionate gratitude? "That," says Christ, "is the reason why she loves much; and this, too, is a key to *your* conduct; 'to whom little is forgiven, the same loveth little;' you do not feel indebted for the pardon of sin to me, for you have no deep sense of needing that blessing. In the character of one that can forgive sins, I am of little or no account in your estimation."

By way, it would seem, of giving a finish to the impressiveness of the scene, he once more pronounces the sinner's pardon (ver. 48, 50): "And he said unto her, Thy sins are forgiven; thy faith hath saved thee; go in peace."

The chief, if not the only, difficulty in the way of this explanation of the passage, lies in the illative particle, rendered "for," in ver. 47. This difficulty, however, will disappear, if we take the word as expressing the reason, *not* for her *forgiveness*, but for Christ's *statement* respecting her; the clause, "for she loved much," seems to be designed as a more precise

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definition of the word "wherefore" at the beginning of the verse; and it might have been *omitted* without detriment to the *sense*, although there would have been a sacrifice of *force*. The *simplicity* of our interpretation is an additional recommendation. In this respect it is certainly preferable to that of *Neander*, for instance, (in his Life of Christ), who says, "The faith of the woman proved itself genuine, because it sprang from, and begat, love; the love from the faith, the faith from the love."

There can be little need of dwelling on the practical lessons of the scene, because they stand forth so prominently: such as, the encouragement offered to the most unworthy to apply for the mercy of the Son of God; the extreme difficulty which a person of outwardly blameless life often has in discovering his need of the divine forgiveness; the incapacity of such an one to pronounce sentence on those more ardent manifestations of piety in others, which to him appear to be fanaticism; the possibility of shewing much outward respect to Christ, and yet "loving him little;" the need of a superior illumination, to shew us our own character, and the infinite excellence of Christ as a Saviour.

Boxmoor. B. P. P.

A BAPTISMAL HYMN.

BY THE REV. J. E. GILES.

"If any man will come after me, let him deny himself, and take up his cross and follow me." "For whosoever shall be ashamed of me and my words, of him shall the Son of Man be ashamed, when he shall come in his own glory, and in his Father's, and of the holy angels."—*Matt.* xvi. 24.—*Luke* ix. 26.

Hast Thou said, exalted Jesus,
Take thy cross and follow Me?
Shall the word with terror seize us?
Shall we from the burden flee?
Lord, I'll take it!
And, *rejoicing, follow Thee.*

While the liquid tomb surveying,
Emblem of my Saviour's grave,
Shall I shun its brink, betraying
Feelings worthy of a slave?
No! I'll enter,
Jesus entered Jordan's wave!

Sweet the sign that thus reminds me,
Saviour, of thy love for me;
Sweeter still the love that binds me
In its deathless bonds to Thee.
Oh, what pleasure,
Buried with my Lord to be!

Should it rend some fond connexion,
Should I suffer shame or loss,
Yet the fragrant, blest reflection,
I have been where Jesus was,
Will revive me,
When I faint beneath the cross.

Fellowship with Him possessing,
Let me die to all around,
So I rise t' enjoy the blessing,
Kept for those in Jesus found,
When th' archangel
Wakes the sleepers under ground.

Then, baptized in love and glory,
Lamb of God, thy praise I'll sing;
Loudly with th' immortal story
All the harps in heaven shall ring:
Saints and seraphs
Sound it loud from every string.

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Tales and Sketches.

THE CHRISTIAN AND THE SMUGGLERS.*

AN INCIDENT IN THE LIFE OF THE LATE REV. T. BURCHELL.

The first piece of cloth Mr. Burchell could call his own, he disposed of to a house in Bristol. About a week afterwards he was in the company of a friend, who, in ignorance of the transaction, happened to say that a certain party (mentioning the selfsame house) was reported as likely to fail. On hearing this, he sought and obtained permission to be absent on the following day. It was the summer season. The splendours of noon had long since passed, and were softening down into the chastened radiance of evening. It occurred to him, that if he could start that night, he should gain considerable time, and arrive in Bristol (nearly thirty miles distant) some hours before the coach, which did not leave until the morning. His determination was at once taken. Between eight and nine o'clock he commenced his journey, and continued to walk on briskly till it was quite dark, when he turned into an inn on the roadside. Here he rested until day-break. The worthy host advised him, on departure, to strike across the country, and make for the Severn, where he would be sure to find a boat, which would take him down in good time. He did so; and, on nearing the river, which lay stretched out in noble amplitude before him, saw a boat push off from land. He hailed the men in her, but they seemed in haste to begone; he then called more loudly to them, but they pressed on the more vigorously, and were soon out of hearing.

On looking about he saw another boat, and feeling that if he did not succeed in this instance, he would fail in the object for which he had come so much out of a direct course, he resolved to make every effort to induce her little crew to return to shore, and take him in. He accordingly took off his coat, and waved it in the air, and soon had the satisfaction of observing that they had brought the boat up, and seemed to be debating whether or not they should comply with his wishes. In about ten minutes they put back; but as they approached, it struck him that he had never before seen five such desperate looking fellows. After some objection on their part, they told him to get in. He had not done so long, however, before he found that he was in most undesirable company. Several of the men whispered to each other a good deal; and now and then he caught a word, the import of which made him feel uneasy and anxious. At length he perceived they were steering in an opposite direction. On his referring to this fact, one of them, a brawny Irishman, exclaimed, "Och, my jewel! and do you think you are going to lave us soon, now that we have nabbed you at last? Do you see, jewel? (pointing his finger to the water on which they were floating) you shall go and see the bottom of Davy Jones's locker, before you go to land again." They all now set up a shout, in confirmation of their murderous design, and as though to urge each other on to the deed.

Somewhat alarmed, their threatened and helpless victim asked, who they thought he was? At this they laughed, and said, "Do you take us for fools?" From their horrid oaths and avowed intentions, he perceived that they took him for a spy in the preventive service; and he could now see, by some kegs of spirit which had been covered up in the bottom of the boat, that they were a party of smugglers. Again and again he assured them that he was not the person they suspected him to be, but to no purpose; they only renewed their threats of immediate and signal vengeance. Finding he could not gain on them by merely asserting that he had no connexion with government agents, he began to address them in a very serious strain; reminded them that, if they did him any injury, God would judge them for it. After some little while, he saw the countenance of one of them relax, and observed a tremor pass over the frame of another. Still, they did not alter the wrong course they had been steering for some time.

He then addressed each one, separately and solemnly, saying, that each would have to stand, in his own person, at the bar of

* The above extract from the life of the late Rev. T. Burchell, would have been inserted last month, but for want of room. We may extract other passages from this very interesting volume in after Numbers.

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God, and receive according to his deeds, whether good or bad. At length, the man who seemed to sustain the office of captain, cried out, "I say, Dick, I can't stand this; we must let him go. I don't believe he is the man we thought he was. Where do you want to be put out, sir?" The traveller replied, that he wished to be taken up the Avon to Bristol. The man said, "We cannot go up so far as that, as we dare not pass Pill; but we will take you as far as possible, and put you in a way to go on." He thanked them, and begged them to make the utmost speed, as his business was urgent. Finding them so far subdued, he took the opportunity of speaking of their nefarious mode of life. They all appeared struck with his statements and conduct; and, on his landing, refused to receive what he had stipulated to pay as fare; at the same time offering to forward one of the kegs of spirits to any place he would mention. One of the men also accompanied him to a farm-house, and so far interested the occupant in his favour, as to induce him to drive him to Bristol in his family taxcart. He thus reached the end of his journey at an early hour in the morning, and, as a result, succeeded in recovering the greater part of his cloth.

Some years after, on his return from Jamaica to this country, Mr. Burchell met the smuggler who had accompanied him to the farm-house, in a small village, near the Cheddar cliffs in Somersetshire. The man proffered his hand, at the same time reminding him of their previous interview. He was much struck at his altered appearance, and enquired what was the cause. "Ah, sir," said he, "after your talk we none of us could ever follow that calling again. I have since learnt to be a carpenter, and am doing very well in this village; and attend a chapel three or four miles off. And our poor master never forgot to pray for you, to his dying day. He was quite an altered man; took his widowed mother to his house; and became a good husband and a good father, as well as a good neighbour. Before, every one was afraid of him, he was such a desperate fellow; afterwards, he was as tame as a lamb. He opened a little shop for the maintenance of his family, and, what was better still, he held prayer-meetings in his house. The other three men now form part of a crew in a merchant vessel, and are very steady and well behaved."

Such was the delightful change that had passed on the character, conduct, and destiny, of a gang of smugglers, and which had been brought about by a course of events as unexpected as it was singular. The providence of God is conspicuous in all. And while it tends to illustrate the wisdom and benignity of his purposes and plans, it shews also with what facility he can secure their accomplishment; rendering the ordinary occurrences in business, and the pecuniary interests of a stripling tradesman, subservient to that end. Such are the minute and obscure points on which the permanent welfare of responsible agents and immortal beings are made to turn.

THE INFIDEL CONVINCED BY A CHILD.

A TRUE NARRATIVE.

Early in the year 1818, I left Geneva for Paris. From Macon to Chalons I travelled by the passage boat, on the river Saone: it was a wet day, and the passengers were obliged to stay in the cabin. After some time it was proposed that one of the company should read aloud, to pass away the time.

A person of respectable appearance, who sat near me, produced two volumes from his travelling bag, saying, "Here is something that will amuse us: I will read, if you will listen."

"What book is it?" said I, to this obliging gentleman.

He read the title: it was one of those infidel works with which worthless men inundated France, during the reign of irreligion that so long desolated that country.

"I do not think you will read *that* book," said I.

"Why not?" answered he sharply.

"Because, sir, I am going to read *this*."

"And pray what book have *you?*"

"It is the bible, sir; before which your book must remain closed, or at least be read in silence."

Our companions all approved of my words. The infidel replied, angrily, "Well, sir, if my book must not be read, yours also must be silent."

"It has spoken *already*," said I, "and it will speak long after we are in the silent grave. But if you choose, read that book, which leads you astray; and I will read this, which points out the way to happiness."

I then seated myself in a corner, and

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read, with renewed pleasure, the promises and instructions of the word of God; I did so without interruption, except by occasional sneers from the unhappy infidel and two others, who, like him, delighted in vanity and lies. They glanced at me, and appeared to say, "Who cares for you or your bible!"

Towards evening we left the boat, and on seating myself in the diligence, I found that my fellow passengers were, the infidel whose book I had condemned, two merchants from Picardy, and a colonel in the army; they were all proceeding to Paris as well as myself. After the usual salutations and a few common-place observations, somebody asked, "Where shall we be this time to-morrow?" "At such a place," answered one of the merchants. I added, "If God pleases."

"Ah, as for that," exclaimed the infidel, "we shall be there just the same, whether he pleases or not."

"Then you consider the will of God as nothing," said I, fixing my eyes upon his, till he turned them away; "and you dare to utter such a sentiment in his presence."

"Why, as for that," said he, with a bitter smile of contempt, "you must prove that there is a God before you talk about his will."

This horrible blasphemy caused the whole party to shudder, as if a viper, or some other poisonous reptile, had been thrown into the coach. The merchant, who sat next the infidel, shrank from him as if by instinct, while the colonel looked at me, saying, "The fool hath said in his heart, there is no God." I then addressed the infidel, and said to him, "If I had been aware that you would have uttered such sentiments, I would not have entered the coach. But the Almighty God has heard your blasphemy, and is able to convince you of his power."

"That is my concern," said he; "every one is free to believe as he pleases: you keep your belief, and I will hold mine."

"Do you suppose, sir," said the colonel, "that because you have swallowed poison we can let you perish, without caring for you? No; we have more regard for your best interests; and, although we have shuddered at your blasphemy, we think it our duty to endeavour to save you from its awful consequences."

The Infidel. Well, fools if they like, may suppose——

The Colonel. Stop, sir, you had better be silent. You are beside yourself; and, for my part, I assure you that I do not consider myself a fool, because I firmly, and with reverence, believe that the Almighty God, who has created and redeemed me, will uphold and protect me every hour, through all the changing scenes of this mortal life. And (added he with fervour) a soldier in particular ought to feel that there is a God. It is a truth indelibly impressed upon every object around us; nay, even upon the countenance of the madman who denies it.

The Infidel (*angrily*). The madman! sir, that is too much——

The Colonel. Stop, do not distress yourself, sir; nor suppose that I mean to back my opinions with my sword. No, I only repeated what the bible declares, upon the opinion you just now asserted. For myself, I should be worse than a madman, if I did not believe that it was my Almighty and Heavenly Father who has for many a year guarded me in the day of battle. Only a few months ago a rocket struck the body of my horse, and instantly exploded; it tore him to pieces, and I was thrown to some distance without receiving the smallest injury. Sir, tell me not of chance, but say, who was it that preserved me in that hour of danger and death?

The infidel stammered out a few words. The colonel added some brief observations, and we then wished each other good night.

In the morning the colonel gave me a hint to resume the subject of the preceding day. I sat opposite the infidel, who was still asleep, but exhibited no traces of inward peace upon his countenance. I took out my bible and read aloud some of the Psalms, and the sleeper was awakened, although he pretended to sleep on; for as I read in the 10th Psalm, "The wicked through the pride of his countenance will not seek after God: God is not in all his thoughts;" a sudden frown passed across his brow, which the colonel and the two merchants noticed as well as myself.

Just then the coach stopped at the bottom of a steep ascent. It was a frosty morning, and a few flakes of snow had fallen. While we waited to rest the horses, the door of a cottage by the road side opened, and three children came out. The eldest was a girl about twelve years old, another girl between six and seven, and a smiling chubby-faced boy, about four, followed her.

The eldest held a long hazel wand, at the end of which was fixed a nosegay of winter,

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flowers neatly tied, up to the window of the coach.

I was pleased with this little mark of industry, and putting sixpence into a cleft at the end of the wand, I took the nosegay.

"A happy New Year to the gentleman," cried the children. "Well," said I, "I suppose I must give you something for your good wishes," and I threw them another sixpence.

The children again exclaimed, "A happy New Year, sir; may you live many happy years."

"How many?" said I. "Oh, a great many, sir, as many as you can."

"Thank you, my dear; but how many years do you suppose I shall live in the world?"

"Ah, sir, how can I tell?" said the girl.

"Who can tell?" asked I.

This question appeared to puzzle her; our conversation attracted the attention of my fellow travellers, even of the infidel; while the driver and the guard also seemed to listen; but no one replied.

I repeated, "Who can tell how many years longer I shall live?"

The two sisters said nothing, but the little boy clasped his hands together, looked up at me, and said, "Sir, nobody but God knows that."

We looked at the infidel, who turned away his face in confusion.

The coach went on; and, after a short silence, the colonel repeated the verse, "Out of the mouth of babes and sucklings hast thou ordained strength, because of thine enemies, that thou mightest still the enemy and the avenger" (Psalm viii. 2).

"Yes," said I, "a little child who has only just entered into life, already knows in his heart, and testifies with his lips, that there is a God who knows all things; while a man who has lived thirty or forty years, experiencing many striking proofs of the power, and wisdom, and kind providence of God, opposes these truths, and would command the child to be silent; nay, perhaps, is ready to make a jest of his words."

The infidel sat without speaking, and with downcast looks, he appeared to feel our last words. I said no more, not wishing to excite his anger, but desirous that he should reflect upon what had passed.

We continued silent for some time. At length, he who the day before had laughed at the bible, and had dared to deny that there was a God, said in a humbled tone of voice, "Sir, last night you told the colonel that you would read to him some passages from the bible; these gentlemen and I would be glad to hear you."

The colonel looked at me with pleasure; the tears stood in his eyes; I could not restrain my emotion, but said, "Is it possible that God should have caused you to listen to his voice, from the mouth of that little child?" "What the child said certainly made a singular impression upon me," replied he. "I will confess, that during the last hour, I have felt differently upon this subject from what I have ever done before; but, sir, I do not wish to recall what passed yesterday evening; I entreat that you also will try to forget it."

The colonel turned towards him, and took his hand, saying, "We deeply rejoice to hear what you have just said. It is of God; and it is, I trust, the beginning of the work of the Holy Spirit in your heart."

"Read to us, sir," added he, addressing himself to me, "read to us the word of life; and may God bless it to all our hearts."

The morning was spent in this pleasant employment, and we were much gratified by the earnest enquiries of our companion. Several times he appeared struck to the heart, by that word which the Holy Spirit has compared to a "two-edged sword" (Heb. iv. 12). At other times he brought forward objections, which were easily removed by the word of truth. I need not attempt to express how much we rejoiced at having reason to hope that God had touched that heart, which but a few hours before was in open rebellion against him.

Our conversation continued till we stopped to dine at a late hour. We were cold and hungry, and rejoiced as much at the sight of fire, as to see the provisions upon the table. Our conversation was gratifying; the colonel spoke of his childhood, and the religious education he had received. "My mother," said he, "was to me what Monica was to St. Augustine; scarcely a day passed without her hearing me read the bible, and instructing me in the truths of the gospel. When twelve years old, I was brought to a knowledge of the Saviour, and since that time I have known peace and joy in believing. If I have been enabled to behave with courage in the field, it has been because, having trusted in the Lord, I feared not death nor danger. When marching to battle, I felt that the eyes of

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the Lord were upon me; I was enabled to commit my soul into his hands, who redeemed me with his precious blood; and I entreated him to keep me in the path of duty. Each succeeding day I have had new cause to bless my God and Saviour."

This pious soldier related to us some further particulars of his life, Our companion listened with attention, and more than once referred to what had passed in the boat and in the coach, and especially to the children at the cottage. This gave the colonel and myself an opportunity to observe, that "God hath chosen the weak things of this world, to confound the things which are mighty" (1 Cor. iv. 27).

"It is true," said our companion. "Yes, I feel that it is true; for I must confess, that when you asked the girl that question, I guessed the answer which you wished her to give, and resolved to ridicule it; but when she did not reply, and, after a long pause, the little boy so simply declared the great name, God, it struck me to the heart, and I had not a word to say; I could almost suppose that His eyes were upon me: I shall never forget that moment;—I was struck dumb."

He then rose from the table, and left the room, but soon returned with the two volumes which he had offered to read while we were in the boat.

"Here, sir," said he, "are the vile books, which for several years past have strengthened me in unbelief and blasphemy. May God, who now beholds me, and in whose presence I now stand, consume the evils that they have nourished within my heart, as this fire consumes their wretched pages, and the blasphemies they contain."

He cast the volumes into the fire, and looked on in silence till they were burnt to ashes. "Now," said he, "I am relieved of part of my burden; those volumes can do no more harm; and may my right hand be cut off, rather than I be permitted again to open others like them. May God," added he, pointing to my bible, "teach me, and write upon my heart the truths contained in that precious book, which has this day shed a ray of light into my soul."

We all added a fervent "Amen."

We were but the fellow-travellers of a day. What the event might be has not come to my knowledge; but surely we may hope that He who sowed the good seed, would cause it to grow, and in his infinite mercy complete the work he thus began.

ANSWERING OUR OWN PRAYERS.

In the vicinity of B—— lived a poor but industrious man, depending for support upon his daily labour. His wife fell sick, and not being able to hire a nurse, he was obliged to confine himself to the sick-bed and his family. His means of support being thus cut off he soon found himself in need. Having a wealthy neighbour near, he determined to go and ask him for two bushels of wheat, with a promise to pay as soon as his wife became so much better that he could leave her and return to his work. Accordingly he took his bag, went to his neighbour's, and arrived while the family were at morning prayers. As he sat on the door stone, he heard the man pray very earnestly that God would clothe the naked, feed the hungry, relieve the distressed, and comfort all that mourn. The prayer concluded, the poor man stepped in and made known his business, promising to pay with the avails of his first labour. The farmer was very sorry he could not accommodate him, but he had promised to loan a large sum of money, and had depended upon his wheat to make it out; but he presumed neighbour —— would let him have it.

With a fearful eye and a sad heart the poor man turned away. As soon as he left the house, the farmer's little son stepped up and said, "Father, did you not pray that God would clothe the naked, feed the hungry, relieve the distressed, and comfort mourners?" "Yes; why?" "Because, father, if I had your wheat, I would answer that prayer." It is needless to add, that the christian father called back his suffering neighbour and gave him as much as he needed.

Now, christian readers, do you thus answer your own prayers?

My brother, when you fear your church will be left destitute of a pastor for lack of competent support, do you pray God that the church may not be left as a flock without a shepherd; and then rising from your knees, use every means, both through your purse and through your influence, to answer that prayer?

My sister, when you hear of or see the wretchedness to which sin, in one form or another, has reduced multitudes of your own sex, and from the fulness of your own heart beseech a merciful God to pity and relieve, do you see to it that your prayers go not wholly unanswered?

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Christian friends, when you see a world perishing in sin, and hear the actual death-groan of hundreds of millions who are making their last fearful leap into hell, and your agonizing soul cries, "Lord, save, ere they all perish," do your self-denying efforts to do and to give, shew to all that what you can do in answering your own prayers, shall not go undone?

Is not our willingness or unwillingness to come up to the work of answering our prayers, as far as it is within our power, a true but fearful test of our sincerity?

SUNDAYS EXCEPTED.

"Every day, Sundays excepted," say the railroad and steamboat notices. So also read the handbills of the museum, the panorama, and perhaps the theatre. It is a compliment to christianity and the Sabbath. And as our eyes rested upon the phrase the other day, the thought was started, that a good many people should be as *explicit* as the managers of railroads and picture galleries, and qualify their creeds, professions, and pretensions, which are all so many showbills, by saying, "Sundays excepted." Let us see how some of these bills ought to be made out.

"All important business attended to, with decision, toil, and exposure, and no surrendering to cold, rain, mud, a reluctant feeling, or a slight indisposition, on any day of the week, *Sundays excepted*."

"No propensity to sleep in the day time, yea, great wakefulness, and eyes wide open with interest, on all the themes that address themselves to gain, danger, hope, and fear, and on all the days of the week, *Sundays excepted*."

"Reading and conversation adapted to the business in hand, and made to subserve the objects and designs of each day, and this rule strictly adhered to, every day in the week, *Sundays excepted*."

"Disposed to obey God, and respect his institutions, claims, and rights, every day, *Sundays excepted*."

"A physician with a good practice, and yet able to command time for attendance upon a public lecture on any day of the week, *Sundays excepted*."

"A professing christian, fond of an easy, accommodating religion, and no objection to card playing, dancing, or a few hours at the bowling ally or the theatre, on any day of the week, *Sundays excepted*."

"A man for speculation and gain, without honour, given to knavery and extortion, and that would not be taken for a decent respecter of religion on any day of the week, *Sundays excepted*."

The foregoing is only a rough draft of some of the notices or bills which sundry persons might with eminent truthfulness "*stick up*" about their premises. The public would thus be advertised of *facts*, and some foolish mistakes of the community might be prevented.

Correspondence.

THE BURDEN OF PROOF OF THE BAPTISMAL CONTROVERSY.

The state of the controversy between ourselves and our Pædobaptist brethren is as follows:—They *assert* that Infant Baptism was an ordinance practised in the apostolic church; and this position we *deny*. Now, by all the laws of sound reasoning, the *burden of proof* lies upon them. They must first prove their affirmative before we can fairly be called upon to prove our negative; and, indeed, *in the absence of proof on their part, our negative stands virtually proven*. This has been demonstrated by Dr. Carson in his introduction to his last book on baptism, in which Dr. Whately's assumptions of an opposite character are vigorously refuted. Surely no man can be called upon to prove Infant Baptism unapostolical until something like proof is advanced that it is apostolical. And clearly if it were an apostolical custom to baptize the children of believers, proof of this may easily be found in the New Testament records.

We are willing, however, in this debate to perform a work of supererogation, and are prepared to prove that Infant Baptism could not have been known in apostolic times. But before we proceed to do so we entreat the reader's attention to the following excellent remarks of Dr. Whately, Archbishop of Dublin, in his Treatise on

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Rhetoric:—"It is to be observed that in many cases, silence, omission, absence of certain statements, &c. will have even greater weight than much that we do find stated; *e. g.*, suppose we meet with something in a passage of one of Paul's epistles, which indicates, with a certain degree of probability the existence of such and such a custom, institution, &c.; and suppose there is just the same degree of probability that such and such another custom, institution, or event, which he does *not* mention anywhere, *would* have been mentioned by him in the same place, supposing it to have really existed or occurred; this omission, and the negative argument resulting, has incomparably the more weight than the other, *if we also find* that same omission in *all the other epistles*, and in every one of the books of the New Testament." (p. 76.) It is precisely by this process of reasoning that we are able to shew that Infant Baptism could not have been practised in apostolic times.

1. *The New Testament relates many instances of the baptism of men and women, but does not contain a solitary record of the baptism of an infant.* Now surely, if in primitive days it had been the rule to baptize the infants of believers with their parents, some plain instance of such a practice would have been recorded. But the absence of the narration of any such case proves that infants could not have been baptized at that period of church history. The four baptised households were *believing* households, and this explains the reason of *their* baptism along with their heads. The baptism of households was *unusual* even in those days, because it was a rare thing for all the members of a household to be converted at the same time; but in four cases it did take place, and in those four cases *alone* is it recorded that the *household* was baptized along with the householder. We affirm, then, that not a single instance of Infant Baptism can be produced from the New Testament.

2. *No precepts are given either by Christ or his apostles enjoining upon parents the baptism of their children.* Now, the duties of christian parents are not meagerly discussed in the New Testament, but are there fully exhibited. Surely, then, somewhere or other, we should have found the baptism of their infants presented to christian parents as their solemn duty, *had this been considered in those days a parental obligation.* And would not parents have been reminded of the *responsibilities* incurred by them in consequence of having dedicated their children to God by baptism? But where are such responsibilities thus enforced? Where is the fact of having had his children baptized presented to a christian man as an additional reason why he should train up those children in the nurture and admonition of the Lord? Yet pious Pædobaptist ministers are in the habit of appealing in this strain to the members of their churches, and profess to regard such appeals as quite apostolical in their style. But the entire exclusion from the pages of the New Testament of all such methods of stirring up christian parents to the discharge of their duties, proves that it was not the practice in apostolic times for believers to baptize their infants.

3. *Nor are there any incidental allusions or passing references in the New Testament to the existence of such a ceremony as Infant Baptism.* Even the ingenuity of the author of the "Horæ Paulinæ" would fail to discover any such allusion. The inspired canon contains repeated references to the baptism of believers, and to the Supper of the Lord; but we cannot find in it the shadow of an allusion, however incidental or fugitive, to the ceremony of *Infant* Baptism. This proves that such a ceremony must have been unknown in those days.

4. *The controversies with which the primitive church was convulsed respecting the continuance of circumcision, demonstrate that the apostles cannot have enjoined the observance of Infant Baptism as a substitute for Infant Circumcision.* Had there existed in the apostolic church the ordinance of Infant Baptism coming in the room of Infant Circumcision, no disputes with regard to the perpetuity of the latter could have arisen, but it must of necessity have died a natural death. But the perpetual strifes concerning the continuance or abandonment of circumcision, which rent the church in apostolic times, proves that there was then no corresponding ordinance in practice.

5. *The silence of the apostles at the famous Jerusalem Council, with regard to the substitution of Infant Baptism for Infant Circumcision, satisfactorily proves the same point.* If ever there was a time when reference to Infant Baptism (supposing it to have existed) was absolutely necessary and unavoidable, it was at the Council just

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named. It must have been spoken of *there*, if it then possessed any species of entity; simply because it would have for ever silenced the controversy. The dispute, indeed, could not have arisen if it had been clearly *understood* that Infant Baptism had been given by inspired authority to supersede Infant Circumcision. But if by some *misunderstanding* such a controversy had *arisen*, it would have been immediately settled, by a proper explanation of the substantial oneness of baptism and circumcision, &c. &c. How easy would it have been for Peter or James to have risen and said, "Brethren, this debate is superfluous; circumcision is superseded by baptism; we have the former substantially in the latter, though the *mode* of the rite is altered;" and so forth. But the perfect silence maintained by the apostles on this occasion concerning any such mode of settling the dispute, proves that no such mode existed; and that Infant Baptism, as a substitute for Infant Circumcision was to them unknown.

From these considerations, then, we imagine that our negative is proved, and that it is demonstrable, according to Dr. Whately's "Argument from Negative Probabilities," that Infant Baptism *cannot* have been practised in the primitive church and by apostolic authority. We shall be glad to have any flaw which may exist in our argument pointed out; but confess our own inability to discover wherein the process of proof is defective. We affectionately solicit the serious attention of our Pædobaptist brethren to this method of putting the question.

Salendine-Nook. JOHN STOCK.

Baptist Missionary Society.

ANNUAL REPORT.

The Committtee of the Baptist Missionary Society once more appeal to the friends of the Redeemer, and place before them a brief record of its proceedings since the last annual meeting.

I.—AGENTS.

The changes that occur in a year among upwards of two hundred brethren and their families are generally not inconsiderable; but during the last year they have been rather fewer than usual. Mr. and Mrs. Cowen, and Mr. Littlewood, who had left their respective fields of labour, have returned to them; the former to Trinidad, and the latter to Nassau. In Africa, the band of brethren there has been weakened by the return to this country of Dr. and Mrs. Prince, a step rendered necessary, in their esteem, by the continued ill health of their daughter. This affliction has compelled Dr. Prince to relinquish all hope of re-engaging in a work in which (as he has expressed it) he has found himself "doubly blessed." The illness of Mr. and Mrs. Clark has prevented them also from returning to Africa, though there is hope that a little longer stay in England may be blessed to at least the partial recovery of them both. In the meantime, the "Dove" has gone back to Fernando Po under the command of Captain Milbourne, with Mr. and Mrs. Newbegin and Mrs. Saker, and with Mr. and Mrs. Yarnold, lately accepted as teachers for Clarence.

In India, several changes have occurred. One of the brethren, Mr. Dannenberg, has resigned his connexion with the Society, and is now on his way, at his own expense, to Europe. Others have been laid aside by age and illness, and one (Mr. Leonard) has entered upon his rest. He was present, in early life, at the storming of Seringapatam, and is one of the many pious soldiers who have owed their conversion to the labours of our brethren. He originated the Benevolent Institution in Calcutta for the instruction of country-born children, and was for some time the superintendent of it, an office for which his intelligence and energy admirably qualified him. In the year 1816 he was appointed to Dacca, where his talents and attention raised the Bengali and Persian schools at that station to great eminence. For nearly forty years he has maintained a most consistent character, and has died amid the regret and esteem of all who knew him. It is a singular and not an uninstructive fact, that of the ten or twelve missionaries who became connected with the Society in 1837 (on its re-union

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with Serampore), most of whom were either born in India, or had been there for some years, Mr. Leonard is the first who has been removed by death; while, of the ten who were sent out as the result of the appeal of our honoured friend W. H. Pearce, but three remain. This fact speaks decisively in favour of an indigenous ministry; nor less decisively of the importance of having in the field a larger number of European missionaries than may be absolutely required, to occupy the posts that are left vacant by the older brethren. Not a few who are now connected with the Society in India, indeed (it may be said) most, have been engaged in the work for twenty years and upwards; and they are still bringing forth fruit in their old age. A few years more, and all will have left their toil, and have entered upon their reward, without, probably, any long interval between them, and yet we are not preparing to supply their place. Mr. Fink has been compelled by age to leave Chittagong, and Mr. Robinson, Dacca. At Delhi, Mr. Thompson has been labouring for upwards of thirty years, and is the only missionary at the station; while every where our brethren are calling loudly for help, not so much to extend as to maintain their posts.

To India, one missionary (with his wife) has been sent during the year, Mr. and Mrs. Sale. A passage was given to them by the owner of the "William Carey," who complained, however, that the Society could do no more towards exhausting his generous offer of a free passage for *as many as* they could send. He has again and again expressed the hope that his vessel will never leave the shores of England for the east without carrying, on the same terms, at least one messenger of the cross. Fifty years ago no English vessel could be found to take out the despised yet dreaded missionary; now, the acceptance of a free passage is regarded by an intelligent shipowner as an honour and a reward.

It ought to be recorded with no less grateful feeling, that a mercantile house in Bristol, to whom the Society is indebted for previous acts of kindness, have returned the passage-money of Dr. and Mrs. Prince, and have added other substantial proofs of their interest in the Society's success. The Committee have also reason to know that a more just appreciation of the tendency of the labours of their brethren has become general, and that many who once questioned whereunto this mission would grow, are prepared to aid it, convinced that legitimate commerce and fair dealing, have nothing to fear, but every thing to gain, from the diffusion of religious truth.

Changes have also taken place, from various causes, at other stations. In Canada, the aid of the Society has been extended to eight brethren, instead of ten, as in previous years. In Ceylon and in the Bahamas, the necessary diminution of the Society's grant has compelled our brethren to close several schools, and to dismiss the teachers. So that, during the year, there have been altogether the following changes:—instead of sixty-eight missionaries reported last year, there are but sixty-seven, and instead of 163 native preachers and teachers, there are now only 145.

These numbers, it will be remembered, are but a faint representation of what is done by the Society abroad. They contain no element to represent the Sunday schools, the tract distributors, the holy and efficient preachers who are to be found in many of the mission churches. The Committee carefully exclude from this list all but such as are, more or less, dependent on the Society for their support.

II.—LABOURS.

The labours of these two hundred and eleven agents are of course very diversified. Of the 145 native preachers and teachers, about 100 are engaged during the day in teaching. In all the schools the sacred scriptures are read and expounded, and the missionary visits them often every day. At the close of the day's teaching, and on the Lord's-day, the teacher is the assistant of the missionary in the important work of bible and tract distribution. At certain seasons, too, his time is entirely devoted to this work, and the daily labour of the school is relinquished. Of the *native preachers*, most are engaged as evangelists and assistants; but several in India, in Ceylon, and in the Bahamas, are pastors of churches; an arrangement that would be extended, but for the fact that it is found more satisfactory to employ the native brethren as evangelists rather than as pastors. So far, of course, as they act in the capacity of pastors, their salaries are generally raised by the churches under their care. The *evangelists* are engaged daily in reading to the people, and in expounding the scriptures; in accompanying the missionary in his tours through the country, and in his

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services in the streets. In all capacities they are found invaluable helps to our brethren.

The work of the missionary is necessarily yet more extensive than that of the native ministry. Some (as Messrs. Wenger and Lewis) give most of their time to the translation of the scriptures. Mr. Leslie at Calcutta, and Mr. Williams at Agra, act as pastors of self-supporting churches. Mr. Leslie has also given much time during the year to the revision of the New Testament in Hindee, and Mr. Williams to the superintending of a considerable body of native preachers. Mr. Pearce and several others devote much of their time to the Bengalis; C. C. Aratoon, Shujat Ali, and the brethren generally in Northern India, to the Mohammedans. Each missionary has his school or schools; and in several of those schools, as at Patna, Calcutta, Serampore, Birbhum, Colombo, and Port of Spain, some of the children are orphans, and are supported by funds for which the missionary is responsible. Each has also a church or churches under his superintendence. Some spend several months in visiting the religious festivals of the people, and preach during the year to many thousands of persons. Others are engaged in preparing tracts and elementary books for the use of the converts. Some, like Mr. Denham and Mr. Pearce, add to their labours the training of young men for the work of the ministry. Others give their time entirely to this work, as Mr. Tinson at Calabar, and Dr. Cramp at Montreal. Some are engaged principally in translating and printing the scriptures, as Mr. Thomas at Calcutta, and Mr. Merrick at Bimbia: all in India are busily engaged in distributing them, the copies being supplied to the extent of 50,000 volumes a year by the liberality of the Bible Translation Society and the American and Foreign Bible Society; while in Africa, America, Haiti, and France, the Bible, in English, French, and Spanish, has been supplied by the British and Foreign Bible Society.

Some confine themselves entirely to their work as missionaries, others find it necessary and advantageous incidentally to promote the temporal comforts of the people. In Bengal, our brethren protect the poor convert against the cruelty and injustice of his heathen relatives. In Africa, they aid the cause of civilization by introducing the fruits of the more favoured regions of the tropics and the arts of Europe. In Trinidad and Tuscarora, they lay the grievances of the people before the government, and obtain relief.

While some of our brethren are thus occupied in diffusing the blessings of the gospel among nations sunk in heathen darkness, others labour among our own countrymen in Canada, or among our neighbours in France. In Canada, the grants of the Society are devoted to the partial support of eight or ten brethren, who are engaged as pastors of small churches in important towns and districts of that vast country, and where, but for the Society's help, it would be impossible to maintain the cause. Several of these brethren travel over extensive regions to tell our countrymen, in the midst of their solitudes, of that God whose worship is associated with all their recollections of kindred and home. In the interior of that colony again, and in central America, our missionary labours among Indian tribes.

This vast diversity of labour is rather apparent, however, than real. Our brethren every where preach one gospel, and have one aim. Whether among the Roman Catholics of France and Trinidad, or the Indians of Canada and Bacalar, the Hindoos, or the descendants of Ishmael and worshippers of the false prophet in India, whether among the barbarous tribes of Africa, or their warm-hearted brethren in the West Indies, they tell to all the same story of peace, and exhibit the same glorious Redeemer. Their agency has every where the same tendency. The school is maintained, because there the children are qualified to read of the Saviour of children for themselves; the tract is distributed, because it is Christ's messenger; and the bible is translated, because it is itself the message. The temporal interests of the people are watched over on the same ground. By seeking to increase their temporal comforts, the missionaries exemplify, in a faint degree, the precepts of Christ, and recommend more forcibly the truths which his death embodied. Every where, and by every means, they preach Christ Jesus the Lord.

The amount of labour performed by our brethren in these engagements it is impossible to state; but some idea of it may be gathered from the fact that in Ceylon there are fifty services held every week, and thirty-two schools under daily instruction; and that, while eighteen stations and substations are regularly supplied, 128 villages

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receive periodical visits. This is the work done in an island where we have but three missionaries and fourteen assistants, exclusive of teachers.

The brethren who have been thus engaged during the year require, under any circumstances, the cordial sympathy of our friends. They have foregone the blessings of christian fellowship; they have a thousand disappointments from which in more favoured lands they might be free; and, when it is remembered that many of them are alone, sometimes among a million of people, that they have been waiting for years for help, that others of them have had to struggle with severe personal or domestic affliction, as Webley and other friends in Haiti, Page at Barisal, Lewis at Calcutta, Davies in Ceylon, and our brethren generally in Africa, nothing more need be added to secure our remembrance of them at the throne of grace. The Committee but repeat the request of nearly every letter they receive, when they implore the friends of the mission not to cease offering up on their behalf "prayer and supplications with strong crying and tears unto Him that is able to save;" not so much that the afflictions of our brethren may be removed, as that the sufferers may be found faithful, and that Christ may be "magnified, whether it be by life or by death."

III.—RESULTS.

TRANSLATIONS.

In the work of TRANSLATION, the chief part of the Report of the Committee refers, of course, to the department of BIBLICAL translation. In Africa, the Gospels of Matthew and John in Isubu have been completed, and the books of Genesis and Exodus. Other portions of scripture are also ready, and wait only for printing. For the use of schools, a volume of scripture extracts has been published. The grammar and the Gospel of Matthew in Fernandian, prepared by Mr. Clarke, have also been printed during the year. In central America, Mr. Kingdon has been engaged in improving his version of the Gospels in Maya; and Mr. Jenkins at Morlaix, has completed the New Testament in Breton, and has circulated throughout that country nearly the whole of the edition. He speaks of the openings there as cheering in a very high degree. The liberality of the Religious Tract Society has recently placed at the disposal of himself and his brethren the sum of £100, to be employed in translating and printing Barth's Bible Stories, and other books, suitable especially for the young. Many thousand tracts have been printed by him during the year, at the expense of the Paris and London Religious Tract Societies. Tracts on the doctrines of the gospel, as opposed to the errors of the Romish church, have also been printed by Mr. Law of Trinidad, who has been supplied by the Religious Tract Society with paper for that purpose. At Delhi, our aged brother Mr. Thompson has printed several thousands of tracts, and has a promise from the same Society of whatever paper may be needed for future publications. His knowledge of the people, their language, and modes of thought, renders his labours in this department peculiarly acceptable.

The BIBLICAL labours of our brethren in Calcutta, have been confined during the year chiefly to the three vernacular languages of India—the Bengali, the Sanscrit, and the Hindi.

In HINDI Mr. Leslie has completed his new version of the New Testament, and there have been printed ..	2,500 copies
And of single Gospels	9,000
Mr. Thompson has translated Daniel into the same language, and there have been printed	1,000
In SANSCRIT the first volume of the Old Testament has been printed to the extent of	2,500
And of single Gospels	5,000
In BENGALI there have been printed of single Gospels..	33,000
Of the Psalms.....	5,000
And of the Proverbs.....	1,000
Making the total printed during the year	59,000
Or since 1838, of 639,057 volumes; or, in all, from the first, of	887,122

The number of the scriptures circulated during the year, amounts to 48,157 volumes.

The printing of the remainder of the Old Testament in Sanscrit, and the revision of the New, are advancing steadily; and reprints of the New Testament in Bengali, Hindi, and Hindustani, are in preparation for the ensuing year.

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INSTITUTIONS FOR NATIVE AGENCY.

In the important work of training young men for the ministry, the Committee are thankful in being able to report on the whole favourably. At Montreal, though some adverse influences have been at work, twelve students have continued to enjoy the benefits of the Institution, four of whom are now settled, and labouring with assiduity and success. Since this Institution was formed, twenty-six brethren have been trained in it, and are now stated or occasional preachers of the gospel. At Calabar, Jamaica, eight young men of good promise have been, during the year, in the Institution; and the Report, which has recently been received, speaks very highly of their character and piety. They seem also likely to prove acceptable to the churches in Jamaica. At Serampore, Mr. Denham has reported that eight young men of good promise, are under tuition. More than one of them are sons of missionaries, and the Committee look with hope to this Institution, for future labourers for the Indian field. With individual missionaries there are several others becoming similarly qualified, it is hoped, for the work of God among the heathen. So that it may be affirmed, that in this department, not less, certainly, than thirty young men are engaged in studying the scriptures, and are undergoing a course of elementary instruction, likely, under God, to make them able ministers of the New Testament.

ADDITIONS TO THE CHURCHES.

A survey of the statistics generally connected with the Society, exhibits rather a larger number of baptisms than in the previous years; though, from various causes, there is not a correspondent increase in the churches.

Beginning with Calcutta, it seems that, in ten churches in that city and its neighbourhood, there are now in communion 532 members, of whom sixty-five were baptized during the year. The other churches in Bengal Proper are nine. They contain in all 571 members, of whom fifty-eight were baptized last year. In other parts of India, insular and continental, there are 796 members, of whom eighty-two have been baptized during the year, making 205 in all. The total number of members in thirty-four churches being 1899, who, it is said, represent a community of nearly as many families.

In the Bahamas, the number of members under the care of our brethren, is 2,612, of whom 150 were added to the churches last year. In Trinidad, twenty-two have been baptized, the total number of members being 117. In Haiti, seven have been baptized, a number that would have been much larger but for the disturbances in that island. In Africa, the additions have amounted to ten, and the total number of members is about 110.

While our brethren have been encouraged by these results, the actual number of members in connexion with their churches has suffered diminution from various causes. In Barisal, a considerable number of the members have connected themselves with their former pastor, but who is now no longer a missionary of the Society. At other stations, many members have been removed in consequence of civil and military changes in India. In Haiti, the late disturbances have scattered the church, and some of the members have permanently left the island. In the Bahamas, the poverty of the people has compelled many to retire to other places, and the churches have been consequently weakened. The business of the Society, however, is to sow the seed of the kingdom, not to keep the wheat that springs from it, in one garner rather than in another; and whether those whom the grace of God converts, are on earth or in heaven, in one department of the field or in another, is a matter of small concern. The great question is, whether they are truly called and faithful.

These statements of the results of the labours of the year, are but partial. We can record, at most, those only that are seen. In all spiritual enterprises, it may probably be said with truth, that the results which are visible and appreciable are small compared with those that are concealed. Several hundreds have been baptized; several thousands have been taught. In India, especially, it is certain that there are many secret disciples, who fear to put on Christ in consequence of the penalties, both legal and conventional, which are still attached to the profession of the christian name. Fifty thousand volumes of the scriptures have been distributed, and at least as many thousands of tracts. But four or five times fifty thousand persons have read them. The revelations of eternity cannot fail to be grander than those of time. So that, while there is enough to induce us to thank God and take courage,

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and our duty would have remained if there had been less, it becomes us to remember that our estimate of present success necessarily excludes results which will be seen one day to be among the most precious and important.

IV.—CLAIMS.

It has long been one of the principles of the Society, that if we do the work, God will supply the means; or, to express it in a more evangelical form, the grace which fosters devoted purposes, will bring with it the funds needed for the accomplishment of them. It is the rule of God's dispensations to give grace to grace; to the grace of holy desire, the grace of holy achievement; to the grace of labour, the grace of ampler means and of larger success. So that, if the Committee proceed to set forth what they deem the claims of the mission, it must not be supposed that they speak in the language of despondency on the one hand, nor yet, on the other, as if their reliance for the success of their appeals were placed on human wisdom, or on merely human exertion. They believe that, if God make them faithful to their work, He will be faithful to his promise. But they believe no less firmly, that they need to urge the claims of the Society upon its friends, through whom it is hoped that the promise so far as funds are concerned, will be fulfilled.

They have to repeat, then, the statement made in previous years, that the income of the Society is not equal to the amount absolutely required to meet its unavoidable expenditure. For many years, the expenditure has been as low as is consistent with the continuance of the present number of agents; but, for the last eighteen months, the Committee have been compelled to consider the question of reducing the number. *European* agents they have not been prepared to *recall*; from the fact that to recall them would effect no saving of expense for at least twelve months from the time of their recall, the cost involved in a passage to England often amounting to the salary of a whole year. Nor, if they attempted this course, would they have found it practicable without abandoning important stations. From various causes, however, the entire number of agents has been gradually diminished. There is now one missionary less in Africa, and one less in India. Of native agents, not less than a dozen have been dismissed; and as many schools have been closed. These changes have involved the relinquishment of but one station, and the saving is rather prospective than immediate. Even if it were effected now, however, the Society would still need an income of £18,000 for the support of its missionaries, independently of all special contributions for particular objects. And, when it is remembered that this sum, besides meeting the expenses of conducting the Society's business, and aiding in the support of the widows and orphans of those who once contended honourably in the high places of the field, has to be divided among upwards of two hundred agents (those agents living in expensive countries), the surprise will be, not that so much is required, but that so much is done at so small a cost.

This sum of £18,000, it will be observed, admits of no curtailment, unless by a diminution of agency. No part of it is spent on buildings which might be left unfinished, or on an extension of the field of labour—a work which might be postponed; or on luxuries which might be abandoned; nor even in sending out additional missionaries who might, under peculiar pressure, be kept at home. It is all needed for supporting our present agents. If the income of the Society must be below this sum, the alternative is continued debt or diminished agency. Did the Committee know that the income would be less, they would feel bound to decide at once for diminished agency; for this course, however painful, is, in their estimation, the less unscriptural of the two.

Strongly convinced of the propriety of this course, as compared with the other, the Committee wish, nevertheless, to impress upon their own minds, and to lay again before their constituency, the consequence of adopting it. It would itself be costly. Agents must be recalled or removed. In either case there will be necessarily some pecuniary sacrifice. We shall also lose, to a considerable extent, the labours of previous years; nor can any station be relinquished without leaving in the wilderness some little flock whom the Spirit of God has gathered from the world. He that gathered them can doubtless keep them; but to justify ourselves, the necessity of leaving them needs to be made unequivocably clear. It ought also to be recollected, that in no station is the amount spent by our Society all that is spent in connexion

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with our mission for evangelical purposes. In Ceylon, between two and three hundred pounds a year is contributed towards the labours of our brethren by those who would certainly give less, and would probably in some instances give nothing, if our brethren were removed. At Saugor, in Central India, where a station has recently been established, with a saving of expense to the Society, £150 is promised towards the support of local efforts. The Society gives part of the missionary's salary, one or two friends give the rest, and a considerable sum is raised besides. Wherever the christian missionary goes, benevolent and educational effort is put forth, not by him only, but by others under the influence of his example: and all probably will cease if he remove. To prevent these grievous evils, a steady income of, at least, £18,000 is required; and even this sum makes no provision for supplying the place of brethren who may be removed, or for meeting the unforeseen expenses which missions in tropical climates especially involve.

But before the Committee can be satisfied even with the present amount of their agency, a grave question remains; whether it is adequate to the claims upon it, or to the extent and the necessities of the stations occupied by us? In India (our oldest field, and not the least promising), the extreme limits of the territory occupied by our missionaries are as distant as Gibraltar and the Shetland Islands, as Lisbon and Pesth; or, marking the distance by the time required in that country to travel it, they are as widely distant as Calcutta and London. Yet for the whole country we have but forty missionaries: fewer than the number of pastors of Baptist churches in London. And of these the strength is so divided as to be almost lost. Mr. Thompson is still alone at Delhi; Mr. Phillips at Muttra. Chittagong is all but deserted, the ill health of one of our brethren there having compelled him to leave. Dacca is left vacant. Mr. Page at Barisal, and Mr. Parry in Jessore, with large churches under their care, and extensive districts requiring visitation, have been calling loudly for help. One missionary has been sent out during the year to this Indian field; and our brethren are asking whither they are to send him; to Barisal or to Jessore, to Patna or to Bow Bazar (Calcutta), to Delhi or to Chittagong?

Nor is the question of strengthening these stations one that refers merely to the comfort of the missionary. It is really one of life and death for the stations themselves. In nearly all the places we have mentioned the Baptist missionary is the only one; and there is no brother within a week's journey. The members of the churches gathered from among the heathen are disowned by their friends: a bigoted priesthood surrounds them. When the missionary is sick, the school is closed. If he visits the distant fairs and festivals, the churches suffer, and the adversaries blaspheme. "See! these missionaries" (say they, and we now quote language used within the last six months at more than one station) "are here to-day, and gone to-morrow. See what comes of their schools and preaching! But *our* temple stands where it did ages ago, and *our* priests will never fail." Add to all this, that the missionary, being alone, is left without advisers or friends. If discouraged, there is none to comfort him; if maligned, none to defend his character, or prove his innocence; if tempted, none to warn and counsel. This picture is in no part too darkly coloured, for even in the past year facts have occurred which furnish the originals from which it is taken. And if no such facts had occurred, there is enough in human nature, in common prudence, and in the example and precepts of our Lord, to justify the decision, that to maintain important stations, so densely peopled and so widely scattered as ours, with only one missionary at each, is little better than to abandon them.

Besides, ought we not to be ready to avail ourselves of the openings which Providence may present? At Saugor, Mr. Makepeace has within reach nearly two millions of people who are without the gospel. At Madras, Mr. Page has implored the Committee to send missionaries to the scores of thousands in his vicinity, who are waiting to receive the truth. Stations left vacant by death necessarily remain vacant for a year or more before new agents can be sent, and in the meantime the people are scattered, and years are required to regain what has been lost.

This view of the inadequacy of our labours in India, is no less true of Africa. Each station in that unhealthy climate has but one European missionary, and each missionary is printer, translator, builder, and physician. Two missionaries at each station are required, both by the necessities of the case and by the very success with which

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God is beginning to crown our exertions. In Haiti, Mr. Webley is still alone, and has suffered much from ill health; while, of course, the station has suffered too. Is it saying too much to affirm, that the mission claims of the church ampler funds and additional agents, if only to occupy the posts which are already won?

Let not these remarks be misunderstood. Our plea is not for aid to save a sinking cause from ruin, an exhausted treasury from bankruptcy; it is for means to meet the necessities of an enterprise that lives in the heart of Him who became poor that he might make rich the tens of thousands who support it;—an enterprise which God has crowned with large success, and which is identified with the glory of Christ, and the eternal interests of our race.

The Committee cannot close these remarks on the claims of the mission without adverting to one topic more of paramount importance. They have spoken in previous years of the value of systematic effort in the work of missions, and they would speak no less decisively now. The co-operation of all our churches on behalf of the Society, and of all the members of our churches, the Committee would hail as a token for good, both to the heathen and to the churches themselves. They have also enlarged on the importance of prayer in this work—of prayer proportioned to our exertions, and to the admitted urgency of the case; and upon this topic they are prepared to enlarge again. Discouragements and success alike point to it. It is our refuge and our safety in both. But, to these suggestions of systematic effort, and of a prayerful spirit, the Committee would add another. We need deeper earnestness in our great work, and a spirit of deeper devotedness to it, especially in its spiritual aspects and bearings. The appeal on this point is of course to the friends of the Society, and the Committee make it no less earnestly to themselves and to their brethren abroad. We give and we pray for the conversion of a guilty world, for the extension of the Saviour's glory; but is the desire in which these gifts and prayers originate a ruling passion? We may have learning, and funds, and worldly respectability—a mighty host and a sound creed; but if there be wanting that ardour of mingled piety and love, that holy earnestness which agonizes before God and with men, the passion which Paul, more than once, expressed for the salvation of the Gentiles, and of Israel, and which is required to concentrate all our influences upon the *conversion of sinners*, we shall fail. The effective force of a christian church depends, after all, rather upon its spirit than upon its numbers. It is not the magnitude of the moving body, so much as its velocity, that gives it power. A few holy men, burning with apostolic zeal, will do more than millions of nominal, cold-hearted christians. The little church at Jerusalem, formed by the Son of God, and richly endued with spiritual influence, struck more powerfully upon the conscience of a slumbering world than whole nations of Protestant Christendom in a later age. The legalized wickedness of various countries fell before it; nor could the world, though roused to opposition by unrighteous and adverse influences, resist the spirit and wisdom by which it spake. And is not the spirit of that early church needed among us, and needed now?

This question, however, is rather for the friends and agents of the Society to consider before God. The Committee can but indicate their own feeling, and implore Him whose glory they seek to pour his Spirit first upon the thirsty, in preparation for yet richer effusions upon the dry ground. "God be merciful unto us and bless us, that thy way may be known upon earth, thy saving health among ALL NATIONS."

V.—FUNDS.

The Committee refer to the state of the funds of the Society with much concern. The Society's year was commenced with a deficiency of £5234 5s. 5d., the accumulation of several years. Towards the liquidation of this deficiency, special donations have been received to the amount of £4094 6s. 9d., leaving a balance due on the old account of £1139 18s. 8d. The income of the Society for the year available for ordinary purposes has amounted to £15,928 13s. 10d., the smallest income for general purposes the Society has received since the Jubilee year, and a diminution, as compared with the average income of the last four years, of £2200; and as compared with last year, of nearly £2000. The expenditure for the support of missionaries and other purposes, as compared with 1847, shews a diminution of £2000; but as at least £18,000 is required for the support of the present agency of upwards of 200 missionaries and preachers, the whole of the deficiency in the income of the year, namely, £2100, has to be

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added to the previous debt of the Society. In Africa the expenditure has been increased in consequence of the return to Africa of the "Dove," by about £600. Most of this amount, however, belongs to next year. In India, again, the expenditure is increased by a similar sum.

The present debt of the Society is therefore explained as follows:—

Balance due on debt of 1848.....	£1140
Diminution of income arising from legacies and donations	2500
Diminution of receipts from foreign auxiliaries, and temporary increase of expenses in Africa	1300
	£4940

It is important to add, that the diminution of income is owing to a diminution in legacies and in donations. In legacies the diminution is about £800, and in donations about £1700; the diminution in the latter item being owing in part to the special effort on behalf of the debt.

The Committee thankfully acknowledge the following donations of £50 and upwards, not inclusive of donations towards the debt:—

	£.	s.	d.
The Earl of Radnor	50	0	0
American and Foreign Bible Society..	508	11	11
The Bible Translation Society	1000	0	0
Ditto, for *Africa*.....	100	0	0
The Executors of the late Mr. Boyce, by John Penny, Esq.....	100	0	0
C. J. W.	50	0	0
Educational Committee of Society of Friends, for *Trinidad* and *Haiti*, three donations	160	0	0
Mr. Heptonstall, *for support of Native Preacher at Seramopore for three years*	39	0	0
K. F. M.	100	0	0
H. Kelsall, Esq. for *Calabar*	50	0	0
Messrs. King, Bristol (Dr. Prince's passage money)	50	0	0
S. M. Peto, Esq. M.P. for *Calabar* ..	50	0	0

The following legacies have also been received during the year:—

	£	s.	d.
Caddick, Thomas, Esq. late of Tewkesbury, additional	50	0	0
Davis, Miss Ann, late of Linton	18	19	0
Fenlon, Mr. S. late of Corkfield, by Rev. W. J. Wested	18	0	0
Hunter, W. Esq. late of Dundee	25	0	0
Kidd, Mrs. Jane, late of Hull, part of residue, by T. Sykes, Esq.....	75	0	5
Le Maire, Mr. late of Spital-square, by Mr. J. R. Le Maire	10	0	0
Kirby, Mrs. Ann, late of Clifton, by D. Derry, Esq.	45	0	0
Mitchell, Mrs. Ann, late of North Brixton, by Mr. H. Woodall.....	90	0	0
M'Pherson, Mr. late of Perth, by his Trustees	50	0	0
Madgwick, Rev. W. late of Bethnal-Green, by Rev. J. W. Morren	10	0	0
Murton, Mrs. Mary, late of Hawkidon, by Mr. J. Rowley and Mr. Thomas Webb	89	11	6
Poole, Mrs. Isabella, late of Islington, by Mr. W. M. Nicholson	112	0	0
Reynolds, Mrs. late of Isleham, by Mr. J. Brown.....	9	16	6

The grateful thanks of the Committee are due to the many friends who have contributed towards the liquidation of the Society's debt. Upwards of £4000 has been contributed in this form during a year of severe commercial distress.

The total receipts of the Society have amounted to £23,836 16s. 9d., and the total expenditure to £23,549 9s. 2d.

Notices of Books.

POPERY A SYSTEM OF PRIESTLY POWER: A LECTURE DELIVERED AT A MEETING OF THE SCOTTISH ASSOCIATION FOR OPPOSING PREVALENT ERRORS, IN QUEEN-ST. HALL, EDINBURGH, March 28th, 1849. By JOHN EUSTACE GILES, Author of "Lectures on Socialism." Pp. 96. London: Partridge & Oakey.

This admirable lecture arrived too late last month for us to do more than announce it to our readers, promising a fuller notice of it. Its writer was the first suggester both of our little periodical and its title too, contributed many articles to its earlier numbers, and will, we hope, when health and leisure permit, do so again. We owe, therefore, something to a parent; this, however, is but a feeble claim compared with that of the merits of the lecture itself. We are confident that every reader will concur in the judgment of the "Scottish Association for opposing prevalent Errors," at whose request it was delivered in Edinburgh, and at whose urgent request, com-

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bined with that of two public meetings in Sheffield, it is now printed,—that it is both admirably calculated to give a clear insight into the essential evils of Popery, and to arouse Protestants, by its eloquence, to a just sense of their duties. There is, indeed, nothing in it of the "Orange," "No Popery," or "Protestant Ascendancy" *temper*, but there is a call upon those who love evangelical truth, not to sink the Christian in the Lover of Civil Liberty,—not to join in a mawkish Whig and Whig-Radical bepraising of Popery, through a very natural revolting from the cant of those who at the same time laud to the skies a "Popish liturgy" and denounce Papists; the chief cause of whose bitterness seems to be, that there is not room for Popish and Anglican priests in the same national churches and endowments.

The main points dwelt upon in the lecture are:—I. The assumption by Papists of Catholicity. II. The doctrine of Apostolical Succession. III. The Hierarchy. IV. The machinery of Sacramental Rites. Each of these topics is, we are bound in justice to say, both acutely and eloquently handled,—the real nature and working of each pretension clearly shewn,—and the arguments alleged in their defence demolished, by reasonings at once popular, conclusive, and justly and witheringly satirical. We can assure every reader of a treat in its perusal.

THE PILGRIM FATHERS: OR THE JOURNAL OF THE PILGRIMS AT PLYMOUTH, NEW ENGLAND, IN 1620, WITH HISTORICAL AND SOCIAL ILLUSTRATIONS OF PRINCIPLES, PROVIDENCES, AND PERSONS. By GEORGE B. CHEEVER, D.D. Pp. 309. London: W. Collins.

The journal of the pious band who were first driven from England to Holland, then left that country to enjoy, unmolested, the worship of their God in the wilds of America, must be, and is, a document of no ordinary interest; an interest greatly enhanced by its unaffected and homely simplicity. It occupies about 90 pages of the volume, and Dr. Cheever's Historical and Local Illustrations about 200. We do not think Dr. C.'s part equal to his former well known productions; we mention this from mere honesty; yet we are quite sure that all who have been interested by his former volumes, will not like to be without this one.

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL TEACHER; HIS DISCOURAGEMENTS AND SUPPORTS: AN ADDRESS TO SUNDAY SCHOOL TEACHERS. By WILLIAM HEATON. Pp. 16. London: Benjamin L. Green.

Our Sunday School Teachers will, we are sure, be much gratified by this address from "one of themselves;" and the younger portion of them will be justly proud to claim the writer as belonging to them. It is an essay of considerable promise. Indeed we regard it as being *itself* an encouragement to Sunday School Teachers, since, we presume, the writer, like so many others, has been led to speak and write thus well, through the stimulus supplied by Sunday School teaching. The essay was originally read as a Lecture to Teachers in connexion with the Leeds Sunday School Union.

ON THE CONNECTION BETWEEN THE CHURCH AND THE SUNDAY SCHOOL. A PAPER READ AT THE SUNDAY SCHOOL CONFERENCE, HELD IN BIRMINGHAM, April 6th, 1849. By the Rev. ISAAC NEW. Pp. 26. London: Hamilton, Adams, & Co.

Mr. New's object is to urge the importance of a close connection between the church and the school, by requiring all teachers to be members of the church. The subject is one of the highest importance, and we prefer referring our readers to Mr. New's tract, leaving them to decide for themselves. We only remark that what we consider to be the *real* question is this—not, whether it be desirable that every teacher should be a christian,—this all parties strenuously affirm,—but whether, if a number of pious teachers cannot be found, adequate to the instruction of the children who present themselves, teachers of good character, though not pious, may not be employed to teach the children. In a word, if we cannot teach them all under the most favourable circumstances, shall we decline to teach them by less perfect means? Does ability to read, and to read the scriptures, countervail the evil of its being acquired through one who does not love and obey those scriptures?

A BIBLICAL AND THEOLOGICAL DICTIONARY, DESIGNED AS AN ILLUSTRATIVE COMMENTARY ON THE SACRED SCRIPTURES. With numerous wood engravings. Fourth edition, greatly enlarged. By SAMUEL GREEN. Pp. 416. London: Benjamin L. Green.

We are glad to find that this excellent work, of which three large editions have

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been exhausted, has been so well appreciated by those for whom it was compiled. To those who know it, it is only necessary to say, that the present edition has been most carefully revised, many of its articles have been re-written, and others have been greatly enlarged. To those who do not know it, we strongly recommend it as the best work of the kind we know. It is just the thing for Sunday school teachers, and for those who have not access to larger works, but who wish to be intelligent readers of the Bible. It is—what in works of this kind is very important—correctly and clearly printed, and surprisingly cheap.

LECTURES TO YOUNG MEN: DELIVERED BEFORE THE YOUNG MEN'S CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATION, IN EXETER-HALL, from Nov. 21, 1848 to Feb. 6, 1849. London: Religious Tract Society.

This volume, which we earnestly commend to the notice of our young and intelligent readers, consists of twelve lectures on various interesting subjects, by Drs. M'Neile, Cumming, Archer, and Raffles, and Messrs. Bickersteth, Brock, Stovel, James, Arthur, Noel, Martin, and Binney. All the lectures are good, several of them are excellent, and that on Sir Fowell Buxton, by Mr. Binney, is worth more than the cost of the entire series. We cannot forbear expressing our cordial sympathy with the objects of the Young Men's Christian Association, and our warmest hopes for its continued success.

DIVINE AUTHORITY FOR THE CAPITAL PUNISHMENT OF MURDERERS, DERIVED FROM GEN. IX. 4, 5, 6, AND THE ECLECTIC REVIEWER REVIEWED. By GEORGE GROVE. Pp. 28. London: Longman & Co.

The author of this pamphlet concludes his "speech" in the following terms:—"I have now fulfilled my engagement to exhibit the strength of the fortress, which, I said, the advocates of the abolition of capital punishment for murder had not taken. I have gone round its walls, told the towers thereof, marked its bulwarks, and find it impregnable. As the herald of Him whose I am, and whom I serve, I now blow a loud blast of defiance against all its assailants. They will never be able to overturn it,—they may sooner uproot the Malvern hills and throw them into the Bristol Channel." Though we cannot agree with Mr. Grove in this conclusion, and though there is very little that is new in the arguments by which he defends his position, the tract is forcibly written, and its reasonings not undeserving examination, the blowing of trumpets by which they are accompanied, notwithstanding. For our own part we can but think capital punishments utterly opposed to the spirit of that religion to which all other systems, patriarchal and Jewish, were only introductory: and as, too, they are proved to be utterly inefficient in the prevention of crime, —as they are, rather, causes of its increase, we look for their speedy and utter downfal, as relics of a barbarous age.

THE CHRISTIAN MINISTER PORTRAYED; OR A BRIEF MEMORIAL OF THE REV. ELIEL DAVIS OF ST. IVES, WITH A FUNERAL DISCOURSE, CONTAINING SKETCHES OF HIS CHARACTER. By J. B. MILLARD, B.A. Pp. 27. London: Benjamin L. Green.

We have already expressed our deep sympathy with the bereaved family of our friend Mr. Davis. We shall be glad if the publication of this memorial, the profits of which are to be given to the widow, should be the means of considerably increasing the fund which christian sympathy is contributing for her comfort.

SCRIPTURE SITES AND SCENES FROM ACTUAL SURVEY, IN EGYPT, ARABIA, AND PALESTINE, CHIEFLY FOR THE USE OF SUNDAY-SCHOOLS. Pp. 190. London: Arthur Hall and Co.

This excellent work does great credit to all parties concerned in its publication. It is from the pen, though the writer's name does not appear on the title page, of the author of "Walks in and about Jerusalem," and "Forty Days in the Desert," and conveys a great amount of information written in an interesting style, and admirably adapted for Sunday-school teachers and young persons generally. We have been especially pleased with the author's description of Egypt, and the scene of the Exodus; also, with the chapters on Jerusalem, past and present. The volume is beautifully "got up," and is very cheap. Its value is not a little enhanced by its being profusely illustrated by maps, steel-engravings, and wood-cuts.

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Obituary.

MRS. REES, BRAINTREE.

BY HER NIECE, MISS E. A. DODD.

"There is a moral power in truth, in example, in prayer, in exertion. All these combine in every sincere consistent christian." This happy combination of moral excellencies was strikingly developed in the life of the subject of this brief sketch, so that of her it may be said, "She was an example to them that believe."

Mrs. Rees was born in London in 1811. She was the child of pious parents, and the youngest but one of a large family. Her father, Thomas Curtis, Esq., was for many years a member of the Baptist church under the pastoral care of the late Mr. Upton, Church-street, Blackfriars. He was a man of eminent piety. He died in the year 1821, when Mrs. Rees was only ten years old; but although young, the active and devout piety, the fervent prayers, and especially the happy and peaceful death of her beloved parent, left deep impressions upon her mind, which exerted a salutary influence upon her character through life. It was not, however, till about the year 1830 that she appears to have experienced a decided change of heart. During a season of bodily affliction, she became intensely anxious about her eternal interests; and for some weeks her mind was oppressed with the most gloomy and distressing apprehensions, and could realize no comfort. Upon her recovery she became a hearer of the late Dr. Andrews, of Walworth, under whose ministry she was led to the true source of peace, and was enabled to repose unwavering confidence in the atoning sacrifice of the Lamb of God, as the only ground of hope. From that period to the time of her decease she continued to enjoy almost uninterrupted spiritual peace. Entertaining very decisive views on the subject of baptism (and her mother being a Pædobaptist), she did not connect herself with any church till 1834, when she was baptized by the Rev. S. Green, of Walworth.

In the year 1835 she was married to the Rev. D. Rees, then of Burton Latimer, Northamptonshire. Conscious of the peculiar responsibility of her new position, she devoted herself with untiring perseverance to the promotion of the prosperity of the church and the Sunday school under the care of her husband. The poor, the afflicted, and the aged members of the congregation found in her a kind and sympathizing friend in every time of need. She always took great delight in visiting and conversing with aged christians, and these attentions were uniformly reciprocated with fond attachment and grateful confidence. In speaking of the universal and high esteem which she secured among the members of the churches over which Mr. Rees has successively presided, it would be difficult to convey an exaggerated representation.

It would be foreign to the design of this brief sketch to trace her life at the several places where her beloved partner laboured in the service of the Redeemer; suffice it to say, that the same testimony was every where borne to the excellence of her character, and to the value and efficiency of her exertions in doing good. And there are reasons to believe that in that brighter world, to which her happy spirit has passed, she will reap some fruit of her self-denying exertions at every place where, for a season, she was permitted to labour here on earth.

How mysterious the ways of Providence in thus suddenly removing the tender mother of six young children, in the prime of life, who had enjoyed uninterrupted health, surrounded by an affectionate and happy people, and in the midst of a career of great usefulness! "O the depth of the riches both of the wisdom and knowledge of God! how unsearchable are his judgments, and his ways past finding out!"

The following extracts from a letter of an intimate friend, the Rev. C. Elven, of Bury, to the deeply afflicted husband, will be read with interest by the friends of the dear departed:—"I have thought and sympathized the more with you, my dear brother, because I always thought there was a personal resemblance between dear Mrs. Rees and my own beloved partner.

"*As a christian*, I esteemed her conversation; for I found that she had 'tasted that the Lord was gracious.'

"*As a parent*, she was deeply concerned for the spiritual welfare of her children.

"*As a pastor's wife*, I can bear testimony to her concern for the peace and prosperity of the church.

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"But now all her anxieties are past for ever.

'That languishing head is at rest,
Its aching and thinking are o'er;
That quiet immoveable breast
Is heaved by affliction no more.'

We would not if we could bring the happy spirits of those we loved back to earth again, to tread its thorny maze. They might indeed soothe our sorrows amidst our various cares and trials; but then, at what a cost to them! Once for all they have felt the parting pang, and we dare not wish them to know it again. Oh, no; let them without ceasing wave their palms, and wear their crowns, and sweep their golden lyres, and sing the glories of the Lamb. May we be followers of them who through faith and patience inherit the promises, and soon we shall rejoin them

'Where death will all be done away,
And we shall part no more.'

It appears quite evident from the testimony of the nurse and that of an old and trustworthy servant, who were with her from the commencement to the close of her sufferings, that she did not expect to survive her illness, yet her mind was perfectly calm; she did not seem to have the slightest dread of dying. She occasionally adverted to the difficulty of giving up her dear and young family, but at the same time expressed her full confidence in God's all-sufficiency to provide for them. At one time, and when enduring great suffering, she said, "Well, I shall soon be with my heavenly Father." Afterwards she called the nurse to her bed-side, and requested her to rub her hands; but in a few minutes she suddenly clasped them together, assuming the attitude of intense supplication and "calling upon God," and she spoke no more. The vail was rent, and her happy spirit left its frail tabernacle, and exchanged it for a house "not made with hands."

Her mortal remains were conveyed to their final resting-place on Friday, Jan. 19th, when the Rev. T. Craig, of Bocking, delivered an affectionate and solemn address to a very numerous audience who had assembled on the occasion. On the following Lord's-day, the Rev. J. Angus, M.A., preached a funeral sermon to a deeply-affected congregation from John xi. 14, 15.

"Thou art gone to the grave, but 'twere wrong to deplore thee,
For God was thy ransom, thy guardian and guide,
He gave thee, he took thee, and he will restore thee;
And death has no sting since the Saviour has died."

Islington, March 13, 1849.

THE REV. J. S. HUGHES.

It is our painful duty to record the demise, after a protracted lingering illness, of the Rev. J. S. Hughes, the zealous, estimable, and beloved pastor of Mount-Pleasant Baptist Chapel, Swansea. He terminated his earthly career on Monday, May 28th, in the twenty-seventh year of his age. His death has involved in sorrow an extensive circle of friends, and the most poignant regret is experienced, that one so distinguished should be cut off in the morning of his existence from the prosecution of the great, glorious, and holy work, to which he had been solemnly consecrated. It has especially affected the youth of his congregation, some of whom have been deprived of a sincere and kind friend, of one deeply interested in their welfare, and who anxiously and diligently laboured in the promotion of their mental, moral, and religious improvement. He was amiable and unaffected in his demeanour, liberal and catholic in spirit, and honest and uncompromising in the advocacy of the sentiments he entertained. A profound and accomplished scholar, an able and effective preacher, and a truly pious and enlightened christian, which is the highest possible praise we can accord him,—a christian being "the highest style of man."

Miscellaneous.

DISREGARD TO PARENTAL AUTHORITY SIGNALLY PUNISHED.—A gay and thoughtless young man, who had often opposed a pious father's wishes, by spending the Sabbath in idleness and folly, instead of accompanying his parents to the house of God, determined to ride to the country on a Sabbath morning. His father, after he was gone, earnestly engaged in prayer for him, beseeching the Almighty to arrest him in his mad career, by whatsoever means He might employ. After riding for some time at great speed, he hastily pulled up his horse, which, by stopping more suddenly than he

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expected, gave him such a sudden jerk, that it injured the spinal marrow; and when he came to his father's door, he had totally lost the use of his lower extremities. He was lifted from the saddle, and laid on that bed which was destined to prove to him the bed of death, and there he had leisure to reflect on his ways. It was when in this situation, I was asked to visit him, and he then discovered the deepest solicitude about the things that belong to his eternal peace. He eagerly listened to the representation that was given him of the evil of sin, its dreadful consequences, and the ground of hope to the guilty. He seemed much impressed with a sense of his need of pardoning mercy, and thankfully to receive it in the way that God hath revealed. Many parts of the conversations I had with him, have now escaped my recollection, but some of his expressions I shall not easily forget. On one occasion, when referring to his past life, and finding himself, at the time I visited him, unable to attend public worship, he exclaimed, "Oh, what would I give now for some of those Sabbaths which I formerly treated with contempt!" He seemed deeply to feel and to deplore his guilt, in having so heinously misimproved the precious opportunities of waiting on the public ordinances of religion, which, in the day of health, he had enjoyed; while, on another occasion, he expressed his sense of the infinite importance of the gospel. I suggested to him the propriety of his mentioning to his thoughtless companions, when they called upon him, the light in which his former life now appeared to him. He told me, in reply, that though he would be most happy to do so, he had no opportunity; that his former companions had now quite deserted him; that if they called at all, it was merely to enquire about his health, but that they seemed quite uneasy while they remained, and would not spend even a few minutes in his company. Ah, what a picture of the friendship of the world! It possesses no ingredients which can furnish a topic of consolation in the day of adversity. It was in reference, however, to this subject, and to the hope that, though he had no access to his former associates, his history might prove useful to them, that he uttered the last expression I shall quote. With an ardour and an emphasis which I cannot describe, he said, at one of the last interviews I had with him, "I earnestly pray that I may be a warning to them that forget God." May this solemn and affecting exclamation of a young man, on the bed of sickness and of death, be fastened on the recollection of every young reader, that, instead of forgetting God, he may remember his Creator in the days of his youth, and be found, in the season of youth and of health, supremely valuing that gospel which alone can give solid happiness in life, comfort in affliction, and peace in death.—*Rev. W. Innes.*

THE REVELATION OF CHRIST.—This began very early, even in Paradise. There the Sun of Righteousness dawned, and from thence shone more and more unto the perfect day. He was announced as the seed of the woman, and the bruiser of the serpent's head. Then, as the seed of Abraham, in whom all the families of the earth were to be blessed. Then, as the Shiloh of Judah, to whom the gathering of the people should be. Then, as the Son of David, and his Lord. Of him, Moses, in the law, and the Prophets did write. He was held forth not only in words, but in types. He was seen in Moses as a prophet, in Aaron as a priest, in Joshua as a conqueror, in Solomon as the prince of peace, in Jonah as dying and rising again. Every bleeding sacrifice expressed him as an offering for sin: the manna from heaven, and the water from the rock, as the bread and water of life; the tabernacle and temple, as the residence of the divinity, in whom dwelt all the fulness of the Godhead bodily. The exhibition of him may be likened unto a perfect portraiture of a most distinguished and endeared personage, at full length, rolled up on the side of a room, and which the owner gradually opens to the beholders, till the whole figure stands disclosed. So God gradually revealed the Desire of all nations, while his delighted and wondering church exclaimed, "He is fairer than the children of men,"—"yea, he is altogether lovely."—*Jay.*

THE DANGER OF ENDEAVOURING TO EFFACE EARLY RELIGIOUS IMPRESSIONS.—I was present,—said a worthy minister of the gospel, on an occasion which introduced this subject,—I was present where an instance of this kind made a painful and indelible impression on my memory. An accomplished and amiable young woman in the town of ——, had been deeply affected by a sense of her spiritual danger. She was the only child of a fond and affectionate parent. The deep depression which accompanied her discovery of guilt and depravity, awakened all the jealousies of the father. He dreaded the loss of that sprightliness and vivacity which constituted the life of his domestic circle. He was startled by the answers which his questions elicited, while he foresaw, or thought he foresaw, an encroachment on the hitherto unbroken tranquillity of a deceived heart. Efforts were made to remove the cause of disquietude; but they were such efforts as unsanctified wisdom directed. The bible, at last—oh, how little may a parent know the far reaching of the deed, when he snatches the Word of Life from the hand of a child!—the bible and other books of religion, were removed from her possession; and their place was supplied by works of fiction. An excursion of pleasure was proposed, and declined. An offer of gayer amusement shared the same fate. Promises, remonstrances, and threatenings followed. But the father's infatuated perseverance at last brought compliance. Alas, how little may a parent be aware that he is decking his offspring with the fillets of death, and leading to the sacrifice, like a follower of Moloch! The end was accomplished. All thoughts of piety, and all concern for the immortal future, vanished

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together. But oh, how, in less than a year, was the gaudy deception exploded! The fascinating and gay L—— M—— was prostrated by a fever that bade defiance to medical skill. The approach of death was unequivocal; and the countenance of every attendant fell, as if they had heard the flight of his arrow. I see, even now, that look directed to the father, by the dying martyr of folly. The glazing eye was dim in hopelessness; and yet there seemed a something in its expiring rays, that told reproof, and tenderness, and terror in the same glance. And that voice—its tone was decided, but sepulchral still—"My father! Last year I *would* have sought the Redeemer. Fath—er —your child is"—Eternity heard the remainder of the sentence; for it was not uttered in time. The wretched survivor now saw before him the fruit of a disorder whose seeds had been sown when his delighted look followed the steps of his idol in the maze of a dance. Oh, how often, when I have witnessed the earthly wisdom of a parent banishing the thoughts of eternity, have I dwelt on that expression which seemed the last reflection from a season of departed hope, "Last year I would have sought the Redeemer!"—*Rev. W. Innes.*

OUR TENDENCY TO OVERLOOK COMMON MERCIES.—I remember hearing this propensity happily illustrated, in conversation with that excellent man, the late Rev. C. Simeon, by the following anecdote. I do not recollect whether it occurs in that interesting and instructive account of his life, by the Rev. William Carus; but it well deserves a place here, as suggesting a useful hint both to old and young:—A pious father and his son breakfasted together, and as each had occasion to ride in opposite directions in the forenoon, they did not meet again till dinner. When they met, the first exclamation of the son was, "Oh, father, what causes of thankfulness I have. My horse came down twice, and I am altogether unhurt." "Ah, but," replied the father, "do you know, George, I have still greater cause of thankfulness." "Oh, father, what was it that happened?" "Do you know I have ridden as far as you have done, and my horse never tripped." This anecdote Mr. Simeon told in his own lively and characteristic style. It carries its own application with it.

Intelligence.

THE BAPTIST MISSION.

All our readers may not be aware, that at the last annual meeting of our Missionary Society, a most important change in its constitution was proposed and received with general approbation,—though it was properly deemed both desirable and accordant with the rules, to make no such fundamental change without a year's notice. At present, the qualification for membership is pecuniary only: 10s. 6d. a year giving the subscriber a vote. There is nothing in the *constitution* to hinder unconverted men from being on the Committee, though practically such an evil neither has occurred nor is likely to do so. The leading idea of the proposed constitution is, that the Mission should be composed of *such churches as support it.* That it should be *a society of churches* for sending the gospel to the heathen, and not of subscribers of money merely. It is justly conceived, that this is a more scriptural and spiritual arrangement than the old one. It may be hoped, too, that it will infuse a fresh interest, on behalf of the Mission, into our churches. But how can the end be best attained? The churches associated for missionary work must, of course, choose an executive to carry out their objects,—this, it is suggested, may be done by delegates from the churches, assembling annually to elect a committee. However, the proposers of the new plan only wish the whole subject to be thoroughly considered by the denomination, before the next April meeting. Let it be done in the best christian spirit. The idea is the very reverse of the proposal of Incorporation, its object being to *spiritualize*, as much as possible, the management of the Society. It has *our most hearty concurrence;* but we shall be quite ready to insert the views of any who may differ from us, if expressed in a christian spirit.

We confess that we had, with many others, long regretted the growing tendency to *the mechanical* in the arrangements of all our Societies. We had long been thinking (while most cordially co-operating with our existing Missionary Society's plans), that the best mode for awakening a just interest in Missionary work, would be for each church, or union of churches, as their pecuniary means enabled them, to send their missionaries to this spot or that, as Providence led them; hoping that the concentration of attention on their *own missionary*, known of course to them, and their own chosen spot of labour, would call forth interest, prayer, and contributions, in proportion to the speciality of the case. We are therefore much pleased to see a proposal of the same tendency, on the whole, thus made and received.

On the 29th of May, we were happy to witness the unanimity and cordiality with which it was received by the ministers and messengers of the Yorkshire churches, assembled at Sheffield.

Mr. Angus has resigned the Secretaryship of the Baptist Mission, in consequence of an invitation to take the theological tutorship of Stepney college, which it is

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presumed, therefore, he intends to accept. Dr. Murch is at present the tutor *pro tempore* The question of choosing another Secretary, or a travelling and a resident Secretary also, is now afresh in the clearest form before the denomination. Time cannot well be lost; and the question, both as to the number of Secretaries, and the person or persons for the post, is very important. It should command the immediate and prayerful attention of *the churches*. The Committee have also requested Mr. Angus and Mr. E. B. Underhill, the late editor of *The Record*, to go as a deputation to India, to investigate fully the state of our Mission there. It is to be hoped that Mr. Angus's relations with Stepney will not deprive the Mission of his invaluable help in India. We understand, that half the expense at least will be provided for by the generosity of a liberal friend to the Society.

THE REV. G. SAMPLE.

We have been requested to insert the following extract of a letter to the Rev. G. Sample, which has been addressed to him by the ministers and messengers at the recent Meeting of the Northern Association. We would only express an earnest hope that the prayer of the letter may be answered:—

"We deeply regret, dear brother, that you were not in circumstances to allow your being present with us this year. Your long and painful illness has given us much sincere sorrow. We regret not only that you were absent from our Meetings, and that we were deprived of your valuable counsel this Annual Session, but that you have had so many silent Sabbaths through the severity of your affliction. This, we well know, must have been to your mind a very trying circumstance. Silence in a work that you have given so much evidence that you dearly love, must have been to you a very painful matter. Your restoration to health, in some degree at least, must, however, have thrown a ray of pleasing hope into your mind, that you may abide and continue with us all yet for a season, for our furtherance and joy of faith. It is with the greatest pleasure that we express it, that such a hope has filled our hearts with no ordinary joy. May our prayers, and the prayers of all those who love you—and there are not a few—be graciously heard and answered with regard to their and our ardent expectation. May your course on earth be greatly extended; and when that course is at length brought to a close, may you meet your endeared heavenly Master with the pleasing plaudit on his lips, 'Well done, good and faithful servant, enter thou into the joy of thy Lord.'

"We have been forcibly struck with the altered appearance of our ministerial brethren. How many have been removed;—some have resigned their charges amongst us; others have been removed, we trust, to a better world; very few indeed were with us this year who were our companions a comparatively few years ago. May the circumstance be sanctified to the good of us all; and may you, dear brother, amid all the infirmities of nature, continue to enjoy the sympathy and presence of the Master whom you have long loved and served."

THE CHRISTIAN MUTUAL PROVIDENT SOCIETY. TO THE MEMBERS AND DEACONS OF CHRISTIAN CHURCHES.

Dear Brethren,

We would briefly invite your attention to the claims of the Christian Provident Society. Full particulars may be obtained, and every requisite information for establishing local branches, by application to the chief office, 11, Chatham-Place, New-Bridge-Street, Blackfriars, London. We confine ourselves, therefore, to *a cordial and earnest recommendation of the Society to all benevolent and intelligent Christians*. Dissenters have certainly neglected too much social institutions of this kind. Their piety and charity have been so largely taxed for the support of their ministers, chapels, and pious poor, that they have not generally given due attention to Benefit Societies of a *self-supporting* kind. Churchmen, indeed, in many places reproach us unjustly with not doing our part towards public charities. *Unjustly*, we say, because they affirm themselves to be the respectable (*i. e.*, according to a churchman's notion of respectability, the *wealthier*,) portion of society; and not only so, but though the wealthier, they pay for their worship out of our pockets. Hence we feel it very unkind of those who are so niggardly towards the worship of their God, as to save their own money, and impoverish us to pay for it, to turn round and upbraid us because they give a little, of what they save at our expense, to public charities!! But this admirable society is self-supporting. It encourages the working man, the tradesman, and the mechanic, to save. It gives him not so much charity as justice. He is indebted, indeed, to his richer friends for their gratuitous attention to the business, but not for their money. Its tables are *perfectly safe*. All public-house meetings, feasts, regalia, and extravagancies of every kind are forbidden. The money is none of it wasted. It is entirely *unsectarian*. The designation Christian applies not to any creed, but to its Christian management. No merely *local* society *can* afford the security which a *national* one does. We repeat, therefore, our earnest request to our brethren to seek immediately the information, which will be cheerfully given.

THE EDITORS.

YOUNG MEN'S MISSIONARY ASSOCIATION.

We have received from the Secretary of the above Association, a copy of a Circular addressed to the Pastors and Sunday-School Teachers of Baptist Churches, suggesting the formation of Juvenile Missionary Auxiliaries, in connexion with Sunday-schools and the young persons in our congregations. We have much sympathy with this effort, not only as furnishing material assistance to the mission, but as cherishing a missionary spirit in the minds of the young. The regulations submitted

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by the Committee, strike us as very suitable. We should be glad, did our space allow it, to insert them at length; but we have no doubt that a copy will be gladly furnished by the Secretary, Mr. J. E. Tressider, 33, Moorgate-Street, London.

BAPTIST THEOLOGICAL EDUCATION SOCIETY.

We are sorry to see, from a circular just issued by the Committee of the above Society, that, owing to their repeated appeals for pecuniary aid not having been met by an adequate response, its operations are likely to be discontinued. Since its commencement in January, 1845, ten students have completed their allotted term; eight of whom, are either settled as pastors, or have the expectation of being so, where they are now supplying. "It has thus been proved," say the Committee, "by an experiment, necessarily conducted on a very limited scale, that the plan is good and has been eminently successful." They have, therefore, resolved to make one more, and probably their last, appeal to the denomination. We shall be glad to hear that the Committee have succeeded in preserving, and rendering permanent, the advantages of the institution.

WEEKLY TRACT SOCIETY.

The first annual public meeting of this society was held on the 25th of April, at the Hall of Commerce, Threadneedle-St. D. W. Wise, Esq. in the chair. The report was read by the Rev. W. H. Elliott, the secretary, which contained instances of usefulness resulting from the operations of the society, and stated that the receipts for the year amounted to £242 17s. 9d., and the expenditure to £237 14s. 2d., leaving a balance in hand of £5 3s. 7d. Upwards of 70,000 tracts had been distributed, in addition to handbills. The chairman, as well as all the speakers, urged the importance and utility of such an institution, and most strongly recommended it to the sympathies of the meeting, and the public at large. The various resolutions were moved and seconded by the Revs. John Bigwood, Dr. Jenkyn, W. Bevan, Joshua Russell, F. Woodman, and W. Tyler.

THE REGIUM DONUM.

This State bribe, consisting of the annual grant of some £1,700, has again been offered to the Dissenters of Great Britain, and voted among the Estimates, notwithstanding the protests of many members in the House of Commons in the name of the Dissenters at large. It is thus, by condescending to receive a sop in the pan for some person or persons unknown, that Dr. Rees practically contradicts the statements of all true-hearted Dissenters throughout the land, where alone they can be made with effect. Who will furnish us with the names of the Dr.'s clients?

STEPNEY CHAPEL, LYNN. ENTIRE EXTINCTION OF DEBT.

Important and interesting services have just been held at Lynn, the result of which has been the payment of the entire cost of every thing connected with the erection of Stepney Chapel. Sermons were preached on Lord's-day, June 10th, by the Revs. J. Aldis and Mr. Tindall; and on Wednesday the 13th, by the Revs. C. Elven and J. Sherman. On the morning of Thursday, forty or fifty friends breakfasted together, and were subsequently addressed by the Revs. J. Sherman, C. Elven, and others. In the evening, a very large company assembled to tea. G. Ovenden, Esq. of London, having been voted to the chair, the Rev. J. T. Wigner, the esteemed pastor, stated, that the entire amount expended in erecting, painting, and subsequently repairing the chapel (with interest of monies) was £2,829; the remaining amount of which the series of services, now concluded, had *entirely cleared off*.

Two neighbouring brethren having addressed the meeting, Mr. Kerkham, one of the deacons, rose, and, through the chairman, presented the pastor with a gold lever watch and chain; immediately after which, Mr. Baker, another deacon, in like manner, presented to Mrs. Wigner an elegant skeleton time-piece. Mr. Wigner acknowledged the first, and Mr. Elven, on behalf of Mrs. Wigner, the second present.

These tokens of gratitude and regard were accompanied by a double memorial engrossed on parchment, expressing the ardent love borne by the Finance Committee, the church, and congregation, to Mr. and Mrs. Wigner; and the sincere and growing appreciation cherished by all, of the devoted exertions made by the pastor and his valued partner, both for the great blessing just obtained, and the general welfare of the public. Addresses were then given by the brethren Pike, of Wisbeach; J. Reed, and W. Hardcastle, (Wesleyan Association), of Lynn; W. Harcourt, of Sutton; T. Dawbam, and G. Greaves, Esqs. &c.

SECOND BAPTIST CHAPEL, LEEDS.

We have much pleasure in directing the attention of our readers, the more wealthy of them especially, to an advertisement on our last page, respecting a new Baptist chapel proposed to be erected in Leeds. We have been favoured with a sight of the plan upon which it is intended to erect the new building. It will be a neat and elegant structure, and, though the amount to be expended is not large, will do credit to the denomination. We are sure our readers will agree with us, that it is a matter of deep regret that in a town like Leeds, there should be but one Baptist chapel, and will rejoice that this defect is likely to be soon remedied. Any assistance which our friends may be disposed to render, will be thankfully received by the gentlemen named in the advertisement, or we shall ourselves be glad to be the medium of its transmission. We perceive that Dr. Acworth, the esteemed president of Horton college, has allowed his name to be published as recommending the case, and as willing to receive subscriptions.

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THE CHURCH.

"Built upon the foundation of the Apostles and Prophets, Jesus Christ himself being the chief corner-stone."—Eph. ii. 20.

AUGUST, 1849.

THE OUTSET IN LIFE.

A MEDITATION FOR THE YOUNG.

BY DR. F. A. G. THOLUCK.*

"Wherewithal shall a young man cleanse his way? By taking heed thereto according to thy word."—*Psalm* cxix. 9.

At last my little bark must leave the quiet bay, in which it has hitherto found shelter, and venture forth into the mighty waters. Oh, who will help me to shun the cliffs, and weather the storms, that I may reach in safety the destined haven?

I feel the paramount necessity of knowing, even in regard to my temporal calling, that I am walking in the ways of the Lord. Had I the smallest ground to suspect, that the line of life on which I am about to enter, had been selected for me, by either my own or my parents' vanity, my courage would fail at the very outset. But with the conviction that the Lord himself has prescribed to me the way, I shall walk as with a hold of his hand. My daily work ought to be to me an act of worship, and my place of business, a temple. Stablish, therefore, O God, my fickle heart, that I may no more look aside to the right hand or the left, and no more court either the pleasures or applause of the world, but that in all I do, not excepting my temporal avocation, I may fix an unaverted gaze on thee alone. When the marksman wishes to take a good aim, he closes one eye, in order to collect the whole power of vision into the other. Make my eye single, that in all my pursuits thy approbation may be my only aim. Thy approbation alone confers true greatness. The praise of his fellows can, no more than his own shadow, make a man either greater or less. May the testimony of a good conscience in the sight of God reward me every evening for the toils of the day. By dint of labour I must dig the blessing from the earth below; but no less must my prayers draw it down from heaven above. Oh, let me never lose sight of that slender and mysterious thread, which extends from earth to heaven, and connects every work of man with the Divine hand, that so I may continually remember that more depends upon *thy blessing*, than upon any industry and skill of my own, or all the favour and assistance of others.

* From "Stunden Christlicher Andacht."

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Wild and tumultuous is the throng in which I now go forth to mingle. But in that throng, angels of thine walk about in disguise. Oh, that it may be my lot to meet with some of them! Lord, I beseech thee, from my inmost heart, that on my way through life I may not journey alone. Nevertheless, should thy wisdom deem it better for me to want a friend, and live solitary on earth, then open to me all the more freely and fully the invisible treasures of thy friendship; and, in the strength I derive from secret fellowship with thyself, teach me to walk to thy praise before the children of the world. "Evil communications corrupt good manners,"* is a precept of Gentile wisdom. To the danger of which it warns let me never be insensible. In journeying through the world, we walk upon ice and in the midst of thorns. Give me a discriminating mind, that I may discover of what spirit they are, with whom I shall have to do. It is impossible to pass safely through life, without possessing somewhat of the wisdom of the serpent, as well as of the simplicity of the dove. Thou expressly requirest of the children of light, to be not merely wise, but *prudent*,† like the children of this world. We are to "walk circumspectly."‡

> "Look well before thee and behind,
> Fickle and false are men by kind;
> As nettles burn and thistles sting,
> The heart is a deceitful thing."

This is an admonition which I need to take home. I am too lavish of my confidence. It is an easy matter to give the hand; but the hand once given, cannot so quickly be withdrawn.

Beyond all doubt, however, the worst of our enemies are those we carry about with us in our own hearts. Adam fell in paradise, Lucifer in heaven, while Lot continued righteous among the inhabitants of Sodom. Indifference to little sins and mistakes—the self-flattering voice of the heart, ever ready to sing its lullaby the moment conscience is roused—the subtle question of the serpent, "Hath God, indeed, said?"—these are unquestionably the adversaries we have most to fear. There never was a fire but it began with smoke. I beseech thee, therefore, dear Master, to give me a sensitive conscience, that I may take alarm at even small sins. Oh, it is not merely great transgressions that can bring a man to ruin. Little and imperceptible ones are, perhaps, even more deadly; according to the beautiful figure of Tauler, who says, "The stag when attacked tosses from him the great dogs, and dashes them to pieces upon the trees, but the little ones seize him below, and tear the entrails from his belly." Let me never forget that, among all the avocations allotted to me, the principal is to be thy champion and soldier. To this, accordingly, I must give my chief attention; for "no man that warreth," saith the Apostle, "entangleth himself with the affairs of this life, that he may please him who hath chosen him to be a soldier."§ My hands and feet shall perform my daily task, but my heart shall soar above it. The thorns that choked the seed of the word, were the *cares of this world.*‖ And true it is, that worldly cares can so wind about a man, as to make it impossible for him to extricate himself; and if once they wax rank and multiply, all hope of the growth and increase of the seed is for ever gone. The stalk may still stand, and the ears appear, but for the ripe grain in the ears we look in vain. Men begin with seeking to *divert* the mind, and they end with *subverting* it. Chase away the *fowls* that devour the corn.¶ The fowls

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* 1 Cor. xv. 33. † Luke xvi. 8. φρονίμως. ‡ Eph. v. 15.
§ 2 Tim. ii. 4. ‖ Matt. xiii. 22. ¶ Matt. xiii. 4.

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are amusements; and they come with such haste, and so take us by surprise, that, ere we are aware, many a precious seed is snatched from the heart.

And, alas, that the weapons thou thyself puttest into our hands, even the precious means of grace, should be allowed to rust disused! For me, should the time ever come when I cannot take up the sentiment of David, and say with truth, "The law of thy mouth is better to me than thousands of gold and silver;"* should the time ever come when, exhausted with the labours of the day, I feel no desire to drink in fresh strength from the fountain of thy Word, good reason shall I have for beginning to tremble at the state of my heart. Thy holy Word is the magnet by whose attraction the mind ought again to be raised aloft, when carnal sloth weighs it down to the earth. A little text daily taken from the Word, and laid up in the heart, is like a corn of spice. Touch and rub it, and every time it will emit new strength. Nor is the right observance of the Sabbath less a spiritual weapon, which we do not sufficiently use. The christian, who has to toil the live-long week, should esteem it one of the high privileges vouchsafed him by his Lord, to be allowed to rest on the Sabbath, and live that day to his Lord alone. On the Sabbath, therefore, I will endeavour to disencumber my heart of the disquietudes of the by-past week, and to recruit it with God and his word. I will attend the preaching of his Word in the sanctuary, and will not there seek after oratory and eloquence, but content myself with the simple gospel, whenever delivered genuine and pure. Whether the pipe that conveys it be of gold or lead, the stream of thy Word is still mingled with water of life. It is right, too, that the body and the weary bones should rejoice upon the Sabbath; but this, *before thy face*, dear Master, not *behind thy back*. The joy we taste before thy face, and no other, leaves after it a sweet and lasting relish. Beside, the Sabbath is the proper day for performing many an act of charity, for which no opportunity could be found during the week; and in works like these, the spirit often experiences a rest so delightful, that the body sympathetically enjoys a share. Nor shall I count it a small thing, dear Master, that on Sabbath thou often presidest at thy table, inviting hungry souls to come, and be nourished with thy body and blood. If denied the happiness of meeting with many of thy children in the wicked world, I will all the oftener frequent thy own company, and imbibe strength from fellowship with thyself.

On no day of the week, however, after having given twelve hours to labour, will I consent to be defrauded of the privilege of dedicating at least one evening hour exclusively to thee. Nor will I ever desist from prayer, because at the time I may feel no pleasure in it. No. For that very reason, will I press all the more closely to thy heart, until my own again has caught the warmth. I consider it one of the most dangerous of Satan's temptations, when he tries to persuade a man, who can only pray feebly, rather not to pray at all. Whereas, oh, gracious Master, thou regardest the heart alone, and if we have but the will to pray aright, even that will itself is an acceptable prayer to thee. What should we do with the coal, in which only a faint and glimmering spark still lives, but bring it into thy presence, that with the breath of thy mouth thou mayst blow the spark into a flame? Hast thou not promised not to quench the smoking flax, but, in answer to earnest prayer, to pour oil upon it, and make it blaze afresh? And even though the utmost we can do is but to come before thee, and shew, with sorrow, the coldness of our hearts,

* Ps. cxix. 72.

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saying, "Lord, if it be thy will that I should be, as at this moment I am, even so let thy will be done;" though this be all we can do, even this shall not be done in vain. Never does man present himself before the uncreated Light, with a heart humble and weaned of all self-will, without at least reaping one advantage. He becomes more assimilated to that light, and it is so true that

> "The noblest prayer a suppliant ever pours,
> Is to resemble that which he adores."

Well do I know the hypocrisy of my own heart. Often and bitterly does it complain of wanting strength, and yet, in seeking to obtain it, builds its only hopes on such things as change of outward position, and all manner of extraordinary helps and expedients, whereas there can be no doubt that, in the very commonest means of grace, thou hast laid up an inexhaustible treasure of counsel, strength, and consolation, for those who truly desire them. Man, however, is like the patient in a fever, who, as if the heat were without him and not within, fancies all would be well, could he but change his clothes, or get into another bed. Or, he is like one who goes a searching on every side for the philosopher's stone with which to manufacture gold, and yet, at the very moment, the mine is beneath his feet, and all he wants is industry to use the spade. Without industry, however, as we cannot obtain food for the body, so just as little can we obtain food for the soul. In all cases, by Divine appointment, bread must be paid for by the sweat of the brow; and he who would enjoy the fire, must first endure the smoke. Lord, thou art "a strength to the poor, a strength to the needy in his distress."* Fulfil to me thy promise, and may I feel in my warfare, that I war in thy strength. I desire to be strong in no other strength but thine; and if thou take sword and buckler to fight my battles, who is he that shall prevail against me? My loins I will gird about with sincerity and truth, that I may learn to walk with certain step. I will put on the breast-plate of righteousness, of that righteousness which is of grace and not of works, that I may be of good courage, even in the evil day. I will cover my head with the helmet of salvation, that salvation which has been purchased for me, but with no endeavours of mine, and is reserved in heaven. I will keep before me the shield of faith, which quenches all the fiery darts of the wicked one, and my right hand shall wield the sword of the Spirit, the Word of God, which strikes even Satan dumb.

Many are my adversaries, but my armour is complete; arduous is the conflict, but abundant the strength; hard the toil, but glorious the reward. Oh, thou, who, by thy mighty power, wert able to keep a Lot righteous even among the citizens of Sodom, a Joseph chaste in the house of Potiphar, and a David pious at the court of Saul, forsake not me, thy child, when walking through the great and tumultuous crowd, who know not thy name. Wide is the sea, through which I have to steer my course, and high its swelling waves; but grace is the breeze that fills the sails, my compass is faith, and my pilot, Christ. Of whom shall I be afraid?

THE LIBERTY OF MARRIAGE.

"She is at liberty to be married to whom she will, only in the Lord."—1 *Cor.* vii. 39.

"Marriage is honourable in all;" but the christian should marry, *may* marry, *only in the Lord.* This is the law of Jesus Christ. He is our Master, how shall we dare to break his commands?

* Isaiah xxv. 4.

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If you marry in the Lord, you secure the counsel and guidance of your Heavenly Father. If in any thing whatever you need wise advice, surely it is when you select the partner of your life. Your happiness depends upon your choice. Mark the promises of God which are suitable to your case. "In all thy ways acknowledge Him, and He will direct thy path." "If any of you lack wisdom, let him ask of God, that giveth to all men liberally, and upbraideth not, and *it shall be given him.*" How sweet to feel that in your choice you are guided by God, and in your union are blessed with his approbation! What a comfort in any trouble that may arise, to feel, this is the Lord's dealing; He will deliver me. But how could you ask God to bless you in marrying an unbeliever,—*to bless you in breaking His law?* Surely even an impious man would not venture to offer such a prayer! How painful to know, even on your wedding-day, that Jesus turns from you wounded and displeased! And whatever trials may overtake you in after life, you cannot ask your Saviour to pity you. You violated his law,—you must *expect* trouble; it is the fruit of your sin. Your comfort is destroyed.

If you marry an unbeliever, you slight Christ your saviour. If you are, indeed, a christian, God is your best friend, and Christ the object of your supreme regard. You love him with all your heart and strength, for he loved you, and gave himself for you. How, then, can you love one averse from or indifferent to your Saviour? How can you press to your heart one that loves not your God? If Jesus could say to his friends, "He that receiveth you receiveth *me*," would he not also say, he that loveth my despisers and neglecters cannot love *me*?

If you marry an unbeliever, there can be no christian sympathy between you. True, you will feel one with each other in the things of this life, but not in the things that make for your eternal peace. You will blend your joys, and divide your sorrows, that rise from this world; but in relation to the world that is infinitely more important than this, you will not have a single feeling in common. Your mind may be darkened by clouds of doubt, but you cannot tell *him* of your fears. You may rejoice in the Lord, but you cannot tell your partner of your gladness. He lives for this world, you live for Christ. His portion is in this life, your inheritance is in heaven. You love to speak of that Saviour who bought you with his blood, and with whom you will dwell in heaven, but your husband will not listen. "What communion hath light with darkness? And what concord hath Christ with Belial? or what part hath he that believeth with an unbeliever?"

An unbeliever cannot comfort you in trial and sickness. He may perform every kind office with fondest attention, and hang over you with a bleeding heart, but these are not all you will need in that hour. You will ask for an affectionate *prayer*, and words of sweet consolation. From no one would these spiritual aids be so comforting, as from him who is dearest to your heart. But, alas, he cannot pray! He has no God upon whom to call for even *you;* and the precious promises of the Bible, even if he were to whisper them for your solace, would freeze upon his lips. Your last hour draws nigh. No hope of meeting him in heaven supports you, as your lips quiver the last farewell. Your last moments are disturbed by the thought, "We part for ever." You wing your way to bliss, but you leave him.

Think of the difficulty, if God should bless you with children. How will you train them up in the nurture and admonition of the Lord, when the head of the house gives no weight to your pious example, and the father cannot pray with his child? And, think, if you should be called home, your children will be left without any one to train them up in the

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way they should go, and having no one to care for their souls, they may perish in sin.

If you neglect the command of Christ to marry "only in the Lord," you will greatly injure your own soul. "Be not deceived, evil communications corrupt good manners." Companionship with the ungodly, under any circumstances, taints the feelings and weakens the spirituality of the mind; but when you constantly associate with unbelievers, and love them too, as is the case in the conjugal state, the effect must be doubly mischievous. We so rapidly assimilate to those whom we love, that we soon change from the beauty and lustre of piety to dulness and deformity. Solomon, the wisest of men, became a gross idolator through the influence of wicked wives. Thousands who once "walked with God," have departed from the way of holiness, where the sunshine of God's favour fills every heart with joy, and have wandered in darkness and perplexity, and died in doubt, through the influence of an ungodly partner. Rely upon it, the path of obedience is the path of peace. "Lord, who shall abide in thy tabernacle? Who shall dwell in thy holy hill? He in whose eyes a vile person is contemned; but he honoureth them that fear the Lord."

Newport, Monmouthshire. A.

THE CHRISTIAN'S DAILY PRAYER.

"O Lord, remember me, and visit me."—*Jer.* xv. 15.

The prophet was in great trouble. Life was almost a burden. Yet the Lord had promised to shew him special favour. He had promised to be with him, and that it should be well with his remnant. But the promises which support us do not always cheer us. We have always more wealth in our possession than we turn to account. But he falls upon his knees, he looks up to his God. Oh, what a relief is prayer! We never value it as we do in deep affliction, when the heart must find vent or burst. He cries, "O Lord, thou knowest" my sincerity and deep suffering. He had sincerely sought the people's good, and done the Lord's will. But sincerity often exposes to suffering, but while it does so it soothes the spirit. "Lord," he says, "remember, and visit me." How beautifully simple! How expressive! How suited to us! Let us look at this prayer, and make it our own. It is a time of trouble. Most are suffering from one cause or another. Oh, that the Lord would sanctify the sorrows of his people, and make the sufferings of his foes the means of their conversion!

"O Lord, remember me." Who can bear to be forgotten? Especially by a kind, wealthy, and powerful friend. How could we bear to be forgotten of the Lord? But though he never will forget us, yet we may plead for a special remembrance. Lord, I am tried, troubled, and cast down; remember that I am thy child. Thou hast put me among thy children. I have called thee, Abba, Father. Thou hast owned me at thy throne of grace, and I cannot live contented without thy smile and thy blessing. I am thy weeping child. The sorrows of my heart are enlarged; oh, bring thou me out of my distresses! Remember, I am thy friend. I have been reconciled to thee by the death of thy Son. I have committed my all unto thee. I have been familiar with thee. I have poured out all my heart before thee. I cannot be happy except thou think of me, send to me, and shew me friendship. Remember, I am thy soldier, engaged in thy cause and quarrel. I wear thine armour. I fight under thy banner. I am jealous of thine honour. But I am wounded in the field. I find

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my foes too strong for me. My heart misgives me. My courage fails me. I cannot conquer unless thou appear for me, and strengthen me with strength in my soul. Remember, I am thy servant. I have been long in thy family. I love thy children. I sometimes enjoy thy work. But I am weak, beset with fears, and discouraged in the path of duty: oh, remember me!

Remember me, for I am in an enemy's land. It is not the country I love and long for. I am in a howling wilderness, where there are few friends, little pleasant food, or refreshing rest. I am in a house of disease and death. All are suffering, and many are dying around me. Remember my weakness, for it is great; my fears, for they are many; my temptations, for they are violent; my infirmities, for they are numerous and painful; and my present circumstances, for they are very trying. Oh, remember my prayers, and answer them; my desires, and grant them; my wants, and supply them; my labours, and crown them with thine effectual blessing; and my sorrows, and sanctify them. Remember me, though I am so sinful, though I am so unworthy. Remember me, for I do remember thee, and long for thy presence and thy love. Remember me, for Jesus did so when he suffered in Gethsemane, and died on the tree. Remember me, or I shall be miserable now, and wretched for evermore. No matter who remembers me, if my God does not; or who forgets me, if I have the assurance of thy love and favour. "Remember me, O Lord, with the favour thou bearest unto thy people. Oh, visit me with thy salvation, that I may see the good of thy chosen, rejoice in the gladness of thy nation, and glory with thine inheritance."

"O Lord, visit me." What is life without God's presence! What would the world be if God did not visit us! How could we bear it, if he were to say, "You have had the last visit; I will come to you no more!" But he will see us again, and our hearts shall rejoice. He will come unto us, and he will bless us. Still promises are not enough, if we are really alive to God. We want their fulfilment. We cannot be satisfied unless the Lord comes, and manifests himself unto us. O Lord, visit me and soften my heart. It is hard and unfeeling. I have tried to melt it in vain. I have taken it to Sinai, there it grows harder. I have taken it to Gethsemane and Calvary, but no place, no scene, no subject will do. It must be thy presence, thy smile, the sense of thy love. Only come unto me, and my hard heart will yield, and flow with streams of penitential tears. O Lord, visit me, and sanctify my temper. It is unlovely. It is trying to myself and others. I have had a long and severe conflict with it, but it is unlovely still. But thy presence will make me meek, gentle, loving, kind-hearted, and good tempered with all about me. In my very worst moods, a visit from thee fills me with shame, self-abhorrence, gratitude, and humility; and then I am good-tempered in a moment. O Lord, visit me, and revive my graces. Faith is weak. Hope is languid. Love is unsettled and wandering. A visit from thee will fill me with confidence, raise my expectations, and cause my whole soul to glow with love. Then zeal will burn, repentance will work, fortitude will spring up, and every grace that should adorn the christian character, will be in lively act and exercise. Oh, visit me, and brighten my evidences. They are often so dim, so unsatisfactory, that I can derive no comfort from them. I want to feel sure that I am a christian. To have no doubts, no misgivings. To have every satisfactory evidence in my heart and life; but unless thou visit me, I feel certain I shall not. Oh, visit me, and cheer my spirits. I am dejected and cast down. My comforts droop and die. I am low, in a low place. Oh, visit me, and confound my foes. They are many. They are powerful. They get access to my heart. They bewilder, confuse, and mislead me. They often cast me

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down wounded, and fill me with fear and dread. Oh, visit me, and perfect my resignation. I would yield to thy will in every thing. I would prefer thy choice to my own. I would be perfectly satisfied with all thy arrangements. Oh, visit me, and produce this blessed, this desirable state of mind.

Beloved, God's remembrance is always fruitful, it always brings us good things. God's visits are always beneficial. They check every evil, nourish every grace, revive every virtue, and satisfy every really good desire. In this short prayer is all we shall want in life or in death. Are you concerned that God should remember you? Could you bear to be forgotten of God? Did God ever visit you in mercy? Has he visited you lately? Can you be satisfied without his visits? Oh, make the prophet's prayer your own, and daily cry, "O Lord, remember me, and visit me!"

"Lord, when I quit this earthly stage,
Where shall I fly but to thy breast?
For I have sought no other home,
For I have learn'd no other rest.

"I cannot live contented here,
Without some glimpses of thy face;
And heaven without thy presence there,
Would be a dark and tiresome place.

"When earthly cares engross the day,
And hold my thoughts aside from thee,
The shining hours of cheerful light,
Are long and tedious years to me.

"And if no evening visit's paid,
Between my Saviour and my soul,
How dull the night! how sad the shade!
How mournfully the minutes roll!"

New Park-Street, London. JAMES SMITH.

USING THE APPOINTED MEANS EVEN AGAINST HOPE.

"And he said, Thus saith the Lord, Make this valley full of ditches. For thus saith the Lord, Ye shall not see wind, neither shall ye see rain; yet that valley shall be filled with water, that ye may drink, both ye, and your cattle, and your beasts. And this is but a light thing in the sight of the Lord: he will deliver the Moabites also into your hand."—2 *Kings* iii. 16—18.

It is not for us *now* to decide on the justice of this war to retain a foreign nation under tribute. Judaism was a *theocracy*. God was the King of Judea, as well as the God of the Jews and of all men. Hence it was an important object, under the old economy, to shew that the LORD of the hosts of Israel was almighty, and that the "Lords many" of the hosts of the heathen were but the work of men's hands and men's imaginations. While Israel, therefore, was faithful to the Lord of Hosts, "one chased 1000, and two put 10,000 to flight." Their Rock would not sell them. Under the New Covenant He assumes very different titles. "The God of *Peace*,"—"The Father of *Mercies*,"—"The God of all consolation." He displays his New Testament power by enabling his people, not to *revenge*, but to *forgive*,—not to shed the blood of their foes, but to soften their hearts by returning good for evil. A consideration shewing the infinite absurdity of designating any soldier governments *christian* governments!

What a singular alliance of kings this! Jehoram the partially-reforming son of the wicked Ahab, the probably heathen king of Edom, and Jehoshaphat the godly king of Judah. Unsafe associations these for the latter! For "what agreement hath the temple of God with idols?"

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Unsafe Jehoshaphat soon found it to be. We do not read that he enquired of God whether he *ought* to join with Jehoram and Edom; but doing it soon brought him into difficulties, which compelled him to "enquire of the Lord." "In all thy ways acknowledge Him, and He shall direct thy steps." What we begin without prayer, God will often compel us to finish with prayer.

Even when consulting by *which way* they should invade Moab, Jehoshaphat asks no advice of God. Of his own wisdom, as he thought it, he counsels them not to go straight across the Jordan, but to take a seven days' journey round the Dead Sea. Perhaps he was suffered to choose a difficulty from which God alone could extricate him, to remind him of his neglecting to "enquire of the Lord." Perhaps he was *ashamed*, before the heathen and the apostate's son, to propose "enquiring of the Lord." How fitly was he in that case reproved! He is made ashamed of his counsel before these very men, and punished with a fear strong enough to overcome all shame.

But what an appalling prospect! Three large armies and their monarchs, and all the hapless animals attending the camp, too, all in danger of perishing from *thirst*,—from want of that *common* element, water. How easy a prey for the Moabites! What danger of a *mutiny*, and of signal revenge taken on the monarchs (the authors of that war and of most wars) by their own maddened troops! or of the stronger portion deserting, and leaving the enfeebled remainder to the cruelty of their enemies. How heart-rending to the royal authors of all this suffering, to see their people scattered languishing over the burning plain, and to hear their faint and desponding cries! What a change since, in all the pomp of military pride, the strength of three kingdoms, they left their cities, and their final rendezvous, confident in their *numbers*, and flushed with the hope of spoil!

We have room only to notice, however, the *means* of deliverance. The son of Ahab (v. 10) throws on God the blame of all the suffering around them, and the impending danger. Jehoshaphat, humbled and awakened, seeks a prophet of the Lord; and there is one at hand, "an interpreter, one among a thousand, to shew unto man his righteousness." How remarkable the means enjoined by Elisha! How impressively they teach the part required of man, and the part reserved by God to himself in all the dark scenes and trials of life.

"Make *this valley* full of ditches." This salt and rocky valley, in which, should water, contrary to all experience, arise, it yet would be bitter and salt as the Dead Sea itself. Where should the water come from? Not a fountain is near, not a cloud in sight. Yet *obey*. You are *commanded; that* is enough; *duty* is yours. Toilsome, indeed, will the work be to the faint and thirsty men, and hopeless apparently, too; yet arise and do the duty of the hour.

"For thus saith the Lord, Ye shall not see wind (to bring clouds), neither shall ye see rain (to fill the ditches); yet the valley shall be *filled* with water!" "Lord, it is done as thou hast commanded." The ditches are all made. The whole night has passed away,—no rain. The morning dawns—for what? To give the Moabites light to attack the languid host? No. "On the fourth watch of the night," after they had been toiling all night, Christ comes to his disciples' help. "In the mount of the Lord it shall be seen." And so now, at the hour of sacrifice, the long-looked for water comes. From whence no one knew. The *direction* of the stream they could tell; but the *fountain*, where was that? Yes, where? A modern philosophic descanter on miracles, would have a hundred theories as to the *cause*. Jehoshaphat and Elisha could have given, we think, the *truly* philosophical answer. *They* well knew the CAUSE *of*

causes, and had no disposition to explain away his moral government,—his wielding all material causes in subservience to his moral government of his rational and accountable creatures.

They asked for *water* only. God gave them water, and *victory* too. How bountiful his encouragements to prayer! When has he given less than he was asked? How often has he given more!

Let us thankfully remember the grand lesson of this miracle,—not to hesitate or vacillate in duty, or in using the means appropriate to our situation. We may see neither wind nor water; yet the valley may be filled with water. Let us, then, patiently and obediently prepare for the blessings we have asked.

F. CLOWES.

THE HEBREW YOUTHS ASSERTING LIBERTY OF CONSCIENCE.

BY THE REV. J. P. CHOWN.

Wondering, the other day, how far back we might be able to trace the principles of Anti-State-Churchism, we were struck with the fact, that it was not just the new-fangled kind of system that many suppose it to be, since it could be found as far back as the reign, not even of one of our own remotest kings, but some six hundred years before the coming of Christ, in the reign of Nebuchadnezzar. Yes, just look back with us a moment, reader, and we shall see it. There, then, is the great State-church, a *golden image*, and *only an image*, mark, though *a golden one*, without animation, energy, or even life; there is its representative, and oh, how like its representatives in the present day, intolerant, imperious, tyrannical,—then it was worship or the fiery furnace,—now it is worship or Exeter gaol; there are all the magnates, the wealthy and noble in the land, with the king at their head, paying reverence,—and there are *the three first Dissenters and Anti-State-Churchmen*, Shadrach, Meshach, and Abednego. And is it not a glorious position that which is taken up by these men, reader? only three against thousands; but *they* standing erect like men conscious of their own integrity and uprightness, *these* princes and dignitaries, as many of them are, prostrate before a dumb idol, as though bound to the earth by their own self-degradation and abasement.

Yes, noble men as they are, there they stand; and though all besides may be engaged in their idolatry, though all the great and mighty are to be found amongst them, yet they look not so much at the *worshippers* as the *object worshipped*, they know *that* is but an *image*, albeit a golden one, and hence most emphatically and boldly denying the right of any man, king though he may be, to interfere betwixt God and their own conscience, their answer to his command is, "we will not serve thy gods, nor worship the image which thou hast set up:" thus enunciating there on the broad plain of Dura a principle which, though it may have been left to slumber for ages, is now again taken up and advocated by good and faithful men like themselves,—a principle which is becoming more and more extensively known and appreciated among all classes every day,—a principle which must and shall diffuse itself through the world, till the last link by which the Church is now bound to the State shall be for ever snapped asunder, and religion, unfettered and free, shall be left to its own native power and influence, to assert its own dignity, to shew forth its own loveliness and beauty, to put forth its own mighty energy, to become, in fact, what God intended it should be, the regenerator of the human family, the saviour of the world.

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Biblical.

HOURS WITH MY BIBLE CLASS.

BY THE REV. J. A. BAYNES, OF NOTTINGHAM.

No. 5.

THE PENTATEUCH.

The first five books of the Bible, often spoken of by their Hebrew title, *Torah*—the Law,—are also known by the name of the Pentateuch. This term, as well as the names of the single books, is Greek,—meaning simply, the five volumes. The probability, therefore, is, that it was first used in connection with the Septuagint—the translation of the Old Testament into Greek, so called from the tradition of its execution by seventy learned Jews at Alexandria, 280 B. C. In the Hebrew these books form but one roll or volume, and are divided into portions for Sabbath reading. These divisions were named after the first emphatic words that occur in each. Thus the first section is called "In the beginning;" the second "Noah," beginning with Gen. vi. 9; the third "Go for thyself," Gen. xii. 1. Of these Sunday lessons, Genesis contained 12, Exodus 11, Leviticus 10, Numbers 10, and Deuteronomy 11. Subsequently, in the reign of Antiochus Epiphanes, when the reading of the Law was forbidden, the Prophets were similarly divided, and the reading of them instituted for a while, and then combined with the reading of the Law when the restriction was taken away. The Jews read half the section on the Monday, the remainder on Thursday, and on the Sabbath the whole, both morning and evening.

The value attached to the Pentateuch may be gathered from the fact, that these writings were deposited in the most sacred place, and guarded with the most watchful care. The prince was obliged to copy it (Deut. xvii. 18, 19); the people were commanded to teach it to their children, and to wear it as "signs on their hands and frontlets between their eyes." Every expression was deemed inspired by the articles of the Jewish creed; and the Jews maintained that God had more care of the letters and syllables of the Law than of the stars in heaven. Hence every individual letter was numbered, and notice taken how often it occurred.

That Moses was the *Writer of the Pentateuch*, we conclude on several grounds.

1. From the unanimous and uncontradicted testimony of antiquity, as gathered from Jews and Samaritans, Hebrews and Christians.

2. Moses speaks, in many places, of himself as the appointed writer, as, for example, in Exod. xvii. 14, xxiv. 4, xxxiv. 27; Numbers xxxiii. 2; Deut. xxxi. 9, 19, 24.

3. The Old Testament writers refer to it as the work of Moses.

4. We have the crowning testimony of Christ and his apostles, who frequently cite Moses, and quote his words and laws as the words and laws of God delivered by his servant Moses to the people. Such references are to be found in all the Evangelists,—in the Acts,—in the Epistles to the Romans, the Hebrews, and elsewhere.

5. All Hebrew history rests on the authority of these books, and proves that they came from Moses to the people.

The contents of the Pentateuch include an account of the creation of the world,—the fall of man,—the delivery of the earliest gospel,—outlines of the first annals of the world,—a full recital of the Jewish law,—and a record of the events that happened to the Israelites, from the time of their becoming a distinct people to that of their departure out of Egypt and of their arrival on the borders of Canaan, the land of promise—embracing a period of 2500 years in its brief survey. It is a wide description gradually contracted: an account of one nation preceded by a general sketch of the first state of mankind. In the book of Genesis we have the paradisaical and patriarchal dispensations,—in the four following books, the Mosaic or Jewish.

Nor is it possible for us to remember the darkness which, apart from this narration, rests on the primeval annals of our world and the race with which we claim kindredship, or to note the strange and fabulous records which heathen invention has supplied, without having our spirits stirred to thankfulness, that to us is given this true though brief memorial of the wisdom and the power which first moulded and beautified this fair dwelling-place for man, and then fashioned in dignity and in purity the first father of our family "a little lower than the angels, crowned with glory and honour, and set above the works of the Divine hands."

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Hence we learn the only clear and consistent facts that account for all with which to-day experience is conversant. On the one hand, degradation, which implies a forsaking and a loss of better things once possessed, sin, diseases, misery, and the grave; on the other, a nature with traces still of a nobleness witnessing to a Divine original,—with dim recollections and regrets,—with yearnings after a lost paradise,—with aspirations which point to a paradise regained. Conscious as we are of this twofold character, the only solution of its causes is to be found in the simple story of the inspired Hebrew recorder of

"Man's first disobedience, and the fruit
Of that forbidden tree, whose mortal taste
Brought death into our world and all our woe,
With loss of Eden, till one greater man
Restore us and regain the blissful seat."

While the memorial of the earlier history of God's chosen people, presenting to us the history of a Providence that has not forsaken the world and its children, supplies consolation, and strength, and wisdom to the devout mind in all after time.

The wise and humble christian will always regard the whole volume of divine truth as a spacious field, divided into various compartments, but forming one sublime and beautiful whole. He will walk in every part of it with a devout and teachable mind, everywhere beholding the ways, feeling the presence, and hearing the voice, of Jehovah. At the foot of Sinai he will tremble: he will repose on Calvary. He will learn lessons of piety and virtue from the ancient patriarchs, from Moses and the prophets; and he will not fail to appreciate his own inestimable privileges, as he recalls the language of Christ: "Blessed are your eyes, for they see; and your ears, for they hear. Verily I say unto you, Many prophets and righteous men desired to see the things ye see, and have not seen them; and to hear the things ye hear, and have not heard them."

Tales and Sketches.

THE DYING REQUEST OF THE INFIDEL'S DAUGHTER.

If success in society constituted happiness, Mr. Breynton, of Beech Abbey, would have been an enviable man. With ample means, popular manners, a vast store of information, and singular aptness in imparting it—no small share of the homage of the world fell to Mr. Breynton's lot. But with all these elements of happiness Mr. Breynton was a saddened man. To the support arising from settled religious convictions he was a stranger. "I worship"—he was accustomed to say to his three motherless daughters, from whose education a religious creed was systematically excluded—"I worship THE SUPREME in his works. I adore his omnipotence in the starry firmament on a cloudless night. I trace his bounty in the fields of waving corn,—his love of order in the undeviating succession of the seasons,—his ever watchful providence in the ceaseless ebb and flow of ocean. The sun images out to me his all-pervading bounty. The sea mirrors to me his fathomless eternity." But with natural objects his religious impressions terminated. Mr. Breynton was an infidel!

There is not upon earth a more painful spectacle than that of a gifted and accomplished WORLDLING.

When infinite pains and measureless care are bestowed upon preserving the outward tabernacle to the utter forgetfulness of the immortal spirit within,—when what is earthly and temporal is preferred to what is spiritual and eternal,—oh, what a melancholy perversion is it of the great purposes of our being!

It was thus with those three graceful girls who shared with their misguided parent the splendid seclusion of Beech Abbey. Exterior grace, personal elegance, an easy and winning address—these were points on which the most sedulous attention was successfully bestowed; but no one effort was made to inculcate religious principles, or to plume the soul for a final flight to a blissful and eternal home.

But in no human breast hath the Almighty Governor left himself without a witness. There were moments when the thought of his own inevitable dissolution—of the dark, uncertain, fathomless future—shot like an ice-bolt through the sceptic's frame. "The spirit can never die!"—he would often murmer to himself—"How will *that future* affect it? Then, again, as to those I leave

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behind me?" And in an instant fancy would picture to him the dependent state of those fondly-cherished beings who had such paramount claims upon him, and whom his demise would render destitute. "They will be orphans"—was his oft-repeated conclusion—"portionless—homeless—friendless!"

But the prospect of poverty and dependence for his children was not the evil which Mr. Breynton had to dread. About a dozen miles from the Abbey lived a Mrs. Egerton, a lady of large fortune, who had been an early friend of its former mistress. After Mrs. Breynton's death, mere formal civilities had been interchanged between Mrs. Egerton and the widower. This was the result of his religious creed. But her heart still clung with affection to the children of her early friend; and no fitting opportunity did she allow to slip of proving to them that the memory of their mother was still dear to her. An accident terminated abruptly and unexpectedly Mrs. Egerton's life. She had no near relatives: and, to the utter consternation of a large circle of legacy-hunting acquaintance, it appeared that she had bequeathed the bulk of her property to Eleanor, Mr. Breynton's youngest daughter—"because, from all she could hear or learn respecting her, she bore, both in temper and disposition, no faint resemblance to her sainted mother."

Never was there a will which caused such abundant dissatisfaction. "It was cruel"—"It was unnatural"—"It was unreasonable." And in this outcry none joined more lustily than the friends of a little girl called Rachel Rendlesham, whose beauty had won for her the notice of Mrs. Egerton; who had fondled her; caressed her; estranged her from her parents; monopolized her affection; and had then forgotten her! There was not the slightest mention made of her, or the most scanty provision allotted her in the will. The omission was to her parents a source of the most bitter disappointment: their joy, therefore, was proportionate at learning that the circumstance had been favourably represented to Mrs. Egerton's heiress, and that sunshine would again be restored to the little Rachel's prospects. This was Eleanor's earliest care on succeeding to her property. It proved, if nothing more, that from the selfishness which wealth too often brings along with it, her heart was yet free.

Ah, she little knew the influence which the youthful Rachel was to exercise on her afterlife! A very brief interval elapsed after her future fortunes had been placed on a firm basis, ere her youthful protectress paid her a visit. The little girl was silent and dispirited. Eleanor addressed her simply, mildly, tenderly. "I like you," said the little girl: "you are something resembling Mrs. Egerton. Mrs. Egerton is gone to heaven. They tell me you are now in Mrs. Egerton's place. But oh, you will never—never—be my dear Mrs. Egerton to me!"

The sweet clear voice in which this outbreak was uttered—the calm, deliberate manner in which it was given—sensibly affected her to whom it was addressed.

Horrified at this frank confession, and fearful of the consequences, the mistress fidgetted, and fumed, and fretted, and bustled about; and, as a total change of subject, bid the little mourner bring her sampler, and her stitching, and her verse-book, for Miss Breynton's inspection.

The little girl was proof against all entreaties. "No!" said she, addressing Eleanor, "I would rather repeat to you the two texts I learnt for Mrs. Egerton. They were the last I ever said to her. Ah, I shall never see, or say them to her again! She used to talk to me much about JESUS CHRIST. *She is with him now!* Yes: she is with him now!" And then, as if it were a relief to her little over-charged spirit, she slowly repeated in her plaintive but most musical voice: "He that hath the Son of God hath life; and he that hath not the Son of God, hath not life." "I am the Way, the Truth, and the Life: no man cometh unto the Father but by Me."

Eleanor listened to her little monitress with deep emotion. Thoughts equally new and startling flashed across her mind.

"You must return with me," was her address to the delighted Rachel: "and let your text-book and your verse-book accompany you."

Not a word was spoken during the drive to the Abbey; but the little girl was happy; for once more was she fondly caressed and kindly smiled on.

And Eleanor's thoughts, whither—whither did they wing? For the first time, to the world beyond the grave—to the home of the disembodied spirit—to the final resting place of the soul.

The impression made that hour, God's grace never permitted to fade.

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"It is as I expected. The Religionists have got hold of her," was Mr. Breynton's conclusion, as Eleanor drove off with her sisters one wet and gloomy morning to church. "The books I have seen on her work-table,—the strangely-altered tone of her conversation,—her sudden subscription to the Sunday school,—alike convince me that she has surrendered her mind to the influence of superstition. But she seems happy: and a kinder, a more affectionate, a more dutiful daughter never slumbered beneath the shelter of a father's roof. We cannot both be right," he continued musingly; "*if* there be, as she would fain persuade me, a future state of righteous retribution, my prospects are gloomy enough. I have a great stake upon this die. But there is no such state," said he boldly, "the belief in it is inculcated by interested men solely for their own special benefit. 'Man goeth to his LONG HOME!' Is it not written so? His LONG home—a long, long sleep in the grave. Shew me the being that has returned from thence, and I will prepare for a future state like the rest. No, no, christianity is false: that is my fixed and firm conviction. And yet," added he, after a pause, "in spite of this conviction, christianity MAY be true; and I may wake again in another world to prove it!" There was agony in the thought. He shook with ungovernable emotion, as the words rose to his lips; and rushing into the air, traversed for hours his splendid domain in the vain effort to escape from himself!

For some months Beech Abbey had ceased to be to Eleanor a happy home. Her father's opinions differed so materially from her own on the most momentous of all subjects; there was such an evident disinclination on his part to allow christianity to receive any acknowledgment in his household; that Eleanor felt the bondage of his creed had become a burden too heavy to be borne.

Perhaps, too, the attentions which she had for some time past received from Mr. Walter de Mowbray, the nephew and heir of the Earl of Wharfedale, and which her heart had whispered were but too grateful to her, might have had some little influence in maturing this conclusion. At length her union with Mr. De Mowbray was resolved upon. Lord Wharfedale did not dissemble his satisfaction at the proposed connexion. By Mr. Breynton it was hailed with that deep and passionate exultation so peculiarly characteristic of an ambitious spirit. But at that very moment, when he thought his position so firm and his prospects so brilliant—when he fondly deemed "the glory of his house to be increased," the HAND was uplifted to strike the blow by which all his plans and projects were to be crumbled into dust.

Splendid was the banquet, and sparkling the conversation, and titled the manly forms, and fair the beaming faces that met at Wharfedale Castle, on the eighteenth of June, in honour of the approaching nuptials of its heir. No distinct intimation was given; but with each guest there seemed a tacit understanding that this *re-union* ratified the long-pending alliance between the Breyntons and De Mowbrays.

Never had Eleanor appeared more beautiful; or her father so self-possessed, calm, and happy.

The bride elect, with her father, quitted the Castle early; for the distance to the Abbey was considerable, and the road in more parts than one wretchedly bad. Whether to this fact the sad result should be ascribed,—or to the deep potations which, at the Castle, had been pressed upon the postilion in honour of his young mistress, cannot well be ascertained; but midway between the Abbey and Wharfedale the carriage was overturned. Its inmates were speedily extricated; both, it was thought and hoped, without injury. But such was not the result. Immediately on reaching home Eleanor retired to her room, complaining of intense pain in her limbs. A violent inflammatory attack came on, which yielded only to the most vigorous treatment; and left behind it symptoms of rapid and confirmed consumption.

The anxiety—the agony—the restlessness of Mr. Breynton, the fever of apprehension in which he passed day after day, defy description. The medical attendants were pained and perplexed by his agitated and incessant enquiries; the more so, because they felt they could hold out no hope.

"We will not deceive you, Mr. Breynton," was the reply mournfully given by the leading physician; "your daughter's cure is beyond the reach of medical skill. Her case is so hopeless, and there is so much suffering before her, that the best wish her most attached friend can form for her is *a happy death*."

"A *happy* death! a *happy* death!" repeated the infidel father in a tone of bitter

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incredulity. "Oh, what a mockery of words!"

But the sufferer was calm. Aware of her situation, her whole attention was bestowed in preparing her father and sisters for the event, and endeavouring to reconcile the former to what was inevitable. His grief was frightful. It was daring, outrageous, defying. It was not the "godly sorrow that worketh repentance;" it was "the sorrow of the world that worketh death!"

At the earnest request of De Mowbray, she saw him twice and alone. What passed at the second and final interview never transpired. But the young man quitted her chamber under the influence of emotion that deprived him of utterance.

"I am calmer this evening, father," said the dying Eleanor; "more free from pain, and better able to converse than I have been for many days. Sit down, then, near me,—close—close by my side."

In moody silence the stern parent seated himself by his dying child.

"Father!" said she, after a long pause, "we shall know each other,—we shall surely know each other when we meet on the resurrection morning."

"Is there a resurrection?" said he huskily, and with evident emotion.

"Yes," she returned, solemnly, "both of the just and of the unjust."

"Eleanor!" said the infidel, resolutely, and almost sternly, "let not the phantasies which pain and weakness often bring over the intellect permanently possess you. Such an event is not probable, is not possible!"

"Oh, father! father!"

"Listen to me. The body after death is resolved into dust. That dust is in many cases scattered thousands of miles apart; lies in different and distant places. In many instances it has passed into other substances. For example,—some perish beneath the waves of the ocean, and are devoured by the monsters of the deep. The bones of others whiten on the battle plain. The existence of some is terminated amid the burning conflagration. Others find their last resting-place in the parching sands of the desert. Not a few have been torn piecemeal by the ravenous beast of the forest. Reason, therefore, cannot conceive,—in truth, reason wholly rejects the doctrine that these particles can be so brought together again; can be so carefully and perfectly combined as to preserve the identity, or in simpler and plainer terms, so as to be known to be the same body."

"You acknowledge God to be ALL-MIGHTY—do you not, father?"

"I admit, certainly, THE SUPREME BEING to be an almighty being; but why harass yourself with this discussion, Eleanor? You are weak and ill able to bear it. Let us change the conversation?"

"No, father, no! It is our *last*. *Such* an inward conviction, which I cannot mistake, stamps it. My dear, dear father, surely the closing conversation between parent and child may well be of the things that relate to eternity! You admit, then, the Supreme to be all-mighty?"

"I do."

"Surely, then, He whose power called man into existence, whose power keeps him in existence, whose power can at any moment terminate his existence, possesses power after death to renew his existence? In other words, surely, he who was able to make man at first, who is still able to unmake him at any hour in the full vigour of health and strength, can remake him again after death?"

"That argument is not new," returned Mr. Breynton coldly.

"But it is sound; and being based upon truth, cannot be shaken. He who said, 'Let there be light, and there was light,' cannot he regather all, even the minutest particles of a man's body scattered wherever they may be? What imports it, whether these fragments be lying in the blue depths of ocean, or mouldering in the dark and lonely jungle, or enveloped amid the trackless sands of the desert, or bleaching on the summit of the lofty mountain, cannot THE SUPREME compel them to return in one instant of time to the rest of the mass and recompose the former man? Unquestionably he can. He has but to will, and it is done. As omniscient, he cannot but know where each particle rests. As all-mighty, not one fragment can be beyond the reach of his arm. I grant you that the doctrine of the resurrection is one which reason could never have taught us. It is peculiarly the doctrine of revelation: and it is an all-important one."

"But in rejecting it I but injure myself."

"Rest not, my dear father, on so frail a foundation. The amount of injury done to society by evil example, who can estimate? Here and there an individual may be spared to see the flagitiousness of his own princi-

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ples, and to repent from the very heart for ever having entertained them; but can he hope the same of others who have imbibed their principles from his lips? Father, you may live to recant. I pray God earnestly, oh, how earnestly, that this may be permitted you; but how few of those who have admired and adopted your principles may ever have the opportunity of being warned by your renunciation of them? The contagion of your unbelief may be diffusing itself in society long, long after you have ceased to have any control over it. You may be doing harm, yes, even in your grave! The poison of your principles may be circulating in many a neighbourhood, many a family, many a bosom: its venom may be operating upon others, may be corrupting the innocent, and drawing down to perdition the unwary, may be swelling deeply, fearfully, overwhelmingly, the amount of your condemnation before God, long after your earthly existence has closed."

Mr. Breynton seemed paralyzed for a moment by the dying girl's earnestness, but recovering himself by a strong effort, observed with a shew of firmness:

"I am too closely rivetted to my opinions, Eleanor, ever to abandon them. I appreciate all your kindness. I can enter into all your anxiety. My creed I cannot alter. Short of this, any request you may make I will solemnly and rigidly fulfil."

"You will?" said she delightedly.

"I will, on the word of a father, who has never yet deceived you."

"Then hear the last request—the dying request—of your departing but happy child. Let no evening close, after my death, unsolemnized by the offering of family prayer at the Abbey—when you will promise to be present."

Mr. Breynton started—changed colour—attempted to speak—checked himself—and was silent.

"Let my early death be not in vain! No, let my departure be the signal for the family altar being raised in the Abbey where God has hitherto been so little known. I shall then be with you. Yes, in spirit, I shall then be near you. And you, father, will then hold communion with your departed child. . . . You promise me?"

"I do," he replied with fervid earnestness, "faithfully and unreservedly."

"I am content. God will water the seed sown in his own good time. Now, bid me good-night, and leave me."

She slept after this conversation long and tranquilly. Her cough had left her; and her breathing was as gentle, calm, and regular as that of a slumbering infant. About an hour after midnight her attendants thought they heard her speak. They listened. She was praying earnestly; and they heard her say "*finally*," for each member of her family. In these closing petitions, the spiritual welfare of her father formed a prominent and affecting topic. She was then silent for some moments. She spoke again. Her sisters and the nurse crept anxiously to her side, for they fancied that her voice sounded fuller and clearer than usual. She had raised herself on her pillow. Her hands were crossed upon her bosom. Her eyes were lifted upwards, as if holding most reverential but delightful communion with an invisible Being; and her whole countenance was irradiated with an indescribable expression of adoring awe, perfect triumph, and holy joy. Then, bending her head in lowliest humility, all around heard her utter clearly and distinctly, as if in answer to some earnest call—"Speak, Lord, for thy servant heareth!" One soft and gentle sigh, and all was still.

Such was the confession with which she "passed over Jordan!"

* * * * * *

"Our new church rises rapidly," was the remark of an anxious bye-stander in a large manufacturing village where there was a dense population and a lamentable prevalence of infidel sentiments; "but the stranger's earnestness in pressing on the work, and his desire to see it completed, continue without abatement."

"How singular," said another, "that we should owe so great a boon to one who has no connexion with us in point of property—had no previous knowledge of us—and possesses no apparent community of feeling with us. His very name is wrapped up in a sort of mystery. In fact, we know as little about him now as when he first broached the project amongst us."

"It was a happy day for us that brought him here," said the first speaker.

"And for *himself* also," said another, who came up and joined the group, and who seemed to have a knowledge of some circumstances of which the others were ignorant.

"Our benefactor *was* an infidel,—lost an idolized daughter,—had bolder and happier views opened to him through a rigid fulfil-

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ment of that daughter's dying request,—and now, as his best *atonement to society* for the opinions which he formerly entertained, has sought a spot where infidelity prevails, there to check its dark and turbid stream by opening freely to the poorest amongst us the counter current of divine truth, and hope, and love. Such is his history—his name is immaterial!"—*Abridged from the Life Book of a Labourer.*

"IS YOUR FAITH AS STRONG AS THAT, MOTHER?"

In a small cottage on the southern shores of the Baltic, lived a pious widow named Bertha Schmidt; and a pretty picture in summer was that little dwelling, peering out from the embowering vines and flowers. While looking upon it, a stranger would admire the perfect tranquillity reigning there, and the grace, too, with which humble poverty could invest itself. Now and then it happened one could get a glimpse of the good old dame herself, sitting in the open door—in her high-backed chair and her bible in her lap—so neat, so primitive in her attire, with such a saintly calmness in her withered face—the whole picture was one of quiet happiness. But it was not the aged widow herself who had gathered all the pleasant things about her cottage-home. This was the work of Karl, her only son and child, who lived with her, and supported her by working at the trade of a carpenter. Karl was a noble fellow, and he had a heart as tender as it was strong; yet he was now twenty-eight, and was not married. He was, indeed, a good son. He had long been engaged to a worthy maiden, but he would not marry until he felt he could do so without lessening the comforts which the infirmities of his mother made necessary. But Karl had prospered under the blessing of heaven, and he was about to add a third person to their little cottage-home. It was now winter, and the widow's house did not look very picturesque, divested of its summer drapery. But all was bright within; the narrow windows were full of Karl's choice flowers, transferred to neat boxes of his own handicraft. The Russian stove sent forth its genial glow, and the aged widow sat in her old-fashioned chair, waiting, with a placid smile, the entrance of her children. And now, the merry bridal group return from church, and the evening passes joyfully away. A kind heart must have felt warm sympathy, while looking upon that happy circle. But fearful was the change which morning brought. A hostile army was approaching the city of Stralsund, and might be looked for at any hour. In every house there was gloom,—in every heart fear and trembling. The day passed away in dreadful suspense, and night closed in over the still watching, praying, fasting city. As night deepened, there came on a terrific storm of snow and wind, which made the scene still more desolate and fearful. But how is it within the widow's cottage? Karl had for a while busied himself with barricading the doors and windows, so as to offer at least some obstruction to the rude soldiery, and had done the best he could to defend his mother and his bride. Then he sank down into gloomy silence, while his young wife sat by him pale and trembling; but the aged widow sat with her eyes fastened upon her book, and seemed lost to all around her. At length she raised her eyes, and a bright smile beamed upon her countenance as she repeated these lines:—

"Round us a wall our God shall rear,
And our proud foes shall quail with fear!"

"What! dear mother," replied Karl, "is your faith as strong as that? Do you really expect God will build a wall round our poor hut, strong and high enough to keep out an army? I wish I could believe it till the hour comes; it is terrible to wait in this state of mind." "Has not my son read," replied the mother, "that not a sparrow falls to the ground without our Father? that faith has stopped the mouths of lions, and turned aside the edge of the sword?" Karl made no reply, and the little family sank again into a sad silence. Just at midnight there was a lull in the storm, and they heard the great clock striking the hour of twelve. At the same moment, the faint sound of martial music caught their watchful ears in the opposite direction—the fatal time had come. The little family drew closer together, and as the aged mother returned the pressure of her son's hand, she again repeated:—

"Round us a wall our God shall rear,
And our proud foes shall quail with fear!"

The music drew nearer, mingled with a confused sound of trampling and shouting. Soon shrieks were heard; the crackling of flames, and the crash of falling houses, told them that the work of plunder and destruction was going on. But no hostile foot

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invaded the widow's dwelling; it stood quiet and unharmed amid the uproar, as if angels were encamping round it. At length the tumult died away,—the storm ceased,—and a death-like silence fell upon the scene. After waiting several hours, Karl ventured to unclose a shutter; but the light came dimly through the snow, which was heaped to the very top of the window. He cautiously opened the door, but here again a wall of snow met his view, and he was obliged to cut his way into the open air. When he had done this, he stood silent with astonishment and awe at the sight before him. Huge drifts of snow had completely encircled the cottage, and made it in appearance a mere mound of snow, with no sign that a human habitation lay hid beneath it. Not even the steep roof or chimney had betrayed the secret. They had, indeed, been hidden by a "wall," and had dwelt safely in the pavilion of the Most High. Karl led his aged mother out to behold her "wall of faith." The pious widow wept as she looked up to heaven, and softly exclaimed, "Faithful is He who hath promised, He also hath done it." Readers, have you such faith as this, when danger is near?—*The Mother's Friend.*

THE CHRISTIAN TRAVELLER'S TEMPTATIONS.

Christian travellers should always be known as christian pilgrims. Their religion should neither be left at home nor put away in their trunks with the bible or prayer-book, but kept as a personal possession for personal and constant use. But summer religion, in travelling, is too apt to be as light and trifling as a summer's dress. There are great temptations to the forgetfulness of God and of divine things in travelling, against which it becomes christians to be much on their guard.

We shall state some things demanding the christian traveller's watchful attention, if he would not come back from his journeyings with a heart that has wandered further from God than his body has travelled from home. It is a much easier thing for a man to get back to his friends and home, in the city or the country, from a long tour or a short one, than it is to get back to God with the heart, when it has wandered from him,—heart wanderings from God being lasting evils—evils that do more ill to the soul than the pleasantest summer recreations can do good to the body. The christian traveller must be watchful as to his daily habits of secret prayer, that they be not broken up. For this purpose he must take time for prayer wherever he may be. Every day must have its sacred seasons. The spiritual nourishment of the soul must be received by communion with Him who has taught us to pray, "Give us this day our daily bread." Because we are on board a steam-boat, we do not therefore neglect our daily meals nor our nightly rest; and if there can be time secured for that, so there can be for prayer, which is much more important. Travellers from morning to night in the railcars, always get opportunities for refreshment; because they are travelling, they do not therefore neglect the care of life. But the soul's spiritual life is the thing above all other things important to be attended to. It must be attended to.

But it needs effort, it needs decision, it needs remembrance, and the collection of the thoughts, and the fixing of them upon God, upon Christ, and upon the things of the eternal world. This can be done, even amidst a crowd, if the christian will give himself to it. It is a great help to this to have a pocket Testament or some devotional book at hand, to direct the heart into a holy channel of feeling, and fix it without interruption. But a particular effort at a particular time is needed as much as at home. A spiritual frame cannot be maintained, either at home or abroad, without particular seasons daily given to God in prayer. To secure such seasons should be a great object of watchfulness and remembrance of the christian traveller. Fatigue ought not to prevent them. Impatience, bustle, and hurry in the morning ought not to prevent them. Neither impatience nor haste would prevent a traveller from his breakfast before starting.

Now it is a good proverb, "that prayer and provender never hindered a journey." The first time we ever heard this proverb, was from the lips of the excellent Dr. Porter, of the Andover Theological Seminary. We do not know that we ever heard it repeated by any one else, but it made an abiding impression many years ago. In many parts of the world that proverb has come to my mind. It is one that an age of steam boats and railroads would hardly have suggested; but in lonely travelling on horseback, or in social travelling in one's carriage, a man

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would be very likely to think of it, when taking care that his horses or mules be well for his journey. It is a good proverb for all men every where.

Let men begin and continue every day of their journeyings in prayer. With this fixed, a thousand things that otherwise might distract the soul from God will lead it to him. With this habit fixed, the christian will be kept from a thousand carelessnesses and temptations by the way. The mind will be in a serene and quiet frame, opportunities of useful conversation will occur, and the heart will be in such a state, that it will be pleasant and delightful to embrace them. The impression made by such a christian will be a hallowed one. Such a christian will be cheerful without being frivolous. Such a christian will be a delightful companion, but not heedless and trifling. Such a christian will do good wherever he goes.—*N. Y. Evangelist.*

Our Young Men.

SOLICITUDE FOR THE YOUNG.

BY THE REV. J. J. DAVIES.

"Oh, that Ishmael might live before thee."

Great is the solicitude which is felt for the welfare of our young men. There are many, the language of whose heart respecting them often is, are they safe? would that they were.

By whom is this solicitude felt?

I. It is felt by all the good on earth. There is no truly pious heart which does not feel it. There are those who give themselves entirely to the work of making known to men their danger, and the refuge which God has provided for them. They can have no greater joy than to know of your safety. They live if you stand fast in the Lord. This is the great design of the christian ministry, the object on which every true minister has set his heart, and to which he has consecrated all his energies. "God hath given unto us the ministry of reconciliation. Now, then, we are ambassadors for Christ, as though God did beseech you by us: we pray you in Christ's stead, be ye reconciled to God." Faithful ministers can be satisfied with nothing less than this. They have, indeed, the assurance, that if they have laboured faithfully, though not with great success,—if they have announced their message distinctly, affectionately, earnestly, though many of their hearers have not believed their report, and have refused to take warning,—they have delivered their own souls. "Though Israel be not gathered, they too, in their humble measure, shall be glorious." Yet it is not without sadness that they often enquire, "who hath believed our report, and to whom is the arm of the Lord revealed?" It is not without deep sorrow they sometimes say, when gazing on the impenitent, "If our gospel be hid, it is hid to them that are lost." If they watch for souls as those who must give an account of themselves and of their ministry,—if they labour assiduously and prayerfully to adapt their ministrations to the capacities and wants of their hearers,—if they study to present divine truth in the mode best adapted to arrest the attention, to interest the mind, to awaken the conscience, and to impress the heart,—they can rejoice that they are a sweet savour unto God, both in them that believe, and in them that perish. But they would not that any should perish. Hence, as they have opportunity, they warn every man, and teach every man in all wisdom, that they may present every man perfect in Christ Jesus. Their heart's desire and prayer to God for all their hearers is, that they may be saved. Oh, my dear young friend, with what an anxious heart has your pastor often thought of you, and with what earnestness has he prayed that you might live before God.

Nor is this affectionate solicitude confined to the ministers of the gospel. All pious hearts feel it. There is not a true christian on earth who does not sincerely desire the good of all men. You cannot tell the many hearts in which desires for your welfare are cherished, or the many prayers which ascend to God for your salvation. Have you a pious friend, or acquaintance? you would probably be affected did you know what great heaviness of heart he sometimes feels on your account, and with what intensity of emotion he exclaims, in the immediate presence of his God, would that my friend were safe!

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Have you a pious mother, or a pious sister? she sometimes speaks to you, writes to you; but far more frequently thinks of you; in her daily orisons she remembers you, and often with many tears, presents supplication and prayer to God for you. Nay, did you but know the solicitude which perhaps the humblest servant in your father's house feels for you,—how truly she is animated by the spirit of the little Israelitish girl in the house of Naaman the Syrian, who said, "Would God my master were with the prophet that is in Samaria, for he would cure him of his leprosy,"—how earnestly, when she observes the indications of your moral malady, of your forgetfulness of God, and of your great danger, her heart is lifted up in prayer to God for you,—you could scarcely fail to be affected. Oh, yes, many hearts feel for you, bleed for you! There is joy not only in heaven, but also on earth, when prodigals return; and if there be joy on their return, there must needs be anxiety and sorrow while they persist in their guilty wanderings. You cannot say, "no man careth for my soul;" for there are some who can adopt, with reference to you, the language of the apostle to the Galatians,—"My little children, for whom I travail in birth again until Christ be formed in you."

II. But this solicitude is not confined to the pious on earth; it is shared by the angels of God in heaven. The scriptures represent the inhabitants of other worlds as taking a deep interest in the welfare of this. There is, probably, not an angel in heaven who does not feel for man on the earth. Higher orders of being have always taken the liveliest interest in all that concerns the well-being of mankind. When the earth was fitted to be the habitation of man, "the morning stars sang together, and all the sons of God shouted for joy." Into the great scheme of redemption through Jesus Christ, they look with profound attention; and have ever evinced a deep concern in the development of the gracious purposes of God towards man. When the law was delivered to Moses, it was "by the disposition of angels," amidst ranks of angelic beings who were greatly interested in the event. When the Son of God became incarnate, the fields of Bethlehem presented to them a scene of irresistible attraction. They left their elevated seats in glory to celebrate an event so important to mankind. One angel was appointed to convey the glad tidings to the shepherds, but suddenly there was with him a multitude of the heavenly host praising God, and saying, "glory to God in the highest; on earth peace, good will toward men." "They are ministering spirits, sent forth to minister to them who shall be heirs of salvation." They think no office too humble, no service too self-denying, by which they can promote man's highest interests. They "rejoice over one sinner that repenteth." Hence you may gather the solicitude which they feel in your welfare. If they rejoice over *one* sinner that repenteth, how great their solicitude for the welfare of our young men, for the welfare of *every one of them*.

But why are they thus solicitous? Angels are intelligent beings; they know the value of the soul, and the danger it is in of perishing for ever. They know the worth of salvation, and the necessity of seeking it earnestly, early, if you would find it. They know the happiness of heaven, and the horrors of hell,—the joys which flow from the divine presence, and the miseries inseparable from perpetual banishment from his throne. Angels are benevolent beings; they are true philanthropists, full of good will to men; they rejoice in our good; they feel for our misery. And they are pious beings; full of loyalty to God, the universal sovereign, and to Jesus Christ, whom he has constituted head over all things for the church; and they are anxious that you should be found in your right position in relation to him, that you should not be found a rebel against him, but in cheerful subjection to his benign authority. Hence the deep solicitude which they feel for the well-being of the children of men. Oh, young man, you cannot say, "no one careth for my soul;" there is not an angel in heaven who feels not a holy solicitude for you; who would not mourn over your destruction, and rejoice in your safety.

III. Nor is this affectionate solicitude confined to the angels of heaven; "the spirits of the just made perfect," participate largely in it. The pious dead are not lost to the universe. Though in common with all spiritual beings, they are invisible to us, they are not therefore unreal, nor inactive. Heaven has not changed their moral nature; but it has completed and perfected all that was good in them. While in this world some of them lived only for purposes of benevolence; they had no greater joy than to see men rescued from destruction, and brought safely to the feet of Jesus; and

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heaven is a continuation of their best services on earth, and the perfection of their best principles and feelings: they have, therefore, lost none of their solicitude for the salvation of men. Some of them, too, were peculiarly devoted to the welfare of the young; for them they wrought in the closet; for them they laboured in the Sunday school; for them they ministered in the sanctuary; for them they prayed without ceasing; and though they have changed their habitation and their mode of being, yet who will tell us that they have lost this, one of the most interesting features of their character? They are now like the angels of God in heaven. They are more completely assimilated to them in disposition than they were when on earth. They are influenced by all the considerations the power of which angels feel. They have the same knowledge of spiritual and eternal realities, the same good-will to men, the same piety to God, and the same loyalty to Christ. Hence they fully sympathize with angels in their joy when men are safe, and in their anxiety while they are still in danger. In addition to this, they are more nearly related to us than angels are, and are bound to us by closer ties; they are not only our fellow-creatures, but our kindred; and they do not forget it. The pious parents who watched over your infancy, the teachers who sought to direct your childhood in the way of peace, and the ministers who first urged you to consecrate your youth to the service of the Redeemer, may already have exchanged the field of labour for the scene of rest and peace. But though they have passed through into the heavens, they have not forgotten you, nor the relation which they once sustained to you. That relation will be recognized at the last day; and with what joy would any of them present you perfect in Christ Jesus! Have you, young man, a pious sister in heaven? a mother there? or a sainted father? Do you recollect his last words? Did he not charge you to meet him at the right hand of the Judge? His last breath was prayer—prayer for you. "Oh, that my Ishmael may live before thee." "Oh, that my Absalom were safe." And hath now he forgotten thee? hath he ceased to feel for thee? who will say that his sainted spirit is not near thee now, watching with deep interest the effect of this appeal? and oh, if he should see thee bow thy knee at the mercy-seat, and hear thee say with earnestness, "Lord, I am thine, entirely thine; I confess with shame that other lords beside thee have had dominion over me; I have served divers lusts and passions; I have robbed God; my whole life has been a course of sacrilege; but now I come to thee; with weeping and with supplication do I come; I give myself up unreservedly to thee; thou mightest justly reject me; but oh, receive me graciously; this poor sacrifice of a broken heart is all I have to give." If the sainted spirit of a departed parent were now to hear you give utterance to these penitential feelings, and see you yield yourself unto God, how unspeakable would be his joy! There would be great joy in heaven amongst all ranks and orders of holy beings, over such a scene; but loudest of them all would that happy spirit sing, and say, "it is meet that we should rejoice and be merry; for that my son was dead and is alive again; he was lost and is found." And from the joy which would be experienced in your safety, calculate the solicitude which must be felt while you are still in imminent danger.

IV. And we must not suppose that this holy solicitude is confined to saints and angels; it is shared by the Divinity himself. It is by the parable of the prodigal son, that Jesus, who had ever been in the bosom of the Father, represents to us the sentiments with which God regards his erring family, and with which he receives those who turn to him in a spirit of penitence and faith. "We are all his offspring," and his compassion for us is infinite. Have you ever thought of the language he sometimes employs? He assures us that he has no pleasure in the death of a sinner, but rather that he should turn from his evil ways and live. Nay, he appeals to ourselves as reasonable beings: "Have I any pleasure at all that the sinner should die, saith the Lord?" And more than this; aware of the cruel suspicion and distrust of God with which a consciousness of guilt has filled the sinner's mind, he invests the assertion with all the sacredness and solemnity of an oath: "As I live, saith the Lord, I have no pleasure in the death of a sinner, but rather that he should turn from his wickedness and live; turn ye, turn ye; for why will ye die?" What amazing condescension! To remove our guilty fears, the God who cannot lie, puts himself, if we may speak so, upon his oath; and as he can swear

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by no greater, he swears by himself; and shall we not believe him? Even amongst men, an oath for confirmation is an end of all strife; and will you not believe the God of truth when he voluntarily comes forward and swears, by his own eternal and immutable being, that he has no pleasure in the death of a sinner, in the destruction of his own offspring? In his character, in his holy word, in the dispensations of his providence, there is nothing to contradict this solemn oath; but every thing to confirm it. Consider the benevolence of his character. God is love. He is good, and doeth good. His goodness is his glory. Consider the relation which he sustains to us. He is the Father of our spirits. Who amongst men, though they are evil, can take pleasure in the sufferings and death of their own offspring? A father pitieth his children; how much shall our Heavenly Father pity those immortal souls which he claims as his own? "All souls are mine." He never willingly grieves them; their punishment is to him a strange work; and in their condemnation and death, he has no pleasure at all. Consider the obvious tendency, and the avowed design of all the arrangements of his providence. "God is not slack concerning promise, as some men count slackness; but he is long-suffering to us-ward, not willing that any should perish, but that all should come to repentance." Consider, especially, the sacrifice to which he submitted, when he spared not his own, his only Son, whom he loved, but delivered him up for us all, that whosoever believeth in him may not perish, but have eternal life. Look to Bethlehem, to Gethsemane, to the Judgment-Hall, to Calvary, to the cross, and there see how our Heavenly Father loved his own offspring! Would he have given his "only begotten" thus to suffer and to die for them, if he had any pleasure at all in their ruin,—if he did not desire that they should be safe and happy in the bosom of his love? "O Jerusalem! wilt thou not be made clean? when shall it once be?"

Have you ever noticed that beautiful incident in the parable of the prodigal,—"while he was yet a great way off, his father saw him?" Oh, how touching! His father was looking out for him,—was longing for his return; and though in such extreme wretchedness, he saw him, and knew him, while he was yet a great way off, and ran to meet him, and embraced him with tears of joy. Thus, our Heavenly Father is looking out for you too. He is waiting to be gracious unto you. Often has he said concerning you, "O Ephraim, what shall I do unto thee?" "How shall I give thee up? how shall I set thee as Admah? how shall I make thee as Zeboim? My heart is turned within me, my repentings are kindled together." He has waited long; he has given you space to repent, and, alas, have you not yet repented? But he is not willing that you should perish, and therefore he is waiting still. Oh, turn to him ere it be too late. He bids you turn to-day, and live for ever. And JESUS bids you come. He gave his life a ransom for guilty men. "For the joy that was set before him"—the joy of pardoning sins, the joy of receiving returning prodigals, and of saving immortal souls,—"he endured the cross." And now "he is able to save unto the uttermost them that come unto God by him." Neither can you doubt his readiness to save; for he assures you, "Him that cometh unto me, I will in no wise cast out." And the SPIRIT of all grace! how often has he striven with you? and how often have you resisted him? Oh, quench not the Spirit; grieve him no more; but yield to his gracious influence; and HE, too, will rejoice over you, and will seal you unto the day of redemption.

V. It may just be added, that solicitude is felt for you also in other regions, and by other beings; it is felt by lost souls. Have you ever noticed the earnest entreaty of the unhappy spirit in torment to the "father of the faithful?"—"I pray thee therefore, father, that thou wouldest send Lazarus to my father's house; for I have five brethren; that he may testify unto them, lest they also come into this place of torment." This is not the raving of a wild or disordered imagination; it is the testimony of the faithful and true witness. Associates in sin may cheer each other on; but companions in misery—oh, my soul, come not thou into their secret! There is not a lost soul which does not wish thee to escape the place of torment.

Lay these things to heart. Make Christ your refuge; for why should you die?

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Our Servants.

THE SPIRITUAL WELFARE OF SERVANTS.

To the Editor of "The Church."

Dear Sir,

I have long felt that there are circumstances in the arrangements of some christian families, which interfere with the spiritual welfare of their servants. This may have arisen, in some instances, from a want of consideration. Will you permit me to point out a few of these? One or another may possibly exist in the families of some of your numerous readers.

I have lamented to hear that, in many households, the servants have an opportunity of attending family worship only in the evening—a time at which, in consequence of rising early, there is frequently a degree of drowsiness which disqualifies even those who are pious from enjoying the service, and effectually prevents those who are not, feeling the least interest in it. Suffer me to plead on behalf of those who are thus debarred, and entreat their employers to consider whether matters might not be so arranged, that every servant might attend, *at least in turn*, in the morning also. There is an old proverb, "Prayer and provender hinder not;" and I trust they will find one branch of this verified, that the sacred engagement of the morning will spread its influence over the duties of the day. I am here taking for granted that all serious christians engage in family worship morning and evening. If among your readers there are exceptions, let such seriously consider whether they can expect the divine blessing on their families, while they enter on the duties of the day without seeking it, neglecting a duty which has so beneficial an influence on all engaged in it. I knew a case, some thirty years ago, of a deacon of a Baptist church, in whose house the only season of family worship was on the Lord's-day evening, and I know that that was considered by a relative of the family, the cause of many evils which I will not particularize. I trust things have mended with us since that, and that in the present day no such case is to be found; but I fear that there are still instances in which excuses are frequently made for the omission of the duty.

But perhaps my observations will apply in a still greater degree to the privileges of the Sabbath. In many genteel families, the men-servants are prevented attending public worship, by the carriage being put in requisition morning and evening. I have seen at an afternoon service, the larger number attending which were servants, four or five gentlemen's coachmen at one time, most, if not all, of whom lived with men sustaining a christian character in other communities. One of them told me that were it not for that service, at which he felt it difficult to be in time, after having put up his horses and taken a hasty dinner, he should not hear a sermon from year's end to year's end, unless his master should happen to have a fit of the gout, and his mistress to be poorly at the same time.

There is another arrangement, by which female servants are debarred from privileges which they might otherwise enjoy, and I fear it is very extensive,—I refer to Sunday cooking. I am aware that I am treading on tender ground, the habit is so inveterate; but having kept house now nearly fifty years, I am happy in being able to say that I have never had a dinner cooked on the Lord's-day, and I have not felt that I was exercising any self-denial. In addition to the relief to the servant—for even if obliged to keep house, she might still employ her time in reading, if she had not her cooking to attend to—I am persuaded that if a family will have the resolution to relinquish it, every member of that family will find the afternoon much more profitable, whether spent in the house of God or in retirement, than when appetite has been excited by a hot dinner; and those who attend Sunday schools as teachers or otherwise, will derive great benefit from the change of system.

But I fear that many heads of families, who do not thus occupy their servants, still debar them their privileges, by always themselves attending the services which they consider the most interesting and profitable, leaving open to their servants those in which they would feel less, or, it may be, no pleasure. Now, I cannot help hoping that some of your readers will, on reflection, consider this practice to be wrong. Many servants, even if pious, are not, from want

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of education, able to improve their time as their mistresses, who are more in the habit of reading, would do, and they depend, in consequence, for their improvement, to a greater degree on public worship. I could point to families in which this is felt and is fully acted upon, the mistress equally dividing with her servants the Sabbath and week-day services, and extending this also to family worship, taking her place in the nursery, that the servant may have the opportunity of attending. I trust your readers will forgive me if I suggest whether there are not many cases in which the services most likely to engage the attention and interest the heart, should be given to the servant.

Some of our friends reside at a considerable distance from a place of worship, and in consequence of the distance, and the necessity of attention to the farm stock, there are many servants whose privilege of attending the house of God is confined to once on the Lord's-day. I rejoice when I find that, in such cases, there is a service held in the farm kitchen in the evening, the head of the family reading a sermon, and occasionally obtaining the services of his minister, or some other friend. Will those of our friends who conduct such a service in their houses—and God grant that the number may be greatly multiplied—permit me to suggest whether they may not render it useful to their labourers, and the servants in other houses, where the importance of religion is not felt? If the Lord shall bless the effort, it may be, as it has been in instances to which I could refer, the commencement of a religious interest. When I say the "head of the family," I use the term advisedly; for there is an instance, known I doubt not to some of your readers, in which a flourishing church was commenced by a lady, the widow of a farmer, thus consecrating herself and her house to the service of God.

I have felt it necessary to confine my letter strictly to the design I expressed at beginning it. I regret that it is so long. I hope that some other of your correspondents will take up another subject, quite as important, if not more so, namely, the means of exerting a direct influence on the minds of servants, with a view, under the Divine blessing, in some instances, to their conversion, and in others, to their growth in grace, by talking with them, and, where it is necessary, reading to them and instructing them, and at the same time, setting before them that example which will recommend the religion they profess, and thus make our families nurseries for the church.

I am, dear Sir,

Your constant Reader,

Camberwell. W. B. G.

Notices of Books.

JUDAISM AND CHRISTIANITY: THEIR INTIMATE RELATION AND ESSENTIAL DIFFERENCES, IN REPLY TO A PAPER IN THE FREE CHURCH MAGAZINE. By J. A. HALDANE. Pp. 61. London: A. Hall and Co.

This tract is a reply to some strictures in the Free Church Magazine, on Mr. Haldane's Exposition of the Epistle to the Galatians. We have not seen the "Strictures," but can perceive distinctly enough that the author of them *Judaizes* in regard to Infant Baptism and State-Churches. Mr. H.'s remarks will, however, be read with much interest as an independent tract. We think that all Pædobaptist and Establishment sects must be regarded so far as "weak brethren;" as precisely parallel with those who in Paul's time could not see their way out of the entanglements of *carnal* ordinances and *worldly* institutions. Dr. Halley and many under his guidance have made a bold leap from the *carnality* of baptizing on the ground of *carnal* descent from believing parents, but it is into the *carnality* of baptizing "all we physically can." The old carnal grounds of Infant Baptism did some homage to religion, by requiring that the parent at least should have it. Dr. Halley scouts any *religious* ground of baptism. "Baptizing all nations" means, he says, baptizing literally all you physically can; that is, all your carnal capabilities will enable *you* to reach; all, indeed, who are carnally near to you. The Doctor is driven to this, because if he allow *any* limitation to the words, "*all nations*," except the *physical* one, why then it must be a spiritual

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one, and must be assuredly the faith, and capacity of being taught, mentioned in the context!

All who will not venture into the *Charybdis* of Dr. Halley, Mr. Haldane fully shews must find an equally fatal *Scylla* in the Assembly's Catechism and the Free Church standards and doctrine on these points.

THE SOUL'S ERRAND; OR, THE NEGLECTER OF SALVATION ADDRESSED, WARNED, AND ENTREATED. By GEORGE STAPLES, Author of "Macedonia." Pp. 171. London: Houlston and Stoneman.

This is a very usefully and impressively written little work. It contains a plain and forcible statement of the great truths of Christianity — especially of the Scripture plan of salvation; and its appeals and entreaties are well calculated to rouse the attention of the unconverted. May it be made useful in fulfilling the object which the writer so devoutly wishes, and may all his prayers respecting it be fully answered.

THE PROSPERITY OF ZION: A SERMON PREACHED AT CHURCH-STREET CHAPEL, BLACKFRIARS-ROAD, LONDON, AT THE COMMENCEMENT OF HIS PASTORATE, JANUARY 7, 1849. By JOHN BIGWOOD. Pp. 24. London: Benjamin L. Green.

An useful and interesting discourse from Psalm cxvii. 25, containing remarks on, 1. When a church may be said to have prosperity; 2. How the prosperity of this church may be secured. Though more especially interesting, of course, to the church to whom it was delivered, and by whose request it is published, it would be read with profit by the members of our churches generally.

CHRISTIAN EXPERIENCE, ITS COUNTERFEITS, HELPS, AND HINDRANCES: A DIALOGUE. By JOHN COX. Pp. 36. London: Nisbet and Co.

CONVERSE WITH CONSCIENCE: A FEW WORDS FOR MEMBERS OF CHRISTIAN CHURCHES. By JOHN COX. Pp. 12. London: Nisbet and Co.

ENCOURAGEMENT TO ENQUIRERS: A FEW WORDS TO ANXIOUS SOULS. By JOHN COX. Pp. 12. London: Nisbet & Co.

These tracts are all excellent. Though small in size, and cheap in price, they contain a large amount of solemn and impressive thought. The second on the list, "Converse with Conscience," we could especially wish were carefully and prayerfully read by all professors of religion.

THE MECHANICS' ORGAN: A JOURNAL FOR YOUNG MEN AND WOMEN. Published Monthly. Pp. 12. London: Benjamin L. Green.

From what we have seen of this little Magazine, we should think it is likely to be a very good one. It is, we understand, edited by a mechanic; but it is evidently the production of earnest, thoughtful, intelligent men, and cannot, we are sure, be read without benefit by the young men and women of England.

Miscellaneous.

THINGS FOR WHICH SALVATION IS NEGLECTED.—Oh, how trifling, how poor, how mean, how sordid, how contemptible, are the greatest objects of human solicitude, to say nothing of the smaller objects of man's wishes, compared with salvation. Wealth, opulence, rank, and influence, are but as the small dust of the balance in the light of eternal glory. None of these things can satisfy the human mind. Ask that man who has been the most successful in his worldly affairs, whether he has had his heart filled with its objects. Ask the avaricious man, whether he has accumulated wealth enough to fill the void of his heart: he has engrossed much of it, but he is not satisfied. Ask the ambitious man, whether he is satisfied with honours; whether he has enough of the applause of the world; whether power has poured itself upon him in a sufficiently copious stream. So far from this, it has only irritated his passions and rendered him more affected by reproach. The void in his heart widens and he becomes more eager after glory. Alexander and Cæsar, those mighty monarchs, who, each in his day, conquered the world, were far from being satisfied. The one is said to have wept because there was not another world to conquer, and the other to have exclaimed, when in the full possession of empire, "Is this all?" And if those objects on which men fix their mind, could for the time being, afford them satisfaction, how uncertain is their continuance. "Passing away" is written upon every thing here below. Wealth flies, health decays, friends fail, and power itself is frail. You have heard of a monarch in our own day, who was firmly seated on his throne, having a

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hundred thousand of the best trained soldiers at his command; but in one short week he was dispossessed of his crown and kingdom, and compelled, in disguise, to escape for his life. And at the longest, how short is the season in which those things can be held on which you may fix your heart. At death, the world and the whole circle of its objects will become a perfect blank to you. The sun will shine, but you will not behold its light; the birds will sing, but you will not listen to their melodies; the flowers will bloom, but you will not inhale their fragrance. Your house, another will inhabit; your land, others will cultivate; your money, others will expend. Human improvement, in every department of literature and science, will continue to progress, but you will not witness it, nor contribute to it. On your tombstone may be written—

"How lov'd, how valu'd once, avails thee not;
To whom related, or by whom begot,
A heap of dust alone remains of thee;
'Tis all thou art!—and all the proud shall be."

Oh, then, is it not folly the most extreme, and without any parallel, to neglect salvation for those things whose nature cannot satisfy, whose continuance is so uncertain, and whose duration is so limited? There was a man among the tombs who mangled his own limbs; there was a profane Esau, who sold his birthright for a morsel of meat; and there was a heathen Lysimachus, who exchanged his kingdom for a draught of water; but they were wise compared with that man who neglects salvation for any thing here below. "For what shall it profit a man, if he shall gain the whole world and lose his own soul? or what shall a man give in exchange for his soul" (Mark viii. 36.)—*Staples' Soul's Errand.*

SELF-DENIAL.—There was one thing our Lord was most remarkable in, and which makes a great part of the pattern he hath set us; I mean his perfect self-denial, and absolute resignation to his heavenly Father's will, and most perfect acquiescence in it. Thus we find him always professing that he came not into the world to do his own will, but the will of him that sent him. Nor did he even seek his own glory, but his heavenly Father's; and to this great end the whole business of his life was devoted. The apostle sets this self-denial and resignation in a very strong light by the high rank which he held; for "though he was in the form of God," and possessed all the glory and blessedness which belong to such an exalted station, yet he willingly "made himself of no reputation, was found in fashion as a man, took upon him the form of a servant," and submitted to all the sorrows and sufferings that could take place without sin. In conformity to this, he taught his disciples to say in their prayers, "Thy will be done;" and made it the first step every one should take who proposed to follow him, "to deny themselves." I do but just observe how shamefully this precept, or rather solemn certification, is commonly trifled away. When we prevail with ourselves to renounce any trifling gratification, we give it the name of *mortification* or *self-denial*. But it is ourselves we are called to deny; and it is the flesh, or old man, all that we are by Adam, which we are called to mortify, resigning ourselves entirely to the will and disposal of our heavenly Father. What our blessed pattern adds in that certification he gave to his hearers, determines the meaning of this part, and carries the resignation recommended by his example to its proper height: he was obedient to the death, the death of the cross; and if we mean to follow him, we must do as he did, deny ourselves, and take up our cross. It were to be wished that this was the only instance where the scripture meaning is observed or mistaken, by applying to the words the sense which has been affixed to them in later times. We have, I know not how, affixed the name of crosses to the little ruffles we meet with in common life; and when we can anyhow submit without fretting or murmuring, we flatter ourselves that we have fulfilled his command, and may pass among his followers. But the words he used had no such meaning when he uttered them. The cross was the instrument of death; and to take up one's cross, was to act as convicted criminals did, submitting themselves to the death awarded them: and as that is the case of every child of Adam, nothing less can be meant by it, than acknowledging the justice of the sentence, and accordingly resigning and giving up the life which it strikes at, (and that is unquestionably all the life we have from the first Adam), into the hands of justice to be destroyed, and have a final end put to it. This is a very hard saying to the children of Adam; it is renouncing and giving up their all; and which, indeed, is impossible for man to do, but in the strength of that faith and hope through which our blessed pattern endured the cross, and despised at once the shame and the torment, because he knew that it was in this way he was to enter into his glory. In this prospect he cheerfully resigned himself to a scene of sufferings, such as no man, either before or after him, was or could be exposed to, having the curse which sin had brought on all the children of Adam, the whole weight and burden of it, laying upon him; and thus, "being made perfect, through sufferings, he became the author of eternal salvation to all them that obey him."—*Riccaltons.*

ON THE DUTY OF CHRISTIANS TO INSIST ON POINTS OF DIFFERENCE.—No sentiment can be more abhorrent to every principle of moral honesty, or more deleterious in its operation to the best interests of divine truth, than that which holds that the disciples of the Saviour ought to be at more pains to teach what they hold in common than to insist on points of difference. This would not only lead to the most dangerous compromise, and, if carried out, to the criminal sacrifice of all right principle, but would be the surest method of prolonging our disputes to all generations, and would render their settlement impossible. It is not on points on which we are agreed that instruction is

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needed so much as on matters which lie out of the ordinary track, and with respect to which it is well known that men are largely under the influence of prejudice and error. You do a man no good, however much you may minister to his vanity, by telling him what he already knows; but if you have some great truth with which he is not familiar or to which he is averse, and can bring this before him, with the evidence on which it rests, you have done more to benefit him as a rational and moral being than you could have done by the most eloquent repetition of hackneyed topics respecting which he had not been in error previously, though in the one case you might have flattered and in the other you have offended his self-love.

It is notorious that every new and great impulse which has been given to the cause of truth in the world, whether it be that of scientific, political, theological, or any other, has emanated from men who have had courage enough to think for themselves, and daring enough to announce their discoveries, notwithstanding their knowledge at the time that the announcement would be a formal contradiction of all the prevalent notions on the subject, and the signal for a general discharge of all kinds of abuse and obloquy upon the devoted heads of the discoverers.—*From an excellent Circular Letter on the Obligation of Dissenters to diffuse their Principles, from the Berks and West Middlesex Association.*

Intelligence.

BAPTIST FOREIGN MISSIONS.

STATE OF THE FUNDS, AND NECESSITY FOR INCREASED EFFORT.

[We have been desired to insert the following article from the Baptist Missionary Herald for July. We have much pleasure in doing so; and shall be glad if it be the means of drawing attention to the great importance of the Society being favoured with increased support]:—

The state of the funds, and the fear of stations being abandoned and missionaries withdrawn, have called forth several letters to the Editor, expressing very strongly feelings in which we would express our entire concurrence, and at the same time our confident belief that if the suggestions contained in those letters were fully and earnestly carried out, not only would curtailment be unnecessary, but the sphere of usefulness may be considerably extended; and if the motto of the Pope is "NOT A STEP BACKWARDS," let not the Protestant relax in his efforts to fulfil the gracious commission of the Redeemer to go into all the world and preach the gospel to every creature.

One friend (D. J. E.), after the suggestion of measures for the consideration of the Committee as to communication with the pastors of the churches and the officers of the auxiliaries, urges the desirableness of each pastor convening a meeting for solemn consultation and earnest prayer within a short period, in order to avert the lamentable result that would ensue if stations should be abandoned or missionaries withdrawn, and expresses the hope that by the matter being presented as a personal question to the members of our churches, a large augmentation of income may be secured.

Another correspondent (R. S.) remarks feelingly on the feeble efforts that are put forward for the fulfilment of the Saviour's great commission, and enforces the duty of immediate steps being taken to double, which he considers possible, the income of the Society, urging on every member of the church, in addition to that now given, to subscribe one penny weekly, and stating that some of the young members of the church with which he is connected have begun collecting on that principle.

A third, under the appropriate motto, "*Go forward*," prays "that we may all think more of the love of our divine Redeemer, who, being rich, for our sakes became poor, and feel an increased interest in the promotion of his cause," and he sets an example which we shall be happy to see more generally followed, by enclosing five pounds in addition to his annual subscription.

Surely if the principle enforced in our March number, under the title of "Divine Method of Giving," were generally followed out, that is to say, if every one who can, gave something, and that on the first day of every week, and each gave as the Lord had prospered him, the Society would be at once relieved from all embarrassment. There are probably many young persons who do not contribute, and we trust that juvenile associations will be multiplied, and that in them all such will be included. The youthful Josiah never thought when he set about a work for God, what a blessing God was about to confer on him, and it may be that our children, when brought to feel an interest in the salvation of the heathen, may, under the Divine blessing, be led to seek for themselves that which they would confer upon others. Those in humble circumstances, if they can be induced to put aside with regularity even the smallest sum, will by their numbers raise a large amount; but if we may venture an opinion, it is, that the poor members of our churches have borne their proportion of that which has been done. When we look back to the lists of subscribers for twenty years, and see the same individuals with the sum of one pound one shilling annually appended to their names, while it is acknowledged that their income has, under a Divine blessing on their exertions, been increased tenfold, and

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that their style of living has been in comparison with that, the conclusion is manifest that they have not given as the Lord has prospered them. It may be that they have added some six or eight guineas to their subscription list, and perhaps advanced somewhat in their contribution to the support of their minister; but, alas, how small a proportion does the whole together bear to that of which God in his providence has made them stewards! Who amongst us, except the poor widow, has ever made a sacrifice? While a tenth may be a due proportion for one man, a fourth, or even a half, may be as unquestionably that for another. We feel no doubt that an adherence by all to the scriptural method of giving would at once double the income of the Society. May the Lord enable each of us to feel it a privilege to do all we can for the promotion of His cause.

After the above was in print, a letter came to hand from W. H., expressing the feeling which had been created by the Missionary Herald for the last month, which he describes as "a most thrilling one, calculated to excite the most fervent gratitude for the conversion of souls, and a deep sympathy with the Committee of the Society under its present difficulties." He expresses his earnest desire that each may arise and shew himself strong on behalf of Christ's cause; each according to his power and his responsibility. He states, that his reading parts of the Missionary Herald at the prayer-meeting had produced immediately a donation of £5, and urges an effort to pay off the debt; but we would remind our excellent friend that this is not all we require. Our expenditure is, year by year, greater than our income, and we must have an increase of regular annual income, or the effort will have to be repeated; and such efforts often repeated have an injurious effect on the Society. As we have expressed above, if every one does what he can, the income will be more than sufficient, and we feel that it will be a reproach to us if, that being the case, the Committee shall be compelled to diminish its means of usefulness.

THE MECHANISM OF LABOUR.

To the Editor of "The Church."

My dear Mr. Editor,

In the last number of "The Church," you speak of our Societies as "too mechanical." Is it not nearer the truth to describe them as not sufficiently spiritual? and am I not right in thinking that this is your meaning?

"Order is heaven's first law." That machinery which works so perfectly, that you notice neither the movement nor the noise, is not too mechanical. If you hear the one and see the other, the machinery is not mechanical enough. Make your system complete, and it will require less attention and thought than if it were imperfect or broken. Of course, in either case, the great thing is to cherish a feeling of dependence on spiritual agency and spiritual motives, and to remember that, in spiritual matters, all machinery, good or bad, is of itself useless; and that it is mighty in proportion only to its scripturalness, and the holy fervour with which men work it.

I am quite willing to say, I think less of your machinery, and more of the spirit of your labours; but surely it is equally true, and the truth needs at least as frequent enunciation, keep your machinery in clean working order, and so reserve your anxiety and time for the cultivation of a holy devoted frame. Depend upon it, the man who hates being "too mechanical," and works by fits and starts, is not the man in whom you will find the spirit which God honours with success.

I think that I know enough of your mind to anticipate your concurrence in these views, and doubt whether you meant, by the expression which I criticise, to question them. But as you have been quoted against them, let me anticipate your explanation by my own.

Your constant Reader,

J. A.

[It is impossible to refuse cordial assent to the statement of our valued correspondent. We may explain in one word what we meant, by accommodating our Lord's explanation of his assertion respecting the rich; and say, "how hard is it for those who *trust* in mechanical arrangements to advance really the kingdom of God." We do think the tendency of the age is to *trust* in them too much. Hence for every thing we must have a committee, treasurer, secretary, public meeting, formal resolutions, chairman, platform, &c. All the greatest movements in the world have been accomplished by the zeal of individuals arousing their fellow-men. The zeal has been put into *systematic* form, and it has died. We do not say that it would not have died from the very tendency of human excitement to subside; yet we are inclined to think that a well looking system has too often diverted the attention and reliance to itself, which should have been given to heaven and the heart. We freely own that this is not a necessary consequence. We are glad, however, that the subject should attract attention; but had no thought that we should be honoured by being "quoted" as an *authority*.]

REMOVALS.

The Rev. Thomas Pottenger, late of Bradford, has accepted the invitation of the church at Tuthill-Stairs, Newcastle, to become their pastor; the Rev. W. Howieson, of Keighley, that of the church at Zion-Street, Walworth, London; the Rev. G. Gould, of Exeter, that of the church at St. Mary's, Norwich; the Rev. J. J. Davies, that of the church at Luton; and the Rev. James Fyfe of Shotley-Bridge, that of the church at Darlington. It is with pleasure we add, that the calls in every one of these cases have been both cordial and unanimous.

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THE CHURCH.

"Built upon the foundation of the Apostles and Prophets, Jesus Christ himself being the chief corner-stone."—Eph. ii. 20.

SEPTEMBER, 1849.

BAPTISM OF THE HON. AND REV. BAPTIST W. NOEL, M.A.

OUGHT A PROFESSOR OF LONG STANDING TO BE BAPTIZED?

Most of our readers have already heard that since the publication of our last Number Mr. Noel has been baptized. We cannot but regard Mr. Noel's decision with pleasure, in every point of view. While it can add nothing to the evidence for the *truth* of our views, it can, and it will, secure a candid attention to them from thousands who will think, and justly think, that his adoption of them is a call on them also to re-examine the baptismal question. It is a very different thing to ask, "Have any of the *rulers* believed?" and to enquire, "Have any of those whose integrity and piety, intelligence and candour, we have long respected, believed?" When persons of the *latter* class embrace any doctrine, *in opposition* to early and long-cherished prepossessions, it is properly regarded by all good men who have held the same views, as a summons to consider those views afresh. The light of Mr. Noel's example must be like "a city set on a hill, which cannot be hid." We hope Baptists are above deeming Knights, Baronets, *et hoc genus omne*, an accession, as such, to their body. But they are not above rejoicing in the honour done to truth by the homage of christian worth, when offered in the face of every temporal inducement to withhold it.

We are gratified, too, with no merely denominational feeling, by the consistent light in which this act will place Mr. Noel before the public; and the enhancement thereby of the value of his Anti-State-church testimony. Our earnest Anti-State-church brethren of Pædobaptist views, will rejoice with us in this, as they will have felt from reading his book, as we have done, that the open adoption of Baptist principles appeared a necessary corollary to the opinions on the subject expressed in his work. May it lead many of them to see, that a *thorough voluntary* ought, for consistency's sake, to reject *involuntary* baptism, and thereby to close, so far as in him lies, the *chief door* into the State-churches of Christendom. Dissenters themselves have much to learn on this point, and on others too, from the Anti-State-church principle.

We are gratified, also, that he has discouraged by his example another error, as we deem it. We were informed that he had fully adopted Bap-

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tist views, but did not intend to be baptized, on the ground, that *baptism is confessed to be the rite of initiation*,—that it is therefore appropriate only to the *commencement* of our christian profession,—that if, therefore, it has been unintentionally omitted at the commencement of our christian course, it cannot be properly performed at an *advanced stage of it*.* Now, we have happened to know of this argument having been urged upon many who have embraced our views,—urged we believe in good faith; but happily in no case, so far as we are aware, successfully. We own that it has a very plausible appearance; it does not attack the *truth* of our views, and it would often save the party recently convinced of their truth, the cross of exposing himself to remark and censure, even from those who ought to commend his readiness to "confess Christ before men;" but however plausible, it is very unsatisfactory, we think, to a mind anxious to obey, not in word only, but in *deed* and in *truth*.

First, most *unsophisticated* minds feel the consideration to be overpowering, that *Christ has commanded believers to be baptized;* that they as believers have never been baptized, and that therefore that duty has yet to be done. Such "honest and good ground hearers," revolt from nice distinctions and subtleties; their feeling is, "It is plain that Christ had some useful end to serve in his kingdom by appointing this ceremony. I can perceive many advantages to the church from its being performed on believers as a '*reasonable service;*' my Lord may perceive many more; and I will not hazard withholding the contribution to his cause of my open homage to his laws. *Even if it be superfluous*, all men will behold in it an act of obedience to my Lord, and my *evident* motives will honour him before them. I had rather do more than I need for Christ, than run the hazard of leaving deliberately any part of his will undone." He who reasons thus reasons safely, to say the least.

Secondly, we have heard the illustration strongly pressed, that the law of our land holds, in many cases, a *marriage* valid in which the contracting parties were not guilty of *intentional* irregularity, although a technical error had been committed in the ceremony, and does not *represent* the marriage as illegitimate by requiring the ceremony to be performed anew; that so we ought not to represent the former profession of a christian of long standing as invalid, by performing on him the *initiatory* rite. Now, without mooting the question of the validity of the unbaptized profession, since such christians rarely if ever doubt the *reality* of their former profession, and few are prepared to deny it, we think the comparison is not a quite happy one.

The question is one not of *technical* mistake, but of *entire oversight, or neglect*. He who believes with Peter that the *essence* of baptism is "the answer of a good conscience towards God," believes that the baptismal ceremony has never in his case been performed at all; he is conscious of his former sincerity, conscious that he *has been* long a *believer*, but equally conscious that he has been and is an unbaptized believer. The appeals of Paul to *baptized* believers, he feels are not addressed to him. "Baptism," observes Mr. Noel beautifully (p. 410 of his book) "was the *uniform* of Christ put upon those who had enlisted as his soldiers;" and in accordance with this apt and scriptural illustration, a believer, who knows that he did not *enlist* till years of consciousness, who knows that *then* he did not put on this uniform, cannot but feel unwilling to appear longer in the ranks of his Great Captain without his prescribed uniform: or even suppose a

* Since writing the above, we have seen the substance of the address delivered by Mr. Noel at his baptism. It is inserted page 255. Our readers will perceive that he has very beautifully adverted to this subject.

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volunteer had, through some defect of vision (like that which confounds colours), not put on a uniform of the right colour, and although told of it by his fellow-soldiers, not being *able* to see that his colour was a wrong one,—suppose, too, that he afterwards acquired the faculty of distinguishing the colours which before he confounded, would not such a volunteer at once conform to the prescribed colour? would he not, at almost any attainable cost, rectify even this unintentional mistake? We need not apply the illustration.

Thirdly, but we have one remark more; for though we deem either of the above representations conclusive, and their united force irresistible, yet different arguments impress different minds with varied force;—it is this, that if any weight be allowed to the irregularity of baptizing midway in a christian profession, as a reason against doing it, still greater weight must be allowed to the necessity, in the view of a Baptist, of testifying in the most marked way to the mischievous irregularity of baptizing unregenerate babes, and the consequent irregularity of a believer's neglecting baptism on becoming a believer. When wrong views and practice in regard to the ordinance are so prevalent, there is great need to bear the strongest testimony against them. Granting, then, that baptizing in the midst of a christian profession is an irregularity, remaining unbaptized is also an irregularity; but by the former irregularity I clothe myself "in Christ's uniform," and bear testimony against error,—by the latter, my example is likely to be interpreted as sanctioning what I hold to be a dangerous relic of Popery. An independent minister of great intelligence and candour, who had urged the views now canvassed rather strongly on the writer, confessed that the representation just given ought to have great weight with any one convinced of the correctness of Baptist sentiments.

F. CLOWES.

IDOLATROUS WORSHIP CONTINUED.

"Howbeit the high places were not taken away: as yet the people did sacrifice and burnt incense on the high places."—2 *Kings* xiv. 4.

In examining the brief notices, or mere records, of the principal acts of the kings of Israel and Judah in the scriptures, there are some things which irresistibly strike one as deserving of particular attention. Amongst them is to be found the greatest diversity of human character. The thrones of these kingdoms were occupied by some who had sold themselves to work iniquity, and who followed with greediness every species of abomination; by others, who could be moved by worldliness, or religion, or both, as their policy required; and by some few whose uniform endeavour was to "walk before God with a perfect heart."

What a mighty influence did their individual character exert over the nation at large! It gave a kind of cast to the times. When the king was irreligious and profligate, the times were distinguished by a general neglect and contempt of the temple and its worship, an awful desecration of the ordinances of God, and the substitution for godliness of idolatry and iniquity. When the sovereign was pious and accustomed to enquiring of the Lord, the temple was repaired, the priests were sanctified, the service of God was restored, idolatry was put under immediate check, and a powerful restriction was laid upon all sin. The rich and the poor, the learned and the rude, the sovereign and the people, set their hearts upon humiliation and reformation. In these days their enemies declined, their

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arms succeeded, their territory widened, their land yielded its increase, and "God, even their own God," enriched them with his blessing. The stern aspect and fearful message of the prophets were changed to the smiling countenance and the soft tones and sweet words of peace.

The instances, however, in which these benefits were fully enjoyed were but few. After the days of Jeroboam, the son of Nebat of unenviable notoriety, there were but two kings who had sufficient courage and piety to sweep from the land every vestige of idolatry, and every temptation to it, and they were the kings of Judah, Hezekiah and Josiah. In reference to several others it is honourably recorded, that "they did that which was right in the sight of the Lord;" but to this there is an appendix attached, greatly to their discredit: "Howbeit the high places were not taken away," but idolatrous worship was practised still.

Amaziah's case is one of these. And who can repress the rising wish that he had gone one step farther, and made himself and his people sufficiently happy to look round the land without being able to distinguish a single relic of the sin and curse of idolatry? We must view him with feelings akin to those of our Lord, enkindled by the life and professions of the lovely youth in the gospel; and while we love him, we cannot but regret to add, "one thing thou lackest."

But the character of Amaziah and others is not confined *to them or their age*. They are but a specimen of numbers in the church of God in all times. Their surrender to God was but partial. There was still a leaning towards idolatry; and though in their practices they might not be so palpably irreligious as the settlers in Samaria (2 Kings xvii. 24—33), they evidently partook of that spirit which led *them* to "fear the Lord and serve their own gods." And what heart is there now in which the piercing eye of God does not behold idols set up and secretly worshipped! How few, without self-deception, can say, "Whom have I in heaven but thee, and there is none upon earth that I desire beside thee!" There is too generally a leaning to earth and earthly things amongst us. The heart and the life are not wholly given to God.

The character thus introduced to us has the actual presence of much that is "lovely and of good report." The mind is not backward to feel and own the force and propriety of the claims of God, nor the heart to form and foster a desire to know and do his will. There is an appreciation of his laws and ordinances, and a love to his service and his servants. There is a readiness in the heart to devise much, and in the hands to do much for God; and the result is, his commands are fulfilled to a given point; but the lowing of the oxen, and the bleating of the sheep, and the presence of Agag, prove they are not perfectly obeyed.

There is in the course by which such a character is formed and evinced, much more evil than to many may be apparent. It may *appear* a perfectly *harmless* thing for a king of Judah to allow the continuance of places of idolatrous worship in his land, or for christians to continue addicted to some things which are not quite consistent; and it may be pleaded by both, that the same things have been committed by predecessors, and have been allowed from the earliest times. But antiquity cannot make what is sinful innocent. The law of God is immutable. What it requires is ever the same. An evil principle or practice brought down from antiquity involves more guilt in modern than in ancient times, because time and opportunity have been allowed in its transmission from generation to generation to examine and abandon it. Uzziah and others may plead that what is in itself wrong, has been practised by those who have gained reputation for piety; and as these evils have so long existed, it is better in these later times not to assume a position antagonistic to the

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popular opinion. Such an excuse may satisfy men but not God. It was a fact which He beheld with grief, that "the high places were not taken away," and it required his forgiveness.

These sovereigns were particularly culpable, because the sin these high places tended to perpetuate, is that sin of which God had in several ways shewn his abhorrence. It is positively forbidden by the law, none more solemnly. It is most severely and repeatedly threatened, and had been followed by the most awful judgments in the experience of their own nation and others. Idolatry with the Jews was like heart sins with christians, it required being most industriously watched against, and most perseveringly opposed. Outward reformation was good, but it was not likely to be permanently beneficial, while idols were loved as well as God.

The very office of these kings required them to be the conservators of the piety and morality of their people. It was not for purely political purposes they were raised to the high station they filled. David and Solomon believed themselves placed at the head of the nation for a higher purpose than simply to judge between man and man in temporal things, and they prayed for wisdom and grace accordingly. The religious rites and laws were so interwoven with their civil polity, that it was impossible to separate them. The king was surely invested with authority to put down this monstrous evil (Deut. xiii. 6—11.) By whom could this power to execute for this very sin be assumed if not by the divinely appointed "bearer of the sword?" Their neglect to do it was an abuse of their office highly criminal. Kings in later times, and under another dispensation, have been as ready to assume in religion what was never given them, as these were to throw it aside.

The injury done by this procedure may be estimated as great, both to themselves and others. It was a continual source of temptation to the people. To nothing does their whole history prove them more inclined than to this very sin. Continually witnessing idolatrous worship, their aversion to it would be likely to diminish, and this was the fact. The reformation so auspiciously commenced was but short lived. The relapse was great and general, and issued in a greater outrage on God and religion than had preceded it, until at length, to relieve the land of its burden, he gave them over into the hands of Nebuchadnezzar. With hearts strongly inclined to this sin, and a strong temptation continually presented, it would have been a miracle of grace which could have kept them from being overcome by it.

The tendency of this course to general infidelity must also be apparent. The priests might offer their sacrifices in the temple; the new moons, sabbaths, and respective festivals, might be punctually kept; and the scribes might devoutly read in the audience of the people, "Thou shalt have none other Gods but me;" and the king might publicly give his sanction to all this; but while bleeding victims and smoking sweets were being offered to idols in the distance, the impious would not be at a loss for arguments to harden themselves in their sins, or the formal and hypocritical to persuade themselves religion was a farce.

Their worldly prosperity depended upon this very point. As their religion revived they prospered; as it declined they were brought into temporal difficulties. So had God ordained for them that temporal good should follow obedience, and temporal evils disobedience. The children of this world, wiser than the children of light, would have recommended a course of sincere piety as the most likely to insure the largest worldly portion. The continuance of these high places led on to innumerable evils, and issued in captivity and destruction.

Towards their subjects this was the most cruel course they could have

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adopted. And no argument from expediency can excuse it from this charge. Some of their subjects might be so bent upon this sin as to refuse to join in the general reformation, but what of that? Are the health and life of the entire body politic to be endangered to conciliate and please them? When the surgeon comes and finds a member so diseased as to be beyond the possibility of cure, is it wise, safe, or kind to let it remain, or at once to amputate it? The sufferer may urge its continuance, and to please him the surgeon may comply; but his folly and cruelty will appear to all when the sufferer expires. Our Saviour recommended a different policy when he said, "if thy right eye offend thee pluck it out, or thy right hand cut it off, and cast it from thee." Had these kings at once set about destroying the high places, and cutting down the groves, they might have saved themselves and their people.

In this course it was impossible for them to be happy. They were too much enlightened to be altogether insensible. Conscience must speak at times, though his voice might be hushed, and his judgment bribed. It would argue but little for their personal religion if they could see these altars, and groves, and sacrifices without strong feelings; and while they knew their existence was wrong, the several reverses of their own lives must have been taken as proofs of the divine displeasure.

The last days of these kings were embittered by the fruits of this course. How desirable is it to spend the season of decrepitude and infirmity in peace, and, like good old Jacob, in calmness among our own friends, to gather up our feet into the bed, yield up the ghost, and be gathered to our people. The early part of life is necessarily occupied with cares and conflicts, and the period of age is looked forward to as the time to enjoy the results of our labours. But without exception it will be found that those who allowed the high places to remain, closed their lives amidst war and bloodshed. After an unsuccessful contest Amaziah's subjects conspired against him. He fled to Lachish, but they followed him and assassinated him there. He was like a father who had neglected to correct his children in their youth, his subjects became sufficiently headstrong and cruel to drive him from his home and from the earth. The nation became weary of the man who had consulted its prejudices and encouraged its temptation; and the earth itself seemed to feel no loss at his departure. He died unlamented, and was buried without pomp (2 Kings xiv. 17—20); while his subjects became enamoured of a child for their king instead of his father. His memory is embalmed, but not in sweet spices, it is in wormwood and gall, and furnishes one of many examples of indecision, and its baneful results.

Oh, when shall that time come, when in the church or the world there shall not be found a single person in whose heart the high places are not taken away! but when all shall simultaneously rise with the shout,—"Away with them, away with them, and sweep them and their very name and remembrance from the earth!" And when on every pot and vessel, thought, word, and action, shall be inscribed, "Holiness to the Lord!" May the Lord hasten it in his time.

Kislingbury, Northamptonshire. J. L.

THE MODEL KINGDOM.

Men now are generally longing after greater political privileges, and a more equitable and perfect form of civil government. Great changes in governments and kingdoms are now taking place throughout nearly all the civilized world. These changes imply imperfection and error in past

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forms of constitution, and men naturally enquire, Which is the form of government exactly adapted to man's social nature and habits?

Perhaps there is but one kingdom which can be recommended as a model for imitation. In that kingdom the interests of all classes are equally studied and promoted; its laws are pure, and just, and good; and the supreme power is lodged in hands that have always been so skilful in guiding the helm of state, that there is an assurance that the administration will be too wise to err, and too good to be unkind. Its political constitution has now been fairly tested, having been established a considerable time, and is found to be perfect; no alteration can improve it; it is therefore a kingdom which cannot be moved.

One of its excellencies is, that a proper equality exists among the different classes which compose the population, equal rights are enjoyed by all ranks of the people, and the immunities and civil privileges of the kingdom are shared by every individual without the least partiality. No class is allowed to arrogate superior authority; the rule of equality requires that he that is greatest among them be as the younger, and he that is chief as he that doth serve. Those who are set over the people are expected to carry themselves not as lords over the heritage but as examples of virtue. Whatever be the rank or station, every one has a voice in electing the ministers and officers which serve under the supreme authority.

The truest liberty is enjoyed in this kingdom,—its yoke of subjection is easy,—its burden is a burden of love and goodwill,—the commandments are not grievous, for the people delight in the law after the inward heart. They are delivered from the oppressive bondage of corrupt nature, from the slavery of evil and pernicious principle, and from the tyrannical yoke of the god of the world. The Son having made them free, they are free indeed.

Peace and tranquility constantly prevail in its borders; no internal strife and division disturb their domestic tranquility, for the basis of the administration and the summary of its laws is love, and its concise morals, "Do unto others as ye would they should do unto you;" an atmosphere of meekness surrounds it which forbids any contention or broil. There is no reason to fear that any danger or enemies from without will disturb or break their settled peace; for the power that they have for defence is greater than any that can be brought against them. Their Leader and Captain, to whom they owe their most glorious victories, has shewn himself invincible against every foe which has menaced their safety, they have an assurance that no weapon formed against them can prosper; and, indeed, in all their struggles hitherto they have been conquerors, or even more than conquerors, through their noble Deliverer.

There are choice privileges and many great immunities in this kingdom for the benefit of all its subjects; these advantages, as in most kingdoms, have not been easily procured; the privileges enjoyed by the subjects in his realm are the result of the liberality of its Ruler, and the patriotic spirit in which he has sacrificed his own personal interests for the benefit of his people. One of the most valuable privileges enjoyed, is that of being allowed to have an audience of the Sovereign, at any time when they choose to commune with him, or present any petition to him.

Another choice advantage is, that if any come short of their duty as good subjects, or in anything go contrary to law through infirmity, which, in a kingdom requiring such perfection, is not surprising, their faults are passed over and forgiven, for it is not necessary that they should suffer the penalty of the law in order to honour it, for it has been magnified and made honourable in the person of its Ruler.

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It is intended that every subject shall have the opportunity, when it shall seem desirable and after a certain term, of residing at the seat of government, the metropolis of the kingdom, which surpasses, in the extent and splendour of its mansions, any description we can give. The King himself will appoint a residence for each, and intimate the most suitable time to come up to court. The unbounded generosity of the Sovereign has provided such rich entertainments and delights, and made such liberal provision for the comfort of his subjects at the royal city, that in his presence is fulness of joy. Neither eye hath seen, nor ear heard, nor can any conceive who has not witnessed it, the abundant means of happiness which the King has provided for all his loyal subjects at his own residence.

The admission to the freedom and immunities of kingdoms is generally by birth or purchase, in this it is by both. The cost of purchasing the citizenship, as might be supposed, is very great. To surmount this obstacle on the part of those individuals who are poor, and who have not been fortunate enough to be born in this happy kingdom, the Ruler has expended a very large portion of his personal estate that he may have the right of giving a free admission to the citizenship to all that he may think worthy; many who were weary of the tyranny of the prince of the power of the air, and who longed to transfer their allegiance to the Sovereign of this glorious kingdom, and enjoy the privileges of his subjects, but had not the means, have applied to him, and he has by virtue of the purchase alluded to, conferred an entirely free and gratuitous admission to the immense advantages of his kingdom, and received them into his own service. There has not been any instance known of persons making application for a free admission being refused.

Reader, need we tell you the name of this kingdom? Need we entreat you to accept of its privileges? It is glorious in its Sovereign, its extent, its treasures and resources, its subjects and its duration. Its Sovereign is a great King, he is King of kings, he is wise in heart and wonderful in working, he judges the people with righteousness, and the poor with judgment. All nations submit themselves to him, and all the kings of the earth shall bow down and honour him; his kingdom shall rule over all, and wide as the world shall be his command, and he shall rule from shore to shore, for all power is given into his hand; he has unlimited resources and unsearchable riches at his disposal, and all his vast resources are in requisition solely for the benefit of his subjects, and the enlargement of his benevolent sway. The subjects are the excellent of the earth, the best and most honourable of all people. Of this kingdom there shall be no end, it shall exist when time itself grows old, and shall continue as long as the sun and moon endure. Stability is a main characteristic of it. It is established on the rock of truth and righteousness, and this rock of ages cannot be moved. It has powerful foes; the prince of darkness, with his allied hosts, have used every exertion and artifice against it, but have hitherto signally failed to overthrow or even to shake in the least the stability of its foundation, and it rests secure in the assurance that the gates of hell shall not prevail against it, and its King shall see all his enemies made his footstool; his throne shall be for ever and ever, and of his kingdom there shall be no end; in his reign the righteous shall flourish, and there shall be abundance of peace; the earth shall yield her increase, and every family of man shall be blessed in Him, and all nations shall call Him blessed, and the whole earth shall be filled with his glory.

Sheffield. S. B.

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THE DIFFERENCE BETWEEN FAITH AND PRESUMPTION.

Many, great and very precious, are the promises which God makes to his people, and that which makes them still more valuable is, they all abide sure. It is, therefore, a piece of wisdom on our part to ascertain whether we are his people; till we have done this, it is worse than folly to take these promises to ourselves.

I make this remark, because there is reason to fear that many consider or fancy themselves the people of God, and view the promises as made to them, who have not the slightest scriptural ground for such a conclusion. They have anything but the Spirit of Christ; and we know who has said, "If any man have not the Spirit of Christ he is none of his." They are indifferent about every thing but that which suits their sensual desires and appetites; they have neither love to God, his cause, worship, service, people, or the souls of men. They make no pretentions to either holiness of heart or life. They do, it is true (at least many of them do), attend regularly or occasionally, as it may suit their convenience, the house of God on the Sabbath; but this is more from custom than from love, and not unfrequently it arises more from the circumstance of their having nothing else to do, than from any pleasure they take in the services. Hence it is, when God's praises are sung by the congregation, their lips are never open; when the minister is addressing God in prayer for them and the congregation, when he is invoking the presence and blessing of God, they are looking about them, observing every one who comes in, or noticing every trifling thing that may occur during the time; when the word is preached, they are turning over the leaves of a book, or dosing, or perhaps sleeping with as much unconcern as if they were in their bedrooms. And that which is most deeply affecting is, that some of these very persons imagine themselves the people of God, and take the promises which are made to *them* to themselves. This they call trust or faith. Pity, pity it is they do not call things by their right names. This is not faith but presumption. Now, presumption has not the least relationship to faith. Faith is heaven-born;—presumption comes from hell. Faith is begotten of the Holy Spirit;—presumption is begotten of the "prince of the power of the air, the spirit that worketh in the children of disobedience." Faith is simple, childlike, takes God at his word, is active, and promptly does God's bidding;—presumption is bold, impudent, takes things for granted, is slothful, and is one of the greatest enemies of man; she often comes upon us when we least suspect her; she chooses those times when we are asleep to creep into our hearts, so that we are not unfrequently influenced by her, when we imagine we have no acquaintance with her.

It behoves *us*, therefore, who profess to be trusting in the Lord, to ascertain for a certainty, whether we are influenced by faith or presumption. Faith not only *depends* on God's care, confiding in his goodness, and *rests* on his promises, but leads its subject to honour him, by a life of devotedness to his glory, and a continued activity in his service. Let all who profess to be trusting in the Lord, see to it that they possess that faith, which "purifies the heart, overcomes the world, and works by love." Θ.

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Tales and Sketches.

LILLA VILLARE.

A WALDENSIAN SKETCH.

Four hundred years ago, the valleys of the Alps were the scene of some of the most horrid barbarities ever practised on humanity. There is scarcely a rock or ravine, scarcely a cave or a crag, of those mighty mountain barriers, that has not been the home of the exiled and persecuted saints of God,—scarcely one of them all, that has not been consecrated by their suffering, and stained with their blood.

In the valleys of Pragela, of Argentiere, in the Loyse, in the Fraissiniere, throughout Dauphiny, Provence, and Piedmont, for more than four centuries, did Papal malice and tyranny glut themselves on the innocent Waldensian witnesses for the truth. There the Beast ravened and devoured the saints of the Most High. The blood of martyrs mingled with every stream, reddened every mountain top, and moistened every vale. In dark dens and caverns did the chosen people of God seek refuge from those who, though they were the symbols of the great Shepherd's love, followed his flock only for the slaughter. Oh, God of Mercy, what deeds of infamy, of horrid cruelty, of outrage and crime, have been perpetrated in thy sacred name!

On the Italian side of the Dauphine Alps is the valley of Pragela—one of the most inaccessible of all those where the Waldenses fled from the persecuting Papists, and found a home among wild beasts less cruel. Shut in by mountain ridges, and shaded by mighty forests, it was approached by few and difficult passes, while it was threaded by deep dark ravines into which the sun never shone. Pragela offered one of the most secure retreats for these hunted children of faith, when driven from the open country; here they took refuge, built them rustic cottages, and lived; and when followed even here by the insatiable hatred of their foes, they would retire far up the mountain, hide in the intricacies of its many caverns, and find a sanctuary amid its everlasting snows.

Here dwelt, about the middle of the fifteenth century, old Arnald Villare. Arnald was a godly old man. Angrogne was the home of his childhood, but driven from the place where his fathers dwelt by the relentless spirit of religious intolerance, he, with others, had fled for their lives, and sought security in the sequestered vale of Pragela. Maggerie Villare was a kind and faithful wife to Arnald, and for forty years had shared his joys and sorrows. Two children only they had; Angelin, a bold and manly youth, now twenty-three; and Lilla, a fair and lovely daughter of eighteen. Such was the family of Arnald Villare, that daily bowed in thankfulness before their great Protector, in their rude but comfortable cottage in Pragela. Friends they had, and such as they dearly loved. Scattered throughout that and the neighbouring valley, were the Waldensian refugees, together with families that had for centuries inhabited those desert wilds.

For fifty years the inhabitants of Pragela had dwelt in peace. For half a century the sword of persecution had not reached the quiet dwellers in these mountain vales, though martyr-blood had flowed in torrents elsewhere. Lilla had never looked on carnage; but many an hour in childhood, and in later years, had good old Arnald beguiled the time with tales of what he had seen, and what he had suffered.

At length the fires broke out anew,—the bloodhounds of Romish vengeance were again let loose,—the sword of cruelty once more drunk the blood of slaughtered saints. In 1469, a new persecution burst upon these valleys, and raged with unparalleled violence till 1488. Thousands of soldiers overrun them, doing the cruel bidding of the Papal antichrist; and hundreds of the innocent Waldenses sacrificed their lives as witnesses for God. Angrogne, Lucerne, Perouse, Biolet, had been desolated, and now it was Pragela's turn to suffer. Long oppression had maddened the people, and they resolved to defend themselves. They guarded narrow passes, and shot down the foe; from towering crags they dashed rocks upon the troops below, and visited dreadful retribution on their enemies.

"Oh, father, dear father," exclaimed Lilla, rushing into the cottage, pale and trembling with alarm, "the soldiers are in the valley; we shall be slain." Around the dwelling of Arnald were scattered a number of others, some in sight and others hidden by jutting rocks and forest trees.

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They occupied a romantic little vale in Pragela, called Glen Frae. Lilla had been out to gather wild flowers, that bloomed in rocky crevices, and sheltered by mountain crags. Poor child; a fairer flower never bloomed in Glen Frae, than was Lilla Villare. But the rose on her cheek now was blanched with terror. Never had she known fear till this day.

"Do not fear, my child," said Arnald, "but put your trust in God. Many a dark time have I seen in my youth. Well do I remember the day my father perished in Angrogne. *Pray!*"

By difficult defiles the troops were approaching Glen Frae. The alarm spread, and a half hour sufficed to bring out every cottager who could hurl a stone or draw a bow; while women and children betook themselves by intricate, yet familiar, paths up the mountains to the cavern retreats, and addressed themselves to prayer.

"Oh, God," cried Lilla, as she knelt on the rocky floor of a damp, dark cave, "Oh, God, protect thy people, shelter my father, spare Angelin"—her voice choked, and she sobbed in silence.

When the sun went down, the struggle was done, and Pragela's vale was stained with blood; but the Inquisitors were defeated. A score of soldiers who came for rapine and booty, found only a grave. There was thanksgiving in Glen Frae. There was mourning, too; for some from that quiet glen had perished. Angelin Villare was among the dead. "Father, thy will be done," said the good Arnald, as he bowed that night in prayer. "Thou killest and thou makest alive; but *thou* livest for evermore. Blessed be thy holy name." Poor Angelin they buried beneath the crimsoned sod on which he fell, and mingled bitter tears where his life blood had flowed. They consigned the noble youthful form of him they so well loved to the dust of death, in the keeping of Him who is the Resurrection and the Life.

Side by side with Angelin, when the battle was over, lay the body of Count De Costel, the commander of the troops; and not far distant, Friar Michel, the instigator and leader of the cruel expedition, his head crushed with a stone from some Waldensian hand. But life still lingered in the heart of De Costel, though abandoned by his comrades as one dead. A young man of noble family, of brave and generous nature, he had been bred to the profession of arms, and was attached to the imperial army. Popish malice proclaimed a crusade against the mountain christians, and De Costel yielded his authority and influence to the shameful work.

They took him kindly up, and laid him beneath the humble roof of Arnald Villare, in the exercise of that pious virtue that does good to enemies.

Hours passed away before returning consciousness enabled him to realize his situation; and weeks before returning strength permitted him to leave his couch. Day after day he received the kind attentions of those whose hearts and homes he had made desolate, by the death of a son and a brother. Day after day he listened to the voice of prayer, bearing upward, in simple fervour, the burdens and wishes of contrite hearts; prayer for him, for all, even for enemies. Such prayer he had never heard before. He heard the bible read, whose words of spirit and of life he had never heard till then. He had learned that Christianity was clad in gorgeous robes, with splendid pomp and vindictive justice, moving amid racks, and gibbets, and dungeons,—binding, burning, and devouring victims. For the first time he saw simple, pure christianity, and he knew the divine form.

Months passed, and though De Costel's wounds were healed, he lingered still in Glen Frae. Was it strange? He loved his benefactors. And Lilla,—it may be Lilla had been kind to him; and when he heard her voice mingling with the songs of the wild birds, singing beneath the shade of the giant trees, he said it was the sweetest music he had ever heard. When she gave him wild flowers, he said he had never seen so fair before. They stood one day by Angelin's grave, and when Lilla wept over the dust of her brother, he said kindly, "Sweet Lilla, do not weep; let me be your brother."

At length he told them that honour called him away. He asked again the forgiveness of Arnald and Maggerie, that he had been the means of bereaving them of a son, and in the name of God, whom he had there learned to worship, did he bless them for their kindness, and bade them adieu. He took Lilla's hand and said, "Farewell," but his voice choked, and he turned away. Since she committed Angelin to the grave, had not Lilla seen so sad an hour as that when De Costel left Pragela.

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Months passed away, and another scene was witnessed in Glen Frae. It was a calm, bright Sabbath day; and from every glen and hill side for miles around, they came to worship in Glen Frae. The place where they assembled was a short distance only from the cottage of Arnald Villare. It was a scene lovely and grand—a scene fitted to inspire devotion in spirits unused to worship. Delicate beauty in fragile form mingled with mountain grandeur, told the goodness and power of the great Maker. Here they worshipped God in the simple sincerity of pious hearts, unrestricted and untrammelled by rites or creeds. The bible was their service book, and the Holy Ghost their leader; and their songs of thanksgiving, and their supplications, ascended as incense before the Lord of Hosts.

This was a day of unusual interest, for the aged pastor, whose faithful and pious labours were distributed through the valley, sometimes in this place, sometimes in that, was now to be in Glen Frae, to preach the word and administer the communion and baptism.

It was noon-tide when they gathered for the baptism. A rivulet flowed through the glen, and just here, the channel choked by rough rocks, dammed up the stream and made a mimic lake. The quiet crystal waters, mirrored in their fair depth the glorious sun, the fleecy clouds, and the blue sky, as well as a noble elm that grew upon its margin. There stood the company of worshippers; men and women of mature years; the aged, leaning feebly on their staves, who with unsteady steps had travelled far that day, along difficult mountain footpaths, to mingle in the service of God. There were the joyous youth, young men and maidens, and laughing, innocent childhood. But they all stood reverently, or bowed in silence, when the pastor breathed forth a simple fervent prayer for the Divine blessing. Then the sweet strains of a beautiful hymn rose on the quiet air, as old and young united in a song of praise.

The candidates came forward. First was a young man, in the strength and pride of matured youth, consecrating himself to God. The pastor took his hand, and both together they walked down into the water, where he baptized him "in the name of the Father, and the Son, and the Holy Ghost." "Buried with Him by baptism into death," said the old man, as he raised his form from his liquid grave, "so we also should walk in newness of life."

Next came a young female, clad in pure white, a fillet of the same binding up her dark hair. She seemed a bride: and such indeed she was, for she was now beneath the open heavens, and before that company, to dedicate her life to Him she loved, to whom she had long since given up her heart. It was Lilla Villare. There she stood, in all her loveliness, with pious meekness, obeying her Saviour's great command.

"I baptize thee," said the pastor, "in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and," —— "Stop," cried a stern, strange voice, breaking in on the service, and the stillness of the scene.

Old Arnald and Maggerie, who had stood at the water's brink with hands clasped in devout thankfulness, started as from a dream; and the company looked around to see what intruder should dare to interrupt God's minister in the performance of God's commands.

"The soldiers—the Inquisitors!" shrieked the terrified women and trembling men. On the hill above them stood a company of soldiers, and hastening towards them was their commander. Without stopping to regard the alarm of the worshippers, he pressed through their midst into the water where Lilla and the pastor were standing. It was De Costel.

"God be praised," he exclaimed, "that we meet thus. And now, pious father, permit me to share this privilege, and be baptized."

"If thou believest, thou mayest."

"I believe," he said, "in the Lord Jesus Christ; and henceforth I build up the faith I once destroyed."

Both were baptized; and as they came up from the water, fervently did Arnald and Maggerie embrace them both.

"Now grant one blessing more," said De Costel. Arnald placed the trembling hand of Lilla in his, and the pious pastor lifted up his own in benediction. Bride indeed she was; and the human destinies of the noble Count and the humble mountain girl were united.

A more bold and faithful witness for the truth could not be found in all Pragela than De Costel; and when, years afterwards, the Papal bloodhounds worried and devoured the christians in these valleys, did his skill secure, and his courage protect, the humble dwellers of Glen Frae.

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"CAST THY BREAD UPON THE WATERS."

In 1845 I made a delightful tour in Switzerland. Besides my second son, I was accompanied by a very dear friend from Scotland, as well as a younger brother in the christian family, who was preparing for the ministry.

Our first halt was on Saturday evening, at the town of B——, within view of a long range of the snowy Alps. Here we determined to spend our Sabbath, and not merely

"To look thro' nature up to nature's God,"

but rather to devote the sacred hours to communion with our covenanted Father, and christian intercourse with one another.

Without the public means of grace, we assembled after breakfast in our room, and read portions of scripture, and severally offered prayer; and good reason had we to believe that God was with us, and we could say, "Truly our fellowship was with the Father, and with His Son Jesus Christ."

But though we were in a foreign land, among a strange people, it was still my humble desire, as far as possible, to "sow beside all waters." While we were at dinner, I was struck with the attention as well as the activity of the youth who waited on us,—apparently about seventeen years of age. I said to my friend, "I wonder if this poor lad knows anything about his soul?" "I would ask him," was his reply; and on doing so, it was with regret I found him ignorant of the commonest notions of religion. He acknowledged he had heard of a God, but he did not know whether he believed in him. He never prayed to him. He never read the bible. He was not leading an immoral life, but he did not know *why*. He was not more addicted to swearing than other people. He did not know if he had a soul. He had heard of heaven and hell, but he did not know which way he was going, and it was evident he had never thought about the matter! He was a frank, open, amiable young man, and, I confess, my heart yearned towards him. "Meet me in my chamber in half an hour," said I. He assented, and then finished waiting, while we, in our own tongue, blessed God that we had not been brought up in such ignorance, or in a land where the bible is seldom found and seldom read.

The lad was true to his appointment. I had to lament that I was not a better French scholar; but I believe that as God gave me the heart to feel, so he gave me the tongue to speak. I "began at the beginning,"—man's *sinfulness*, and *helplessness*, and *hopelessness;* and then, in the best way I could, I read to him some passages of Scripture, shewing him what was the remedy—the only remedy—for such a pitiful state. In short, without presumption, I hope I may say, "I preached unto him *Jesus*." I then proposed to join with him in prayer. It was a solemn and interesting moment, to lead such a young man for the first time to the throne of grace!

When we rose from our knees, the simple but heartfelt expressions of gratitude, together with the tears trickling down his cheeks, led me to hope and pray that our petitions had been heard and would be answered, and that "surely the Lord God had been in that place." I then urged upon him before we parted three things:—

1. That he would pray day and night, through Christ, the one and only Mediator.

2. That he would read the Scriptures whenever he had opportunity.

3. That he would leave off swearing.

When my companions and myself retired at night, and frequently in our journey afterwards, especial intercession was made before God for this interesting youth. In the following year I enjoyed much profitable intercourse with my friend in Scotland, and we frequently remembered in our conversations the happy Sabbath at B——, and the waiter at the hotel.

In 1847, I proposed to myself another excursion to Switzerland, and looked forward with no small degree of pleasure to the time when I should again reach B——, and probably either see or hear something of the young waiter. But it was differently arranged, and I was persuaded, not without much hesitation, instead of going to Switzerland, rather to visit Bavaria, the Danube, Austria, the Tyrol, &c.

My eldest son and a young Cambridge student were my companions on this occasion. We proceeded up the Rhine in the early part of August, and, almost exhausted with the heat and fatigue of a long day's journey from —— to ——, we had made no arrangements as to the hotel to which we should go. We had heard of two, the "Hotel P——," and the "Hotel R——." We gave preference to the *former*, as it would be close to the place where the diligence stops. But in passing through the streets I was so struck with the outside ap-

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pearance of the "Hotel R——," that, notwithstanding our decision, I determined to go there; and, accordingly, there we went. On our arrival, we told the waiter we must first bathe, and that on our return we would take coffee. He immediately procured a man, who conducted us to the river, and, greatly refreshed and strengthened, we returned to the hotel. While we were taking our repast, the waiter, a tall young man of nearly six feet, begged my pardon for speaking to me, but was sure he had seen me before. I looked at him closely, and then told him he laboured under a mistake. In ten minutes he returned, saying, "Sir, I am certain I have seen you before, in Switzerland." We tried two hotels where he thought he had seen me, but, failing in our dates and places, I again assured him he laboured under a mistake. Before we had finished our meal, he again came forward. "Sir, you must excuse me, I have, indeed, I have seen you before. I am sure you are the kind gentleman who gave me good advice one Sunday in Switzerland!"

Judge my surprise at finding at the "Hotel R——," in Bavaria, the self-same youth (grown into a young man) that two years before I had seen at the "Hotel A——," B——, Switzerland.

He enquired very respectfully for my friend from Scotland, my younger friend, and my son, who, he remarked, was not the same who was then with me. "Meet me in my room after coffee," said I, and with no little anxiety did I retire thither to hear the sequel of this story.

A gentle tap announced the arrival of my young friend.

"You told me you remembered my giving you good advice," said I, "will you now tell me what that advice was?"

"There were three things you particularly named; one was, to pray to God every night and morning; another was, to read the Scriptures whenever I had the opportunity; the third was, to leave off swearing."

"Very true; I recollect it perfectly. Well, now, tell me the result."

"Well, Sir, I assure you I have followed your advice, and I can only recollect *one night* I did not pray. We were very busy; I did not go to my room till three o'clock, and was to be up at four. I threw myself on my bed and fell fast asleep. I have not got a bible, for the people in these Catholic countries don't read the bible, and I am much laughed at for praying, and talking about the bible; but as soon as I can afford it, I will buy one; and, Sir, I am happy to say, I have entirely left off swearing, and nobody can say they ever hear me swear now."

This was, indeed, good news, and I thanked God that, in his providence, he had so wonderfully overruled my journey as to permit me to fall in again with the young waiter from B——. I had several conversations with him while I remained at ——, and when I spoke to his master about him, this was his testimony:—"Sir, he is the most active, respectful, and honest waiter I ever had."

When I reached Nuremburg, I purchased a bible and sent it to him; and, since my return to England, I have received a letter from him, which, as I believe it came from his heart, gives me every reason to hope he has found the pearl of great price, and to believe that, though we may never meet again on earth, we *shall* by and by see each other in that land where separation will not be known.

Reader, "Cast thy bread upon the waters, for thou shalt find it after many days."—*Churchman's Penny Magazine.*

THE OLD DEIST.

"Be instant in season, and out of season."

On a gentle hill northward of the village where I laboured in the year 18—, in a large antique house, lived an old man nearly sixty years of age. In his early days he had been the subject of religious impressions, but, led on by various motives, he shook them off, and became a Universalist. Having thus entered the highway, he soon landed in a sort of Deism. Years rolled on, and he was now threescore, and a hardened sinner; not an open breaker of the law perhaps—not a mean slave of *vice;* but a sinner of the upper grade. He had some education, and a good deal of property, and was a fair, respectable man. He had been so long, and was apparently so settled in his unbelief, that I suppose Christians had ceased to pray for him, considering him *case-hardened.* In a word, he was just the last one in the community that we should naturally have thought on as a subject of grace. But, "Is anything too hard for the Almighty?"

Passing along the street one day I met a friend, who said he had some news—he did not say *good* news, for the case was so incredible he could hardly believe his own senses.

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Mr.——, "the old Deist," had been down in the village telling what God had done for his soul—and if he was not crazy he was probably converted! This was news indeed, for it was anything but a time of spiritual concern in the community; and if "God was in the place in that way, surely we knew it not." Of course no time was lost, and the next morning found me on the way to see if the strange report was true concerning "the old Deist." Knocking at the door, a low, tremulous voice bade me come in. There sat the old man beside a small table, on which lay a volume of psalms and hymns, and an old family bible. He was attending upon religious devotion! Glad was he to see me, for a gospel minister was a rare personage at his fireside. In a few moments I begged leave to ask him the secret, the cause of all this—what had produced this mighty change. His account was somewhat as follows:—

"About three months ago, I was at work one afternoon, hoeing corn in the field. My mind had been slightly called up by the recent death of a near friend, and my thoughts were involuntarily ruminating on eternal things. Just then a young man came up the road, and coming abreast of where I was at work, he got over the fence and came towards me. He was evidently a poor young man, there being little that was attractive either in dress or personal appearance. He came to where I was, and addressed a few words of religious exhortation, when he handed me a tract and went away. This to me was something new; I wondered at this unusual affair. I opened the tract, and the first words which met my eyes were, "He that being often reproved, hardeneth his neck, shall be suddenly destroyed, and that without remedy." Then on another page was a small note pinned, containing a few words of exhortation, written in a poor penmanship, and somewhat bad spelling." Here the old man produced both the tract and the note.

"Then it was the arrow of conviction fastened in my heart. Long did I struggle, but at length my unbelief gave way. I thought I would keep it a secret, however, and not let the world know of my change of opinion; but it would not do. All day and all night did conviction torment me, like a fire shut up in my bones, and I found no relief till I went and published it abroad—then I found a little peace."

I will not enlarge by narrating further concerning this interview; suffice it to say, I never have seen a more truly penitent soul, or one who sued more humbly for relief. Many times did I call upon him, and always did I find him in a pious, praying mood. Sometimes he would doubt; it seemed to him almost impossible that God could save so great and so aged a sinner; but faith prevailed. In a few succeeding months he died in peace with God, and went home to be another trophy of conquering grace!

But the young man who gave the tract—*who was he?* I answer, I cannot tell. No one knows but himself, for he was evidently a stranger in those parts. He was doubtless some pious youth, who endeavoured to do good wherever he might be. Travelling that way, God put it in his heart to give a tract to "the old Deist." Oh, how bright will that star shine in his crown of rejoicing! We see here what a blessing a single tract may be, and how much good we may possibly do, if we have for our motto, "Be instant in season, and out of season."

THE POWER OF THE WORD.

A most remarkable proof of the mighty effects that the word of God can produce was mentioned at a Bible Society Meeting, some little time since.

A gentleman went to one of our large Union-houses and asked the master of it whether he had not a ward set apart for refractory subjects? The master replied that there was such a ward. The gentleman requested that he might be permitted to go in amongst them alone, and endeavour to bring them to good order. "Impossible," replied the master, "it would be most hazardous for you to attempt any such thing. You are quite welcome to go if you like, but I only tell you that you will be running an immense risk, for I never dare go in *without arms*." "Oh," said the gentleman, "if that is all, I have arms in my pocket, and I am not in the least afraid." "Well," replied the master, "you can go; but I will give you a sign by which you can intimate to me when you wish to withdraw, which I expect will be pretty soon." So he gave him some private sign to make use of. Upon this the master opened the door of the refractory ward, shewed him in, and quickly closed it upon him. As soon as he found himself amongst them, he drew his arms out of his pocket. They consisted of a sword, yet not one of glittering steel, but it was "the

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sword of the Spirit, which is the word of God." Taking this in his hand, he sat down on the nearest bench he could find. He opened his Bible, and read for fifteen minutes, without making note or comment. He read nothing but the pure word of God, without making a single remark of his own. He, like David of old, when he went forth to meet the giant of Gath, had recourse to no arms but the simple though all-powerful "sword of the spirit." His hearers listened to him in perfect silence. And when he had finished, he merely said to them, "Should you like me to come to morrow, and read to you again?" They replied that they should be very much obliged to him if he would. He accordingly went the next day and did exactly the same. He went a third, and a fourth, and a fifth day, till he had been twelve times, doing exactly the same each day—merely reading a portion of Scripture for a quarter of an hour, without making an observation of his own.

When he went on the thirteenth morning, the master said, "You might have saved yourself the trouble of coming this morning, Sir, for there is not a single man left in the refractory ward. Every one has come out, and is conducting himself perfectly well amongst the other inmates of the house." And here we might pause and make a remark, but the whole story has not yet been told.

This gentleman had a wife, and she had heard that there was a refractory ward of *women* as well as one of men. So she went and requested permission to go in alone to them, as her husband had done amongst the men. "Oh," said the master, "it will not be safe for you to do so, they are such a set. The men were bad enough, but the women are far worse; they would tear your clothes off your back, I am sure, for you know, ma'am, when women *are* bad, they are ten times worse than men." She replied that she was not afraid, but still wished to go in amongst them. The master made no objection, and took her to the ward and let her in. She went in and sat down, and took out the same arms, and pursued exactly the same course as her husband had done. She read the Scriptures for fifteen minutes, without making a remark of her own. And this she did day after day, not for twelve days only, but for twenty-two. On the twenty-third morning the master told her she need not have come, for there was not a woman left in the refractory ward. All of them had so amended their conduct, as to render their confinement there no longer necessary.

What comment is needful on this simple and remarkable history? It speaks for itself. Had the gentleman and his wife made use of eloquent speeches, some might have said that those refractory subjects had been influenced by the enticing words of man. But no—not a word of their own did they utter. They let God alone speak, and thus proved that the "word of God is quick and powerful, and sharper than a two-edged sword."

Dear reader, what effect has the word of God had upon *your* soul? Has it ever yet fallen as a hammer upon the heart of adamant and broken it up; or as rain upon the rock, to run off as soon as fallen, without producing any impression? If the latter, I beseech you to take up the word in good earnest, study it deeply, for your life is in jeopardy, and cry aloud to God so to engraft it in your heart by the power of his Spirit, that for his dear Son's sake it may be the means of bringing you savingly to the knowledge of him, and producing a true conversion of heart.

THE JOY OF THE LORD.

Some of the particulars of this joy may be noticed:—

1. *It is the joy of rest.* How sweet is rest after the trials and labours of the day! How sweet will the rest of heaven be to the Christian, when life's toils "are o'er!" Delightful rest! What christian can contemplate it, even in the present world, without joy? What will its participation be in heaven? It is not the joy the traveller feels when he stops for the night to rest his weary limbs, amid the excessive toil of his journeyings, but the joy he will feel when he finds himself safe at his journey's end. Not the joy the soldier feels when he stops for a temporary rest amid the strife and labours of the battle-field, but the joy that will swell his bosom when he shall have returned from the scene of conflict, crowned with the honours of victory.

2. *The joy of being at home.* Who has not witnessed the joy of friends, when, after a long and painful separation they find themselves safe in the embrace of their kindred? The christian, though once a wanderer in a strange land, amid enemies and dangers, subject to weariness and faintings,

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exposed to a great variety of evils, finds himself at last at home, amid the happy greetings of his father's family.

3. *The joy of friendship.* Christian friendship on earth, though sweet, is often mixed with sorrow. The heart is wrung with anguish, and tears of deepest grief are profusely shed by some, the painful circumstances connected with our stay below. Friends are often called to separate.

"Friend after friend departs!
Who hath not lost a friend?
There is no union here, of hearts,
That knows not here an end;
Oh, were this world our only rest,
Living or dying, none were blest."

No sundering of ties in heaven; no partings experienced there! No evils there to mar or disturb our friendship. There our union will be delightful, perpetual, and perfect. All are kindred spirits there. How delightful to meet with those we loved on earth. Transporting thought:

"And if our fellowship below,
In Jesus be so sweet,
What height of rapture shall we know,
When round his throne we meet."

4. *The joy of beholding the fruit of our labours.* The christian is promised with bearing in triumph the sheaves which he has gathered in the gospel-field to the heavenly garner. Sheaves denote the fruit of his labours. What greetings and rejoicing in heaven! How the faithful servants of Christ rejoice as their spiritual children come home! The thought of beholding the countless multitude redeemed, and saved in heaven through his sufferings and death, no doubt, constituted a part of that "joy which was set before" the Saviour, which led him to endure the cross and despise shame.—*American Pulpit.*

Our Servants.

A WORD FOR SERVANTS.

Many persons professing religion, who find it necessary to employ servants, both in doors and out, think that if they provide for their temporal wants, and regularly pay them their wages, they have discharged their duty. Nothing can be more unscriptural. As we should seek the present and everlasting welfare of all about us, so especially of those who are employed by us, and minister to our comfort. Nor will any believer in Jesus discharge his duty to his domestics and dependants, unless he feels that a deep responsibility rests upon him, *to seek the immediate salvation of all within the reach of his influence.* Every master and mistress of a family, should feel under a solemn obligation to endeavour to bring every one in their employ to Jesus, and to deepen the spirituality of those who have already believed through grace. But many are exceedingly negligent here. There are deacons of churches who *never* pray in their families, nor ever ask a blessing on their food; who employ both male and female servants, but who never speak to them about their souls. And it is to be feared that there are many members of churches in just the same state. How can we expect our churches to flourish? How can we expect servants to have correct ideas of religion? How can we expect our houses to be nurseries for the church, while such a state of things exists? Preachers may preach, pastors may complain, but until we have more real religion in our members, there will not be much done.

Reader, do you keep a servant? Or do you employ labourers or assistants? If so, do you realize the value of their immortal souls? Do you feel laid under a solemn obligation to seek their salvation? Does the love of Christ constrain you to travail in birth for their souls? Or can you see them careless about their souls, neglecting the bible, and going direct to hell, without any deep feeling or concern? If you can, where is the evidence of your own interest in Christ, or union to Christ? If you were really one with Christ, would you not sympathise with Christ? But can you sympathise with him who wept over Jerusalem, and died for the vilest transgressors, if you have no pity, or deep concern for the salvation of those about you? It is quite time that some church officers resigned their offices,—that some church members gave up their profession of religion, or changed their conduct in this particular. Their servants perish, they are guilty of moral suicide, and they are accessary to the crime. They live prayerless, but they never warn them. They neglect to read

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the bible, and they never read it to them. They go not to hear the gospel, and they make no hearty effort to get them to do so. Do not, my friends, turn away from the subject and say, with some of old, "You want to bring these men's blood upon us;" it is perhaps on you already. The blood of souls is invisible, but it stains deep, it cries loud, it demands justice; and nothing but a direct application of the blood of Christ can remove it; but if that blood is really applied to you for your pardon, it will secure your reformation. Masters and mistresses in Israel, help! Your servants, your assistants, are perishing; shall they perish without any regarding it? They are going down quick into hell; shall they sink into endless despair from your employment, exclaiming, "No one cared for my soul?" Will you consent to their damnation, without an effort to save them? If seized with cholera, or fever, or any other disease, would you shew them no pity? Could you allow them to die without attempting to save them? You know you could not. But will you let them die the second death without pity, or without any direct and energetic effort for their deliverance?

Oh, pity, pity your servants' souls! Speak a word to them occasionally about sin and its consequences; about God and his claims; about Jesus and his perfect work; about salvation and the way to obtain it. Watch for a suitable opportunity, and get them to sit by you alone, while you warn them of their danger; invite them to Jesus, and tell them of the nature, importance, and happiness of real religion. Give them the religious tract, or the attractive little volume, which sets the way of salvation clearly before them; ask them to read it, and enquire if they have done so, and if they understand it. If they cannot read, read it to them; or read to them portions of God's word, and, as you are able, shew them the meaning of what you read; for many clever servants are grossly ignorant on religious subjects. Pray *for them by name* in private, and sometimes take them aside and pray with them. Always have them in to family prayer, and let them learn from your prayers, that you feel an interest in them, and have a zealous concern for their everlasting happiness. Shew them that you are anxious to do them good; that you think that the religion that is good for you is good for them; that the ministry that profits you may profit them. Give them opportunities to hear the word every Lord's-day, and, if possible, at least occasionally in the week. Bad servants are often made so by those who employ them; and irreligious servants are confirmed in their irreligion by the conduct of those who employ them. The conversation of the parlour is often carried into the kitchen, and undoes all that the preacher has done in the house of God. An influence for good or evil is immense. Oh, that we did but realize it as we should! Let every one look on each one whom he employs and ask, "Can I do any thing for the soul of that man, that woman? Shall that girl, that lad, perish without my using any wise, well-directed effort to prevent it? Have I been, shall I be, accessary to the everlasting perdition of any of my household?" Solemn questions these. Let them each sink down deep into our hearts, and influence our conduct and conversation. *Let every one of us watch for souls.* Let each one seek to be instrumental in the conversion of those about him; and "let him know that he which converteth a sinner from the error of his way, SHALL *save a soul from death*, and hide a multitude of sins." Masters, mistresses, arise! Realize your responsibility. Pity your servants. Seek their conversion to God. Strive for the salvation of their souls. Be determined, that if every one in your employment perish, the soul shall enter hell in despite of your prayers, efforts, example, and sympathies. "Deliver us from blood guiltiness, O God, thou God of our salvation."

JAMES SMITH.

New Park Street, London.

Notices of Books.

NINEVEH AND ITS REMAINS, WITH AN ACCOUNT OF A VISIT TO THE CHRISTIANS OF KURDISTAN, AND THE YEZIDIS OR DEVIL-WORSHIPPERS; AND AN ENQUIRY INTO THE MANNERS AND ARTS OF THE ANCIENT ASSYRIANS. By AUSTEN HENRY LAYARD, Esq. 2 vols. 8vo. London: Murray.

THE MONUMENTS OF NINEVEH ILLUSTRATED

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IN 100 PLATES. One handsome vol. folio. London: Murray.

The year 1845 has certainly become an era in the annals of historical discovery. It will be recollected as the year of the historical resurrection of Nineveh. So imperfect are notices of this city in ancient writers, and in part so manifestly fabulous, that a feeling of scepticism had begun to creep over the minds of some as to its very existence, and of too many as to the truth of most of the statements respecting it in the sacred volume. Mr. Layard's most deeply interesting discoveries have silenced all scepticism. The inscriptions written in the mysterious arrow-headed character he has disinterred have, it is true, yet to be decyphered, but probabilities are so strongly in favour of their harmony with the BIBLE, that its friends may well rejoice in these splendid discoveries. It is long since we have read a book of travels containing so much that is really new. Indeed, all those parts which describe the excavations, and successive discovery, and arrangements of the rooms of the palaces, will be needed by students of future generations, as long as men shall be found who take an interest in the early history of our race, and in the sacred records.

NINEVEH was utterly destroyed, according to the predictions of Nahum, 606 years before the birth of Christ. Like all the cities of the vast plains adjacent to the Euphrates and the Tigris (near the junction of which latter river with the Lycus or Zab, the chief remains are found), Nineveh was built with bricks dried by the sun merely, hence when the houses were deserted, and the roofs burnt or dilapidated, they soon returned to mere soil again. Fortunately, however, the walls of the public buildings, such as palaces or temples, were lined with large alabaster slabs, on which were sculptured, in bold relief, figures of kings and priests, processions, expeditions, sieges, &c. These slabs are also of a material which will bear but little exposure to the weather; but here again what we are almost disposed to call a *providential* arrangement has preserved them to witness to us respecting one of the most remarkable nations whose fates that providence determined. The builders carried the walls of bricks many feet higher than the slabs of alabaster, covering the part above the slabs only with some very perishable substance; hence the upper parts of the wall soon fell down and buried the sculptured face of the slabs, and they have thus, in considerable numbers, been preserved to us with the workmanship and inscriptions perfect to the minutest lines! Amongst the most remarkable monuments, are colossal winged lions and bulls with human heads (reminding one strongly of the emblematic cherubim of scripture), which formed the principal entrances to the temple or palace. They are even now very imposing, and beautiful specimens of art.

But what an overpowering subject of contemplation does the whole bring before us. A city whose very site had been forgotten, of which the only remains were what in appearance seemed merely huge mounds and embankments of earth,—now again, after the lapse of 2,500 years, standing before us with all the vividness of reality! Yes, we look upon the engravings in these two volumes, or the still more beautiful ones in the folio volume, or (a rich treat *after* one has seen the three volumes) many of the actual sculptures in the British Museum, and we can but feel an almost sacred awe;—there stand before us the ingenious work, the admired scenes, the venerated sacred emblems, of one of the most ancient of nations (see Gen. x. 8—11), —workmanship certainly two thousand five hundred years old, quite as probable four thousand years old! We are struck, too, with the main subject of these sculptures—WAR. That art, with many, too, of its most revolting features,—captives impaled, male and female captives in bonds, living suppliants pierced with weapons (too much, alas, in the style of modern cruelties perpetrated by christianized (?) Austria or Spain),—these seem to have been as grateful to the eyes of the world's heathen infancy, as corresponding pictures and sculptures are to the taste of christendom of eighteen centuries standing! So incurable is the propensity which Cuvier, in his Animal Kingdom, has properly mentioned as one distinction of *man* from the other animals!

We have not, however, room to moralize. Perhaps we may resume the subject in another number. We must not, however, forget a remarkable coincidence brought to light by these discoveries, between the magnitude assigned to the city by the prophet Jonah, and the present position of the principal remains. Jonah speaks of it as a city of three days' journey, *i. e.* sixty miles, in circumference. Diodorus Siculus, who

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could not have gained his information from Jonah, gives the same extent to its walls, and states them to have enclosed an oblong space. Now Mr. Layard shews that the four principal ruins lie in a kind of oblong—the longer sides eighteen miles each, and the shorter about twelve—making just the sixty miles of the prophet; twenty miles being the ordinary "day's journey" of the east.

Both the books are beautifully "got up," and do the publisher, and all parties concerned, great credit. To the admirable fidelity of the engravings we can testify from comparison with the originals in the British museum, though, of course, like all engravings, they will furnish more *vivid* impressions to those who have seen the realities represented by them. The arrow-headed character in which the numerous inscriptions are written, which is but partially understood as yet, is beautifully printed, and we are thus enabled to follow some of Mr. L.'s reasonings with double interest. Yes, after the lapse of thousands of years, after becoming unintelligible to every eastern nation, this singular character, made up of varied arrangements of a simple wedge-like or arrow-headed form, is now accurately cut and moulded by British type makers, and composed by British printers, issued, doubtless, from a British steam-press, and comes forth to be read by the thousands of a nation non-existent when Nineveh arose, and, if existent when the *inscriptions* were made, living the life of the rudest savages. We only add, that we can promise a rich treat to all our intelligent readers who have not yet seen these volumes; and even the readers of travel for mere amusement will be delighted with Mr. Layard's *adventures*; his visits to various tribes, his marvellous address in managing, by courage or persuasion, by the most jovial and hearty good fellowship, or by severity which makes you tremble for your hero; always, however, well-timed and successful.

We really feel, while reading, a measure of pride awakening in us, that our country should have had such a representative of it in those parts; and cannot help a secret wish that British diplomacy in a nearer quarter of the globe commanded equal respect, and were equally successful for all good purposes.

A MANUAL OF THE BAPTIST DENOMINATION FOR THE YEAR 1849. By the COMMITTEE OF THE BAPTIST UNION. Pp. 96. London: Houlston and Stoneman.

We need do nothing more than announce to our readers the publication of "The Baptist Manual for 1849," which contains, in addition to the usual information, the admirable address at the opening of the Session, by our venerable brother, the Rev. T. Morgan of Birmingham. The publication is, of course, almost indispensable to ministers, deacons, and all who take an interest in the progress of our Denomination. We regret to notice numerical errors still remaining in the statistical tables, correctness in which enhances so exceedingly the value of the work for practical purposes.

A GLANCE AT BRITISH INDIA: A LECTURE DELIVERED ON BEHALF OF THE YOUNG MEN'S ASSOCIATION IN CONNEXION WITH THE BAPTIST MISSIONARY SOCIETY. By the REV. F. TUCKER, B.A. Pp. 32. London: Benjamin L. Green.

We do not remember any other book in which the reader will meet with so comprehensive yet interesting a view of India. Mr. T. deserves our thanks for having combined in one lecture so much information, with such a picturesque mode of presenting it. The extent of India, its history, its religion, the caste system, the social and civil life of the inhabitants, are given us with the correctness of statistics, but without their dryness. The lecture cannot fail to interest, and is well worthy of the series to which it belongs. We hope to give an extract in our next Number.

A Page for the Young.

SARAH ALLEN.

Sarah Allen (the younger sister of Maria, whose brief memoir appeared in "The Church" last year) received the better part of her scanty education in the Chipperfield Baptist Sunday school. There she was taught to spell, and read, and learn, and think for herself. From very childhood she was quite a pattern to the other scholars, of regularity, industry, outward morality, and amiability of manners. Her teachers can bear testimony how regular

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she was in attendance,—how her whole soul was occupied,—how she sat and listened,—how her *big bright eye* fixed upon her teacher,—how, when questioned, she hesitated for some moments, and then spoke out *firm and to the point*. From choice she learned, and in pleasure she made much progress. Loving all, she was loved by all. It would be well did all scholars love the school, the teachers, the superintendents, as did Sarah: her love was not in vain; her "bread was cast upon the waters soon to be found."

Retiring in her habits, the fair, the dance, the gay sounds of mirth, suited not her taste. Emphatically the child of retirement, she chose the children of thoughtful solitude for her companions.

Fresh are the reminiscences of happy hours beneath the bowers. Moments of leisure found Sarah, not skipping with the dissolute, nor courting the seducer, nor roving with the thoughtless and profane, but at the good meeting, or the school, or the class, or by the side of "my mother" at home. *Indeed she was* the thoughtful, careful, watchful, sympathizing mother's child,—a sharer in her parent's tears and joys.

It is thought that this dear girl was the subject of God's grace from very early years. The writer is fully persuaded that religious influence ALONE made her so lovely in her very youth. It is remarkable that about three years back, from hearing a sermon on "Procrastination," she was led to decide more fully for God. "I felt," she remarked, "I ought, *long ago*, to have given my heart to God, and myself to his people. I do so now and henceforth. Your God shall be my God, and his people my people." Calmly she followed Christ in baptism in the month of Sep. 1846, and ever after felt the vows of her Lord to be upon her. Many instruments are used in the conversion and ultimate salvation even of one soul,—one to pour light into the mind,—another to conquer the citadel of the affections, &c.—that all should be encouraged, yet that none should boast, but give God all the praise. "Other men laboured, and ye have entered into their labours."

Immediately after the departure of Maria, Sarah, who had waited on and watched over her sister, fell sick. The two cases were parallel; both consumed away, and gave up the ghost. But if their bodily tendencies were similar, not so the experience of their hearts. Ah, no; Maria had to seek pardon, and she lingered through a protracted bitter season of sorrow and doubt. Sarah, on the other hand, had found "the peace the world could not give," and therefore spent her death-bed moments in the secret enjoyments of youthful pious fear. True, Maria did realize pardon at last; but, ah, the struggle for it was very great, and she died triumphant! But Sarah,—not one doubt ever crossed the threshold of her soul; sweetly she relied her soul on Jesus, and at length died: "like the *ripple* along the shore, literally and consciously falling asleep in the arms of her Redeemer."

Amiably youthful christian,—how often she said, when visited by her pastor, "I feel I am going,—fast going,—but, thank God, I have not one doubt; when my Lord pleases I shall be pleased to depart." "But, Sarah, remember you may have doubts before you die." "I know that; I feel that; I am expecting them; but I believe when they come I shall be enabled to look to Jesus as well as now." "Would you part with Jesus now, Sarah?" Her withering bones took life as she exclaimed, "THINK NOT: not for worlds!"

Feeling her latter end very nigh, she expressly desired to see some one to whom she could pour out a beam of gratitude once more. She never spoke much. She had no canting phrases. But she did possess something in her eye, which her superintendent,—her fellow-teachers,—her companions,—her friends, remember spoke all that heart could wish. Not one who saw her then will forget the cheerfulness of her countenance, the dartings of her beautiful eye, and the few but well chosen words which dropped from her lips.

In a rather unexpected moment her relatives and friends were called in. As one entered, she put out her hand, and with a smile said, "Oh, Sir, I'm going; I'm *just* going. I'm so glad you're come. Do sit down by me." "Do you fear *now*, Sarah?" "Fear! no, I have not one fear. I am fast going; but I *see* . . . . my Saviour. He is very near me. And, ah, I feel *such* a desire to depart. Yes, if it were *this moment*, I'd go. Don't weep." Ah, who could refrain from shedding tears of gratitude to God at such a time? Who? *one*, out of the large company, wept not. She lay and fixed her noble eye on one and the other, going the

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circle, until at length it fixed itself on the father. Ay, that moment; what a thrill went through every soul as the fixed eye grew intense, until it seemed as if it would fainly dislodge and cry, "Father, father, I would like to tell you something, but I can't speak out." Alas, unless he change, where she is he never will go. Nothing is impossible with God.

A few solemn moments in prayer. All were kneeling. A very intimate friend of the family, a deacon, was praying, when, lo, in the midst of the prayer, she closed her eyes, and her thrice happy spirit sped along, with the closing words of that prayer, to Jesus.

"As fades a summer cloud away,—
As sinks the gale when storms are o'er,—
As gently shuts the eye of day,—
As dies the ripple on the shore,"—

So died Sarah Allen.

When the mother heard her Sarah was gone, in tears she exclaimed, "Thanks be to God, I have *four* in heaven now!" How many have *we* there? Are we travelling to *them*,—to *holiness*,—to *heaven*,—to God? When death comes will it find *us*, as it did find Maria and Sarah, "*ready to depart, to be with Jesus.*"

S. C.

Chipperfield, June, 1849.

Miscellaneous.

THE FATHERS OF OUR DENOMINATION.—Our fathers! where are they? Few communities can boast of a parentage more honourable. Can we forget them? Forget Fuller and Ryland, Hall and Foster, Steadman and Pearce, Hinton and Saffery, Birt and Winterbotham, Carey and his band of missionaries, Joseph Hughes who commenced the mighty enterprise of blessing the world, and my countryman Christmas Evans! Impossible! At this moment their images stand before our sight, and their accents fall upon our ears. And if it were not so, the monuments they have left behind,—not in perishable marble, but in the churches they nourished, the colleges they founded, the missions they originated and sustained, the schools they fostered, the writings they committed to the press full of truth and love, render it quite impossible not to have them in everlasting remembrance. Shall we forget the men whose memory is venerated in all the churches of the saints?—men who have purified our theology, gave amplitude to our sympathies and our prayers, inflamed our zeal for the universal reign of the Son of God, unsealed the fountains of living waters, and made channels wide and deep, through which the sacred streams of pure truth (unmixed with fallible opinion) might flow, not only through the British Isle, but even to the remotest bounds of the habitable globe, that perishing millions might drink and live for ever? It is impossible to forget them while memory lasts. There is something agreeable to our feelings in indulging these reminiscences. We do remember them, and it is right to do so; but it would not reach the height of the duty merely to remember them. We recollect that duty rises to a higher point. We must remember them so as to tread in their footsteps, so as to imitate their example, so as to accept in truth that legacy of enterprise and of labour which they have bequeathed to us. Our beloved fathers laboured successfully, and some of them long, to promote the cause of Jesus, both at home and abroad. They died, and left their work unfinished: just as Moses conducted the chosen tribes through the wilderness, to the borders of the promised land, and then descended into the dust, leaving it to Joshua to lead them into the inheritance; and as David, the "man after God's own heart," prepared the materials for building the temple at Jerusalem, and devolved it upon Solomon his son to rear that magnificent edifice, in which the glory of the great Jehovah was to be displayed; so our forefathers quitted the field ripe to the harvest, and left the precious crop to be safely gathered by us into the garner. This morning I can imagine them saying to us, "Here are our churches,—here are our missions,—here are our colleges,—here are our various plans for advancing the interest of that blessed Saviour whom we love. They lay near our hearts on earth; for their sakes we would have been glad to continue longer in the flesh, but our Divine Master called us home." They have ascended to their Saviour and our Saviour, to their God and our God, quitting this vale of tears; and they are saying to us, "Beloved brethren, younger brethren, carry out our plans,—to your hands we commend them. Look to yourselves, that we lose not those things that we have wrought, but that we receive a full reward." How can I better express myself, my dear brethren, and my younger brethren, than to utter a most fervent prayer, that the mantle of the Elijahs may rest upon the young Elishas, and that they may be found equally laborious with them, so that they shall not cry in vain, "Where is the Lord God of our fathers?"—*The Rev. T. Morgan's Address at the Baptist Union.*

SATAN A FISHERMAN.—I was some time since walking upon the wharf where a fishing boat lay, and as I was passing and repassing, the master was uttering the most tremendeus oaths. At length I turned to him,

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and standing beside his boat, said: "Sir, I am unacquainted with your business. What kind of fishes are these?" He replied, "They are cod-fish." "How long are you usually out in order to obtain your load?" "Two or three weeks," was the answer. "At what price do you sell them?" He informed me. "Well, have you not hard work to obtain a living in this way?" "Yes, hard work," said he. I enquired, "With what do you bait these fish?" "With clams." "Did you ever catch mackerel?" "Yes." "And I suppose you bait them with clams too?" "Oh, no," said he, "they will not bite at clams." "Then you must have different kinds of bait for different sorts of fish?" "Yes." "Well now, did you ever catch a fish without a bait?" "Yes," said he, "I was out last year, and one day, when I was fixing my line, my hook fell into the water, and the fool took hold of it, and I drew him in." "Now, Sir," said I, "I have often thought that Satan was very much like a fisherman. He always baits his hook with that kind of bait which different sorts of sinners like best; but when he would catch a profane swearer he does not take the trouble to put on any bait at all, for the fool will always bite at the bare hook." He was silent. His countenance was solemn, and after a moment's pause, as I turned to go away, I heard him say to one standing by him, "I guess that's a minister."

FORGETTING THE WORD.—If a scholar have his rules laid before him, and he forgets them as fast as he reads them, he will never learn. (James i. 25.) Aristotle calls the memory, the scribe of the soul; and Bernard calls it, the stomach of the soul; because it hath a retentive faculty, and turns heavenly food into blood and spirit. We have great memories in other things; we remember that which is vain. Cyrus could remember the name of every soldier in his large army; we remember injuries, but as Hierom saith, how soon do we forget the sacred truths of God! We are apt to forget three things: our faults, our friends, our instructions.—*Thomas Watson.*

AN EXAMPLE FOR EVERY CHRISTIAN.—"My dear R——, I can say one thing; since my heart was touched at 17 years old, I believe I never have awakened from sleep, in sickness or in health, by day or by night, without my first waking thought being, how best I might serve my Lord."—*Mrs. Fry, age* 63.

Intelligence.

BAPTIST FOREIGN MISSIONS.

We have already announced to our readers that the Rev. J. Angus, having accepted an invitation to become President of Stepney College, has resigned his connexion with the Society as Secretary. We are glad now to find that his place will be ably and efficiently supplied; the Rev. F. Trestrail and Mr. E. B. Underhill, having, at the request of the Committee, undertaken to fill the vacant office.

We regret that it becomes our duty to announce that the Committee, having made a special appeal last year, and received, in consequence, £4000 to extinguish the debt then existing, but finding that notwithstanding that contribution the financial year closed with a debt of equal amount, have felt compelled to reduce the grants to nearly all the stations, and that even with those reductions much more must be raised in the present year to prevent an accumulation of debt than was raised in the last. At the same time the Committee express the hope that these reductions will not be permanent. We feel assured that our friends, when they read some of the late communications, and perceive the openings for usefulness which are presented, and the powerful calls for more missionaries, will lament that there should be even a temporary reduction, and that men well prepared for missionary work, and thoroughly devoted, should receive the answer, "The Committee have no funds to send you out, and cannot foresee when they shall have." We cannot help hoping that the appeal in the last number of the Herald will have had some effect; and that when the question is, whether we are to withdraw from the work which the great Head of the church appears to have assigned us, the members of those churches, of which we regret to say there are many, from which no contribution has been of late received, although possessing the means, will aid the Society, and that in many others we shall witness a greater spirit of liberality; that each individual will put to himself the question, "How much owe I my Lord? What can I do to advance His cause who has done so much for me?" It is refreshing to hear of a wool-grower in the north of Scotland having made a contribution of £13,000 to the objects promoted by the Free Church of Scotland, and are there not individuals belonging to the Baptist denomination who might contribute an equal amount to the evangelizing of the world without depriving themselves of a single comfort, or interfering with the just expectations of those who may succeed them?—*Missionary Herald.*

BAPTISM OF THE HON. AND REV. BAPTIST W. NOEL, M.A.

Those of our readers who have perused our articles in reference to Mr. Noel's recent secession from the church of England, and still more our Tract containing his views on Baptism as enunciated in his work on the Union of Church and State, will not

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be surprised to hear that he was baptized in John-Street Chapel, London (Mr. Evans's), by the Rev. W. Shepherd, on Thursday evening, Aug. 9th. The chapel was densely filled in every part, and great numbers who desired to be present were unable to obtain admission; but it is gratifying to add, that, notwithstanding the large attendance, the greatest decorum was preserved throughout. The engagements of the evening were commenced by singing, reading a portion of scripture, and prayer. The Rev. W. Shepherd afterwards preached from John i. 31. Mr. Noel then delivered the following address, the importance of which induces us to insert it at length:—

"As I have been requested to address a few words to you on the present occasion, I gladly avail myself of the opportunity to speak on this particular point: why a person who is unbaptized should be baptized after having made a profession of faith in the Lord Jesus in other ways, and, perhaps, for many years. I have not come to the resolution to obey what I must believe to be Christ's command without having fully weighed the ground upon which that step is to be taken. Without having read anything whatever in favour of the exclusive right of believers to christian baptism, I have read all the strongest arguments I could meet with upon the other side. I believe I have weighed well every considerable argument that has ever been adduced for the maintenance of infant baptism as an addition to, and which eventually became a substitution for, the baptism of believers in the christian church; and I have come distinctly to these two conclusions, which appear to me, at least, to be certain, after very much examination. It appears to me to be distinctly true that baptism, as an ordinance of Christ, is first an immersion in water—a being buried in the water; and, secondly, that immersion is meant to be a profession of faith in Christ. If these two conclusions are correct—and I believe they will eventually prevail with the christian world—then it follows that a person who, like myself, has only been sprinkled in infancy, is unbaptized, because such a person has neither been immersed, nor has he made a baptismal profession of faith, which two things constitute christian baptism. Should we, then, after having professed our faith in Christ at the table of the Lord, and perhaps many times, come to this, which is the initiatory rite of christianity, and begin again a profession of faith in it? There are several reasons which have led me, and I believe my dear brethren and sisters now before you, to conclude that we should. In the first place, there is no instance in the New Testament, of any person unbaptized (after the institution of christian baptism by our Lord) coming to the Lord's table, and therefore, if we should continue to attend the Lord's table without being baptized, knowing that pædobaptism is not the baptism appointed by Christ, we should be doing contrary to all the precedents of the New Testament. In the next place, Christ has required a baptismal profession of faith. It does not appear to be sufficient to say that we have professed Christ in other ways; that may be true, but it is no reason why one confession of Christ, appointed by him, should be taken as the substitute for another profession of him, though appointed likewise by him. If he has said to us as well as to others, "Repent and be baptized," "He that believeth and is baptized shall be saved," it is clear that he requires from us a baptismal profession, as well as a profession of faith in other ways. This has been so clearly seen by the churches of Christ in general, that not only in those which are called Baptist churches, but in all others, have they refused to admit to the Lord's Supper, or into church membership, any whom they considered unbaptized. And if a man,—for instance, one of the Society of Friends, though he has been a consistent christian for years, has followed the Lord diligently and zealously, has done good by his pen and by his preaching, and is welcomed by all persons who rejoice in seeing the work of the Spirit, as a thorough christian,—if such a person should come to recognize that the sacraments are still obligatory, and that he ought to come to the table of the Lord, there is no church that would receive him unbaptized—neither the Roman Catholic, nor the Anglican, nor the Presbyterian, nor the Independent; and, therefore, the fact of having made a profession of faith in other ways has not appeared to any of the churches of Christ as a reason why an unbaptized person should not, at any point in his heavenward course, be baptized when he comes to recognise his error. Our blessed Saviour has set us an example in this matter;—at the age of thirty, when it was known by all who knew him that he was devoted to God,—when his whole life was a profession of devotedness, and not in the least requiring baptism, either as an expression of repentance or of faith; when John was baptizing converts, because the Kingdom of Heaven was at hand, and was summoning men to believe in Jesus as the Saviour about to appear, then it was that Christ, not certainly needing to be baptized into faith of himself, and needing no repentance, was at that age baptized after long years of piety. This he did because he would honour all the ordinances of God, not needing them for himself, but with a view to the welfare of others. Is there not much analogy between the baptism of Christ in Jordan and the baptism of any disciple of his, who, after some years of faith, perceives that he has been ignorant in this matter, and has not understood the doctrine of christian baptism? When to this we add the reason which Christ himself assigns why he was baptized, we see that his authority directly recommends, sanctions, and, as I think, commands that those who find out that they are unbaptized because only sprinkled in infancy, should, like their Lord, be afterwards baptized. He said, himself, when John remonstrated with him as his inferior, and therefore not fitted to be

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his baptizer: "Suffer it to be so now, for thus it behoveth us to fulfil all righteousness." He did not mean that there was anything specially righteous, specially great, specially devout, in being baptized, but that it was comparatively a trivial thing, and, as it seems to me, a low duty compared with many, such as faith and repentance; it was but an external profession; nevertheless, it became him to fulfil the least command as well as the greatest. When, therefore, our Lord assigns this as a reason why he, not needing it, should be baptized, he said, in fact, to his followers, "You may think that, making a profession of christianity in other ways, as at my table, or in your intercourse with the world, you need it not; nevertheless, it becomes us to fulfil all righteousness, to keep all the commands of Christ, to honour every ordinance God has given; and, if not for yourselves, in respect to his authority, be baptized, that you may express your wish to be obedient to him in all things." The Saviour regarded the influence which his example would have upon others. We never stand entirely alone in our conduct. Others may be influenced by us for good or for evil; and we have, as christians, to recommend our fellow-creatures, who have not as yet turned from darkness to light, and from the power of Satan unto God, to believe, and to be baptized as a professor of their faith. Now, if we are ourselves unbaptized, they will very naturally evade the command of Christ, and, under the sanction of our example, say, "You do not submit yourselves to the ordinance, and, therefore, why should we?" This is especially true of ministers whose business it is to preach Christ to the unconverted, and to preach baptism to those who may turn to him in truth. But how can a minister urge upon his fellow-sinners the duty of being baptized, if he himself is an unbaptized person? Besides, as it is a minister's duty to administer this ordinance to those who are prepared for, and who desire to receive it, a scruple and doubt might arise in the minds of many, perhaps perplexing and troubling them for many years, if they should be baptized by an unbaptized minister. It seems, then, necessary for the sake of others, no less than it is expedient for myself, that I should fulfil this command of Christ. There is one other argument which has had weight with me, and, I doubt not, with others also, of my brethren and sisters now about to be baptized, in common with almost all the churches of Christ. There are Baptist churches of strict communion who believe, in common with the great majority of christians, that they must not receive to the Lord's Supper those who in their view are *un*-baptized. I believe this, myself, to be an error; but since it is shared with almost all other churches, it is to be regarded as an opinion, and not condemned as a fault. Consequently, each christian ought to desire to be in full communion with those churches. They are not more narrow in their minds than other christians, and therefore we should not shrink from their communion, but seek it. Now, as they cannot conscientiously receive to the Lord's Supper any one who is unbaptized, I and my brethren and sisters would be shut out from the communion, which we desire as a privilege, and seek to fulfil as a duty. Let me add to this, I believe that amongst the multitude of those who, as ministers of Christ, have seen it right to renounce the doctrine of infant baptism as an abuse in the church, and having no sanction in scripture, many have not felt it to be their duty to be baptized themselves. On these grounds, however, it has seemed to me to be expedient not to shrink from publicly acknowledging Christ's authority. The meaning of this rite is far more important than the rite itself. My dear friend, the minister of this chapel, has just brought some of its prominent features before our minds; let me add to it by reading to you a paper which I have drawn up, expressive of my own feelings and of my brethren and sisters now about, with me, to be baptized. Some of you have acknowledged the authority of Christ in this ordinance, others have not; but whether you have been baptized as believers, or whether you believe the sprinkling in infancy to be baptism, I am sure that if you are serious persons you will recognise the necessity of those feelings which, in our case attach to the right of immersion, and which, in your case, I trust may be expressed without it. Let me read this paper, therefore, entreating all whom I address to place themselves in the presence of Almighty God, and endeavour to realise these expressions as their own, so far as they see them to be scriptural, and the call of God to their own souls."

[Mr. Noel then read a long paper expressive of his views of himself as a sinner, and his entire dependence on the atonement of Christ; also, that "as Christ died for my sins, and was buried in the grave, so shall I be buried in the water, in token that I die with him to the sins which caused his death, that I may never again serve sin; and that as Christ rose from the grave, so shall I rise from the water to a nobler and better life above."]

"Now, my beloved brethren," Mr. Noel then added, "all may not see it to be their duty to make this profession, and enter into this covenant, by baptism; but I am sure that every person taught of God, living for eternity, really converted, will feel the necessity of making essentially this confession before God. Let us all be united in that; and if there are any here who have been only attracted by a spectacle, who came merely out of curiosity, may they listen to what my dear friend has already said, "It is too solemn a thing to trifle about." And as you see others in earnest about it, go home and put up the prayer that you may be in earnest too. You know that it is right to care for your souls, to serve God, to prepare for eternity. Go and do what you know to be right for God, for Christ, and hold familiar fellowship with one another as fellow-soldiers and pilgrims on the earth."

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After singing and prayer, the ordinance of baptism was administered to the candidates, and the service closed with the benediction.

It will be interesting to our readers to know that the place of worship now occupied as an Episcopal chapel by the Rev. Thomas Mortimer, in Gray's-Inn-Road, has been taken for Mr. Noel, and that he will shortly re-enter on a stated ministry in that place.

BAPTISMAL REGENERATION.

"The Church and the Church only is the religion of Churchmen."—*Adapted from Chillingworth.*

The long looked for decision of the Archbishop of Canterbury's court, called the Court of Arches, presided over by Sir H. J. Fust, the highest *ecclesiastical* authority belonging to the Church of England, has at length been pronounced. And it is decided by this highest and most binding authority in that church, that the Liturgy and Catechism of the Church of England *mean what they say*, and are not to be interpreted by Evangelical Clergymen, as Puseyites do the Articles, "in a *non*-natural sense;" and that therefore the doctrine of the Church of England is, *that infants are regenerated in and by baptism*, and that a bishop is bound to refuse to institute to a living a minister who does not believe this doctrine, as the Bishop of Exeter did refuse to institute Mr. Gorham, in whose case this decision has been given. All this is now simple fact. An appeal is, indeed, made to a *secular* tribunal, to the committee of Privy Council, the most active member of which, is that eminent theologian Lord Brougham! It is not likely that a *secular* tribunal will reverse the judgment of the highest ecclesiastical one, in a purely ecclesiastical matter; but even if it does, it will remain a fact, that the Church pronounced its own doctrine to be Baptismal Regeneration; but that a secular power stepped in, and said, "You do not know what you believe. I will tell you. The keys of Victoria and State authority can unlock the mysteries of divinity better than the keys of St. Peter and the Church!"

In the course of his argument, the *learned* Judge very truly observed, *it was no business of his to decide what said the Scriptures, but what said the Church.* True, O Judge! The Scriptures are, indeed, printed by the order, by the patent, of the "Head of the Church," *i.e.* the sovereign of England, yet they are of no weight in deciding any question touching her *doctrines*, her *government*, or the *means of her support!* No; "The Church and the Church only is the religion of Churchmen." Her articles teach that nothing may be ordained contrary to the word of God; yet no judge, ecclesiastical court, magistrate, constable, dragoon, or musqueteer, when acting in her behalf, may listen to a word from Scripture! No; he may only "Hear the Church!" At her command, he may harass evangelical Clergymen or Dissenters,—may distrain goods, or literally shoot women and children to collect tithes; but he may not hear the plea of the poor Dissenter, alleging that the Church forgets *her bible.* What a figure would churchwardens make before "the bench," if clerical and other village potentates who sit upon it, were compelled to "Hear the Scriptures" instead of the Church, and to decide according to christian laws in reference to the claims of "our Apostolical Creed!"

What a melancholy illustration of perverseness and depravity in our race is it, that the emancipating and ennobling doctrines of the *sufficiency of Scripture, and the duty of private judgment*, have been openly proclaimed in (so called) Protestant Europe ever since the days of Luther, and that yet all the great Protestant sects adopt the Popish principle of the infallibility of their Church. The Church of England acts on the principle, not that the Scriptures are infallible, but that her Liturgy and Articles are, *for to them is the last appeal;*—Presbyterians on the principle that their Standards and Acts of General Assembly are infallible, since *to them, not to the bible, is the last appeal;*—Methodism acts on the principle of the infallibility of John Wesley and of Conference, since *to them, not to the bible, is the last appeal.* All Churches which do not require the authority of Scripture to be supreme over any formulas, rules, articles, creeds, liturgies, or standards, composed by themselves or their dead forefathers,—all such Churches are and must be at the core, Popish Churches.

We have a strong opinion, that this general faithlessness of Protestantism to its own principles is a painful cause of much of the open disbelief of the day, and of still more *secret* unbelief. They have sold their Rock, and their Rock has sold them. The infidel sees nothing but an idolizing of authority by each Church, though each professes to build on revelation. He hears them in one breath saying, "The bible, the bible!" yet in the next, "But with my Church's interpretation of it." That is, the authority of the fathers of the first three centuries,—or of that of the royal "nursing fathers" and mothers, Henry VIII. Elizabeth, and Charles II.—or of the fathers of my sect, dead a century or two ago it may be—authority any how of *men*, of dead sect founders or living church courts; yes, the authority *of men*, this is the real ground of faith proffered to the infidel *by the constitution* of the great Protestant sects. All this must be "overturned, overturned, overturned," before Christ can reign, "whose right it is." The Lord hasten it in his time.

We shall be curious to see the course taken by the so-called evangelical clergy. We have been thought uncharitable for doubting the *reality* and earnestness of their evangelical feeling. We have always thought it impossible that a *hearty love* to evangelical truth could comport with swearing unfeigned assent and consent to such an unevangelical book as the prayer-book,—with

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such love to a *compulsory* and worldly church,—such herding with worldly clergymen, and such shunning of pious Dissenters,—such bepraising "of a Popish liturgy," and lauding of "our apostolical Church" —a Church presenting almost as strong a contrast to the churches of the apostles as Popery itself. We shall now see whether there are, as reported, even a fourth or a fifth of evangelical clergymen amongst the great mass of clerical state-pensioners. Nothing would rejoice us more than to see our fears disappointed. But our expectation is, that men who have *tampered with conscience* so long, in the way described by Mr. Noel, will not prove themselves martyrs to truth in this hour of trial. Every subterfuge will be resorted to, to prove that bearing *sacramental efficacy*, the "mark of the beast," is compatible with retention of evangelical doctrines.

THE CONFERENCE INQUISITION.

A Methodist bookseller in Manchester has lately published a splendid engraving, incorrectly entitled, "*The Independents asserting Liberty of Conscience in the Westminster Assembly*," and putting words into the mouth of Philip Nye directly opposed to his sentiments. The title should have been, "The Independents asserting a *limited toleration*, and shewing the civil dangers of a Presbyterian establishment, to the great displeasure of the Westminster assembly."

Our bookseller might now get up, however, a *really* historical painting, which would, we think, have a large sale amongst all lovers of liberty, and all haters of priestcraft and the Inquisition; and the title should be, "Messrs. Everett and Burdsall, in the Methodist Conference of 1849, refusing to answer the arch-inquisitor, and cried down for it by a chapel full of brother inquisitors;" while beneath should be Mr. E.'s words, so worthy of an Englishman and a christian, "*I will not answer the question. I will never submit to an Inquisition!*" The firmness of Mr. Everett, and of Mr. Burdsall too though feeble through *age*,—the ecclesiastical assurance of Dr. Hannah, and the other *Cardinals* of the Conference,—with the servile and selfish shouts and cries of the numerous subordinates, would form a fine painting for "the good time coming" to gaze upon with wonder. Yes, with wonder, that thousands of *Englishmen* could be found willing to contribute their weekly pence, their shillings, and their pounds, to uphold such intolerance in the nineteenth century.

We have been deeply grieved and pained by what we now record. To see Wesleyanism, originated as it was by its excellent founder for *spiritual* purposes, degraded into a system of the purest *clerical aristocracy*,—to see it putting down the freedom of the press and discussion, and exhibiting christianity in a light calculated only to disgust freeborn Englishmen, and to harden sceptics, if not to make them;—this is to us a grief and a sorrow indeed. Let Drs. Hannah, Newton, Bunting, &c. study attentively Matthew xx. 24—28.

It seems that an anonymous publication called the "Fly-sheets," had exposed too faithfully the doings in the high-places of Methodism: unable to come at the authors, the mean expedient was resorted to by the priestly brotherhood of getting each minister to sign his name to a paper denying that he had any share in the authorship; that degradation was submitted to by all but some forty or fifty, and from amongst these the individuals mentioned were selected to be first put upon the *rack Methodistical* by the Conference. We do seriously and earnestly hope that a public subscription will be entered into to honour and reward these "faithful amongst the faithless." It requires moral courage of a high order for a *Methodist* minister to stand firm under such treatment as Messrs. E. and B. endured, and to abide with cool and christian dignity the ecclesiastical thunders of the Wesleyan Vatican. And well it may: we are informed that, on the authority of the name of Bunting, it was declared last month in Manchester, that "Disloyalty to Methodism was disloyalty to Christ!!!" We do not know that Dr. Wiseman would say more for pope Pius the 9th. Surely John Wesley must be held for a fourteenth apostle, and upon that rock the church is now to be built. Unless all this be speedily altered, Mr. Binney's dictum will have to be asserted of Methodism too, "That it destroys more souls than it saves."

BAPTIST BUILDING FUND.

(Extracts from the Report of the Committee for the Year ending July 10, 1849.)

"Your committee rejoice, that being entrusted with the charge of a fund, created by the legacy of the late Dr. William Newman, to the Baptist Building Fund, the subscribers, at their half-yearly meeting, sanctioned the application of that legacy, and of all future subscriptions and donations, to the granting of *loans without interest*, for the payment of chapel debts, to Baptist churches which should be willing to give approved security for repayment of the principal in ten years, by twenty half-yearly equal instalments;—and your committee have to state the following result:—

"Twenty-four churches have been assisted with loans—their debts, to the amount of £2350, with an annual interest payable thereon of £112, are annihilated.

"The committee offer to the general consideration of the Baptist denomination the very large amount of unliquidated debt, and the numerous applications for assistance. They name the injurious influence that debt exerts, by the oppressive interest thereon which must be paid, and in naming it they cannot omit the painful observation, that the demand for interest is, to a large extent, unavoidably met by a corresponding deduction from the remuneration of the pastors, especially where the members are poor, *and where that deduction is the most oppressive*.

"They refer to, and recommend the consideration of a letter from Mr. Bowser to the committee, which is attached to the Report.

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"*July* 10, 1849.

"Dear brethren,—Permit me to submit for your consideration a proposal for increasing the amount of our Loan Fund, which, if you approve, might be circulated with your annual report.

"If an annual collection from all our churches could be obtained, the amount raised thereby would far exceed £1000, while the pressure upon individual members would be almost imperceptible. The Baptist Manual for 1849, page 37, states the number of our churches in the United Kingdom to be 1911; presuming that 1000 of these have ability to assist—the following division of these for contribution cannot be considered excessive, and unquestionably many churches can without difficulty exceed this estimate, viz:—

300 Churches, collecting 5s. to 7s. each annually, I take at		£100
175 Churches, collecting 10s. each an.		85
150	15s.	110
125	20s.	125
100	30s.	150
80	40s.	160
70	50s.	175

"I therefore most earnestly recommend this proceeding to our churches as an easy mode of discharging the debt we owe to each other and to the cause of Christ. It is not to be expected that *all* the churches will at once resolve on such a measure. I trust that many of them will, because they have this encouragement, that £100 collected this year remains in circulation; and if the same course is adopted next year, £200 will circulate, thus a few years' perseverance will raise a permanent fund equal to the requirements of the denomination.

"I submit the amount required from each church is in itself so small that *it cannot in the least interfere with any other efforts of the church*. The evils of our begging systems, and the advantages of the Loan Fund have been referred to in your reports. I offer these remarks from a conviction that these small amounts will accomplish our object: I have proved it through a progressive calculation to the termination of the year 1878, upon the following basis.

"Provided 1500 churches would agree to take from their monthly collections for the poor, each church an average of TWENTY-PENCE PER MONTH, and transmit the same half yearly to the Treasurer of the Loan Fund—and that monthly contribution added to the £500 per annum raised by present subscriptions, the result at the end of 1878 would be, that having paid off debt to the extent of £180,000, there would remain a vested capital of £51,000, and the Committee be in possession of the power to lend, as the instalments are paid, *five thousand pounds every six months*. No other chapel debt would exist, the burden of interest be unknown, and an ample fund be in perpetual operation, adequate to supply every claim for building or repairing our chapels.

I am, dear brethren,

Yours truly,

WILLIAM BOWSER.

NOTTINGHAM.

We have much pleasure in informing our readers that the first stone of a new and handsome building, intended for a place of meeting for the church and congregation under the care of the Rev. J. A. Baynes, B.A. was laid in Derby Road, Nottingham, on Monday, July 30. The ceremony was performed by S. M. Peto, Esq. M.P. in the presence of a large concourse of spectators; and after the usual devotional services, an excellent and impressive address was delivered by the Rev. G. Mortlock Daniel of Birmingham. In the evening of the same day, a crowded tea-meeting was held in the Exchange-Hall. Thomas Carver, Esq. the Mayor of Nottingham, occupied the chair; and admirable and appropriate addresses were delivered by the Revs. H. L. Adams of Newark, R. Morris of Clifton, J. Matheson, A.B., the pastor of the church, and others. We understand that a large portion of the requisite amount has already been contributed, Mr. Peto having generously given £25. The building will accommodate one thousand persons, and all the sittings will be free.

BARNSLEY.

By the liberality and zeal of Mr. John Wood of Worsbro'-Dale, and a few gentlemen in the neighbouring towns, who with him have commenced the undertaking, a neat Baptist chapel has been erected in Barnsley, capable, without galleries, of seating three hundred and fifty persons. The opening services, commencing on the 5th of July, closed on the 22nd of that month, with the administration of the Lord's Supper to the small church previously gathered. Sermons were preached by brethren Dowson of Bradford, Stalker of Leeds, Roe of Birmingham, Burchell of Rochdale, Stowell, President of Manbro' College, Dr. Godwin of Bradford, Beddow of Barnsley, and Larom of Sheffield. These services were well attended, and gave cheering promise of subsequent success. The chapel, at a sufficient distance from other places of worship, is in the midst of a large population that stands in special need of religious attention. The building is constructed so as easily to admit the erection of a gallery and school-rooms. A Sunday school will be gathered immediately. The ground, which is freehold, has been given by Mr. Wood, and nearly £200 have been collected towards the expense of the building, the cost of which will be about £700. This effort is looked upon with favour by christians of other denominations in the town, several of whom have liberally contributed towards it. In the hands of a suitable minister, for which the little church is now praying, the effort will, by the Divine blessing, be a permanent source of spiritual good to many in this town in connection with the Baptist denomination.

PEMBROKE DOCK.

Mr. Evan Davies has removed from Morristown, near Swansea, to Bethel, Bush-Street, Pembroke Dock, and entered on his labour there the first Sabbath in August.

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THE CHURCH.

"Built upon the foundation of the Apostles and Prophets, Jesus Christ himself being the chief corner-stone."—Eph. ii. 20.

OCTOBER, 1849.

THE CHOLERA.

THE EFFICACY OF PRAYER.

"Shall there be evil in the city, and the Lord hath not done it?"

Before this meets the eye of our readers, most of them will probably have called upon God in united public prayer to sanctify and to avert this judgment. We trust their prayers have been and will yet be the prayers of faith, and equally hope that He who "honours those that honour him," will graciously answer their petitions. A disease which has already brought mourning more or less into every circle, before the presence of which all must feel the ordinary uncertainty of life more than doubled; a disease which has turned the physical impurities of our towns into ministers of *sudden* death to an extent unknown in modern times, before the visitation of the cholera;—such a *judgment* ought to arouse, to alarm, to humble, to dispose to self-examination, to urge us, on those grounds of *personal interest* to which the scriptures so largely appeal, to hearken while it is called "*to-day*." And if thus generally sanctified, we may, with submission, ask the removal of such a fearful agent of Heaven.

But many of our readers will also have seen the scoffs of Infidel papers, the self-important philosophical contempt of one journal, and even what we can but consider the false philosophy of another, which we ourselves value very highly, and have often commended to the regard of our readers. It will probably have pained them much to see even a *tendency*, in so esteemed a writer, to negative and comfortless speculations on the subject of the *efficacy* of prayer. Respecting the unseemliness of the civil power taking the initiative in ordering the prayers of the church of Christ; of its employing enormously wealthy archbishops, &c., to require at the penalty of risking *secular* consequences all the clerical State officials to pray as the cabinet council's agent may direct,—respecting this *impious* interference with the rights of the Head of the church, and the office of the Holy Spirit, there will be no difference of opinion. Neither can it be reasonably demurred to that if any affliction which would be a proper subject of *private* prayer becomes so general as to be a *social* affliction, it should then become a subject of *social* prayer. Nor will any pious, any even serious-minded man, refuse to feel the solemnity of the warning, when a mysterious power is abroad whose commission may be to summon

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him, as it has summoned thousands, suddenly to give an account of his stewardship. It is, moreover, fully realized that *material, physical* agents are the immediate agents in these sudden deaths, as truly as were the awful tortures endured by Herod the *direct* cause of his agonizing death, while the pen of the evangelist (in whose opinions *we* have more faith than in those of modern philosophers*) records that the "angel of the Lord smote him." All this is fully recognized no doubt by our intelligent and pious readers; but they also have been accustomed to believe that there *really* is such a thing as a Divine judgment or a Divine chastisement, one *worthy* to be called so,—that an unusual measure or intensity of the sufferings which men endure is to be looked upon as a special act of God, intended to excite special attention. They have been accustomed to regard their God as a *moral* governor, and men, and christian men too, as free and responsible agents; and they have naturally felt that when the amount of human suffering, especially of human souls summoned to the bar of God, exceeds portentously the ordinary amount by which he at once proclaims and checks the depravity of our race,—that then he has some special reason for the variation,—that the stroke falls when it does and where it does, as the stroke of a Judge or a wise Father. Pious people also have always felt that *their* God *could* really answer prayer,—that he was not fettered by any chains of destiny, even of his own workmanship, from dealing with his children and creatures according to the *changes* of their behaviour towards him,—that their prayers could therefore be strictly *efficacious*, in the sense, that if nothing unknown to the suppliant made it wiser to withhold, their heavenly Father would see *in the prayer itself*, a reason for granting the favour which *otherwise* he might have withheld.

So *have* we believed, so *have* we felt; and we have drawn out the statement *definitely* thus, that, when put in its strongest form, the christian may look at the opposite doctrine, that divine laws, physical ones especially, proceed in one *inflexible* course, and that the efficacy of prayer is *exhausted* in producing resignation to the being who ordained them; and then ask themselves which is the doctrine of the *bible*? of a bible addressed in its original communications not to religious philosophers, but to the common people, and intended to be understood by them? Which doctrine would "the many" gather from all recorded answers to prayer, from those of Abraham and Jacob to those of their Great Descendant and those whom he taught? Which would they collect from the instructions of not only "holy men of old," but from those of our blessed Lord himself? Which *have* they always found in the word of God? We think there can be but one reply to these questions, and we give it in the words of one of the most decided predestinarians and profound thinkers of modern times,† in a note of a conversation on the philosophy of prayer: "Certain fact, that whenever a man prays aright he forgets the philosophy of it, and feels as if his supplications *really would* make a difference in the determinations and conduct of the Deity. *In this spirit* are the *prayers recorded in the bible.*"

While, then, we reject Pharisaism, and prayers "*taught* by the commandment of men," let us not lightly surrender the very life and sweetness of our communion with God, namely, the confidence which we have towards God that "if we *ask* anything according to his will" he heareth us, and if we know that he hears us, "whatsoever we ask, we know that we have the petitions that we desired of him." *Resignation* is a happy duty, and one both exemplified and enjoined in the scriptures; but

* Foster's Broadmead Lectures. † Foster's Life, vol. i. page 229.

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assurance that any request accordant with God's will he will grant (and no believer asks but with that condition implied), is a sweeter duty. It is, moreover, we think, the distinction, both in common sense and in scripture, between *worship* simply and *prayer*.

We may add, that we have the fullest confidence that a more comprehensive, a *true* philosophy, thoroughly and beautifully corroborates the teachings of scripture. At the request of some of our readers, we shall endeavour briefly to shew that it does, in an early Number. Meantime we would remind some that the *child-like* feelings of the christian are the reverse of *childishness*. They are the highest philosophy. And that *one-sided logic*, however severe, can be but half truth; and is, indeed, philosophistry, rather than philosophy; the love of subtle reasoning, rather than the love of wisdom.

"FEAR NOT."

A WORD TO THE FEARFUL.

BY THE REV. C. ELVEN.

It is a fact worthy of our regard, not only that there are many precious promises in the field of divine revelation, which, like the handful of corn dropped by the reapers on purpose for Ruth, seem especially designed for the "weak in faith," but that there are above *seventy* of these promises having this prefix, "*Fear not.*" Surely the reason must be, that the Lord of the harvest knew the greater portion of gleaners in this gospel field would resemble those first disciples, of whom it is recorded that "as they followed they were afraid."

In the last Number of "The Church," is an excellent article on "The Difference between Faith and Presumption," well calculated to warn and alarm those who lay the flattering unction to their souls, that all the promises are theirs, while in truth "a deceived heart may have turned them aside," and they may have "neither part nor lot in the matter." The design of the present article is to speak a cheering word to another class of readers, who, although their names are written in the book of life, as evidenced by their godly sorrow and hatred of sin,—their clinging to the cross for mercy,—their daily watchfulness and prayer,—their love to the house, the people, and the ways of God,—yet are "all their life-time in bondage," and, unlike the presumptuous, are so *afraid of presuming*, that they tremble to lay hold on "the hope set before them in the gospel." Yet, as good John Bunyan remarks of one of his pilgrims (Mr. Fearing), that he dwelt in the town of "Sincere," so we are persuaded it will be manifest in the developments of the last day, that when to many a presumptuous never-doubting professor the Judge will say, "Depart from me, I never knew you," there will be a multitude who never, during their pilgrimage, could "read their title clear," that will then be acknowledged to be of those who have loved the Lord Jesus Christ in sincerity. To such, the following fraternal exhortations are affectionately submitted.

"Fear not" *because the manner and circumstances of your conversion may not be so striking and so clearly ascertainable as in the case of others.* Lydia, comparing the gentle opening of her heart with the mental agony and remarkable circumstances of the conversion of Saul of Tarsus,—or Timothy, knowing the Scriptures from his youth, so as, probably, like many of you, not being able to fix on the precise *time* when the first ray of heavenly light beamed upon his soul, comparing the manner of his conversion with that of the dying thief, or the Jerusalem sinners on the

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day of Pentecost,—might just as well have doubted its reality. Thus that beautifully interesting character, Mercy, in Bunyan's inimitable allegory, was greatly distressed in the house of the Interpreter on this very account, and said, "Truly, Sir, my want of experience is that which makes me fear of coming short at last. I cannot tell of visions or dreams as my friend Christiana can; yet, as my Lord sees, I am come; and if there is any grace to spare, I beseech that thy poor handmaid may be a partaker thereof." Oh, then, ye poor doubting souls, hear the voice of the angel, "Fear not ye, for ye seek Jesus" (Matt. xxviii. 5).

"Fear not" *because your gifts and attainments are not equal to others.* One very dear to the writer, who was always a fearful disciple, but died in the peace, yea more, in the joy, of the gospel, and was often cast down, because she could not *talk* so much as other christians, found great comfort from one of Hart's experimental hymns, (on the margin of which she had written, "Read with many tears,") especially from the following lines:—

"Lord, when I hear thy children talk,
(And I believe 'tis often true),
How with delight thy ways they walk,
And gladly thy commandments do;

"In my own breast I look, and read
Accounts so very different there,
That had I not Thy blood to plead,
Each sight would drive me to despair."

Then give to the winds your fears. Trust in the mighty Saviour's name, and you shall never die.

"Fear not," *although your faith be weak.* Little faith can trust in Christ, and great faith can do no more. Your salvation depends not upon the measure, but the genuineness, of your grace; for, as an old writer remarks, "God brings not his scales to weigh your faith, but a touchstone to try it; if it be pure gold, though ever so small, it will pass current with him." Like those creeping plants which cannot support themselves, but throw their tendrils and claspers round the majestic oak or towering cedar; so you may cling to the tree of life, throw your arms round the cross, and sing,

"More happy, but not more secure,
The glorified spirits above."

"Fear not," on account of your spiritual weakness, *to be active and devoted in the service of Christ.* "What can I do?" is a thought which Satan is very likely to suggest to a fearful christian. The answer is, "Through Christ strengthening you, you can do all things." The little captive maid in Naaman's house spoke a word which resulted in the healing and conversion of her master. The woman of Samaria, weak as she must have been in knowledge and christian attainments, brought many souls to Jesus. The man who had only one talent was not therefore suffered with impunity to bury it in the earth. Besides, it is not the most gifted or the most confident christian that is always, or even commonly, the most useful. The most beneficial operations in nature are the least ostentatious and noisy. This bountiful harvest, with its golden sheaves, commenced by the unobserved germination of the seed beneath the clod, till gradually it became "the blade, then the ear, after that the full corn in the ear." So we say to you, weak and doubting saints, speak, write, live, and act, for the conversion of souls, and the glory of Christ; and the more so, because it will be the very best exercise by which you can strengthen your faith. You will never get rid of your gloomy doubts by poring over them; but by going abroad in the path of christian duty, you will get through the fog and mists of unbelief, so as to walk in the

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light of God's countenance all the day long. We would fain convince *all* christians how much their happiness is associated with their activity. It is easy to keep the sword bright which is daily used; but if you hang it upon the mouldy wall of indolence, it will soon get so rusty, that it will take no little time and pains to furbish it for use again. So with all our spiritual desires; the more we read our bibles, the more we pray, the more we labour, the more we give for the cause of Christ, the more easy and familiar will his service be to us. But once we are remiss in these exercises, once they are broken off or intermitted, it will be found new and hard work to begin again; we are fallen, and shall find it hard to rise.

"Fear not," again we say to the weak but sincere disciple, that *you shall not hold out to the end.* Were we called to maintain the spiritual conflict, and to go a warfare at our own charge, the strong would indeed be more likely to hold out than the weak; but the promise is given alike to all the family of faith, "My grace is sufficient for thee." If you were about to undertake a voyage to a distant land, you would feel that your safety depended not on the strength of the passengers, but on the security of the vessel, and the skill of the captain. These being competent, the weakest babe would be landed at the desired haven as safe as the strongest man. The vessel in which the whole redeemed church is sailing to glory is the "everlasting covenant ordered in all things and sure." The pilot is the Saviour himself, who has declared you shall never perish. A heavenly wind is permitted to fill the sails; and "so an entrance shall be ministered unto you into the everlasting kingdom of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ."

Bury St. Edmunds.

THE YOUNG IN OUR CONGREGATIONS.

BY THE REV. S. GREEN, WALWORTH.

It has often been said that the young are the hope of the churches. Under God, we look to them for increase, strength, activity, and usefulness; and surely we are right. From among the young, converts most frequently come; an active church usually contains a large proportion of youthful members; and wheresoever attention is seriously given to the best interests of the young, the largest measure of that kind of reward is secured, in which faithful men of God most heartily rejoice. Witness the best conducted Sunday-schools, where pastors, and churches, and teachers, are of one mind and one heart.

It is therefore matter of great surprise and pain, that all the young of our congregations do not, in some cases at least, receive the attention which their importance as a class demands. The children of the poor are not neglected, as Sunday-school efforts abundantly shew; but those in our wealthier or more respectable households are comparatively overlooked. "There is no part of my own pastoral history, on which, in the forty-first year of my ministry," says Mr. James of Birmingham, "I look back with more penitence, than I do on my neglect of the catechetical instruction of the young." Many a pastor may adopt this language. What, however, is the remedy? Much may be done by the members of our churches, to which next month I may advert. For the present, I am thinking chiefly of ministers, "my own order."

The late Andrew Fuller, I believe, accustomed himself to keep a registry of every individual in each family of his congregation, that he might be assisted in making every one the subject of earnest and frequent sup-

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plication. Something similar to this would do a little towards correcting the evil complained of. The idea that the charge of the pastor chiefly respects those who have entered the church must be got rid of, and the children and young persons who sit in the pews with the parents must have a share in pastoral thoughts and attention. We have no infant membership, no infant baptism; but every infant in our congregations should be surrounded, as he grows to youth and maturity, with our fervent, persevering supplications on his behalf. The events, temptations, character, in one word, every thing respecting that infant which may direct our supplications, should be known to us. *Fas est ab hoste doceri.* A late Roman Catholic priest of Ireland told me a short time since, that it was his duty, in common with every parish priest of that church, to keep a registry of every family, including each child, in his flock, in order to their having whatever spiritual attention advancing life requires. Our charge is the charge over individuals.

It will be scarcely possible for such an expression of solicitude, habitually made, not to induce efforts more directly with the young themselves. If I pray for A. B. in my study, I shall seek opportunities of endeavouring to arrest A. B.'s attention, and directing his young thoughts to his everlasting welfare. Judgment, affection, simplicity, will be requisite in advancing to this point in pastoral duty, but it will not on that account be shrunk from; and, as in other cases, the determination to do the thing will secure the necessary qualifications for its right performance. Resolution overcomes difficulty, and God graciously supplies the want which earnest action makes us feel.

Our solicitude, moreover, will induce the attempt to awaken a concern for the young, like that which we ourselves feel, in the church. We shall enforce family piety; we shall set on foot domestic exercises likely to benefit the young; social prayer-meetings and class engagements, under conduct of the more judicious and devoted of the respective flocks we preside over, will be established, such as may contribute to the high and holy end we have in view. We shall also ourselves be communicative with the young; we shall encourage them to address us; we shall speak kindly to them on the matters pertaining to their everlasting welfare. "Our pastor, Sir," said a dear young friend to me a few days ago, "when I can get at him, is one of the most warm-hearted, intelligent, and kind men that can be. I am sure he feels for me; but it is difficult to get at him. He comes to our house, but he is not familiar with us young people. We are sometimes almost disposed to think him reserved and distant." This was said of one of the best pastors I know—a young pastor whose position is too retired and quiet to lay heavy contributions on his time and energies. But what my young friend deplored in this case, is for a lamentation with almost all of us. We must shake it off ere we can hope to accomplish among the youthful members of our congregations all the good which from our relation and objects ought to be anticipated from us.

It were well, too, for the young to have a considerable share of attention in our pulpit exercises. Preaching directly to them somewhat often may be desirable. We all do this once or twice in the year. Why not oftener? The iron is heated by frequent strokes. One of the most useful years in my own ministry, was a year during which one Lord's-day evening monthly was given professedly to the young. And besides this, the case of the young should more or less come before us in most of our preparations for the pulpit. We may seek for things apt to instruct and benefit them, and we may present these things in a style to gain their ear, enlighten their understanding, and, under God, affect their hearts, without sacrificing the edification and comfort of the mature saint. "Milk for

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babes" need not always be unsavoury to the palate of older christians; and of one thing we may be quite sure, that if the young are captivated and won to the Saviour by the pains we take to set before them the truth, the best and holiest men of our flocks will rejoice in what is done.

Bible classes, also, will be resorted to by the pastor who is anxious for the young, both as a means of bringing them directly within reach of his solicitude, and of explaining and rendering attractive to them the things of religion. If some object to these classes as importations from a land of somewhat questionable "revivals," the pastor I am thinking of will not; and certainly it is within my own knowledge, and that of many of my dear brethren in the ministry, that such classes have been eminently useful in leading the young to Christ. The instruction which such classes comprise must, however, be sound, affectionate, and practical. We must cultivate the intellect, and try to affect the heart. Difficulties should be explained, enquiries satisfied, and valuable lessons inculcated. We must direct attention to the realities of eternity, and the delights of piety; we must shew that God's word will amply repay the closest study, and make the stores of our own knowledge contribute to augment theirs.

Always and by all means we must labour for the youth of our charge, that Christ may be formed in them, and with all our effort we must expect the promised aid of the Holy Spirit. The young around us will be converted by our instrumentality, and the church will be built up, for God has said, *They shall spring up as among the grass, as willows by the water courses. One shall say I am the Lord's, and another shall call himself by the name of Jacob, and another shall subscribe with his hand unto the Lord, and surname himself by the name of Israel.* May God hasten it in his time.

OUR ENEMIES—PRAYER FOR THEM.

"Pray for those who despitefully use you."

Alas, for human nature, that such a command should be needed! that it admits of being supposed as a likely case that *good* persons should have *enemies,* and that those enemies could be even *spiteful* in their hostility! that there should be not only opposition to their disliked plans, words, and conduct, but *ill-will* prompting to despiteful usage towards the person! Malignity, spite, envy, ill-will! Words and things surely more fit for their birth-place, hell, than for earth; hateful in their very sound; hateful wherever we see their doings! Yet, how common these satanic qualities! Who of us is free from them? Who has never either been mastered by them, or found it no easy work to master them completely? "Think ye that the Scripture saith in vain, the spirit that is in us lusteth to envy?"* It were time enough for the maintainers of the innocence of human nature to promulgate this part of their theology, when *pleasure in injuring another* shall have fled from the mass of human bosoms.

But the most melancholy fact touching this subject is the necessity of our Lord's command being urged upon christians, in relation to each other. The command, "Pray for those who despitefully use you," needs to be impressed on those who profess to hearken to our Lord's *new* command, "that we love one another as he has loved us;" and who believe "love to one another" to be *the* mark by which "all men shall know that

* This quality is always and justly included as a principal one among the malignant and *spiteful* passions in the New Testament.

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we are Christ's disciples." Is it not the simple fact, that because some brother in Christ has offended us, has opposed us, has thwarted our will, has shewn us some disrespect, has wronged us, has injured our pecuniary interests, or, what is dearer still, our good name, or because we *think* he has done such things, we can scarcely refrain (even though we make the effort to do it) from indulging *personal ill-will* or spite against him?

It is surprising how ingenious this, like every evil principle, is, in finding pretexts to excuse itself, or even to represent its workings as commendable. "He *deserves* to be made to feel." "He ought to be *exposed* for others' sake." "If he repented I *could* forgive him, but while he is what he is he ought to be detested." "It is impossible to love bad qualities." As if our feelings were merely those of justice. Sometimes the excuse is, "I never *did* him any injury, I only *spoke* of his conduct as it deserved." Sometimes if, with no ordinary effort, we have watched both our *words* and our conduct, yet how difficult does it remain to banish that last remnant of spite, namely, pleasure in *hearing* of the mortifications, losses, or disgraces of those who have "despitefully used us."

Now, in heavenly contrariety to all these strugglings of malice, we hear this command of our blessed Lord. Not merely bear with, or heed not, or even return good for evil, *generally*, but "PRAY for those who despitefully use you." *We* think another has so used us; we may be wrong in even thinking thus, often we assuredly are; but that is not the question, if we think so, here is the command. "He has despitefully used me," we exclaim, whether justly or not, well then, "PRAY *for him!*" And He who gave this command gave also as man the most signal instance of unqualified obedience to it.* "Pray for him;" and if he have done you no despiteful acts, if it be only your own imagination, you will very soon begin to see it, confidence in your brother will return, peace and love will be reestablished. "Pray for him," and if he be ever so great an injurer, your feelings will quickly be calmed. You will remember that in His judgment to whom you pray the injurer is the unhappier man. You will remember your own injuries against God; strange if you do not recal many done to your fellow-men also; and consciousness of parallel guilt, will humble you in your own eyes.† Your whole soul will be pervaded by another spirit, that of a pardoned sinner hoping for mercy yourself for ten thousand worse offences. "Pray *for* him." Yes, *for* him. Bring your mind to wish him good, while you have every reason to think he is still wishing you ill, and trying to give cruel effect, perhaps, to his wishes. Yet seek *good* for him, and seek it from Him who can give it, from God. But what a strange plea it seems at first sight, "Heavenly Father, bless this man, do him good, for he is my *enemy!*" Kind treatment is scripturally a reason for our praying on behalf of our benefactors; but their enmity, their sin against us and God, a reason why we should seek a blessing for them! Yet all this is thoroughly and beautifully consistent. Surely for no reason do men more need to be prayed for than because of their sins, and the unhappy consequences of them. And what sins ought to prompt our intercessory prayers more than those which come most fully under *our* notice? And of what sins can we see so clearly all the evil, aggravation, and mischief as of those which pierce just *our* souls? In *them* we see and *feel* the malignity of the evil dispositions from which Christ came to deliver. In *them* we can realize more distinctly their interference with the union, happiness, and holiness of God's creatures; by *them* then, if by any, we ought to be stirred up to prayer for the unhappy subjects of them.

* Luke xxiii. 33, 34. † Matt. xviii. 32—35.

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And there is yet another consideration. Things cannot long remain in this relation. Prayers like those of our Lord for such as despitefully used *him*, will be answered as his were. To the softening or to the utter ruin of "our enemies." How striking to think of the Being to whom we pray witnessing the workings of each heart, while we are praying for him who despitefully treats us. He sees our *efforts* to offer *from the heart* humble, selfabasing, tender, benevolent supplications. He sees in the other heart uneasy, or gnawing, or relentless spite, thinking how it can best gratify itself, perhaps furious to injure us at all hazards, perhaps planning to injure with the appearance to byestanders of fairness or even kindness. *He* sees these contrasted feelings. Little thinks the man of spite, what is before the eyes of Omniscience in his supposed adversary's heart. Little does he imagine how Omnipotence is about to work. Nothing would more revolt his pride perhaps than the thought of relenting. But his hour is come. He who commanded special prayer for an enemy, means (as the rule) to own obedience to his command. He wills and it is done. Thoughts enter the spiteful man's bosom which he *cannot* resist, they humble him, they soften him, they tell him that if the other has been wrong he much more so. The praying brother hears perhaps of some change, but can scarcely believe the answer to his own prayer. He is like Ananias, or the christians at Jerusalem in the case of Paul, till some Barnabas certifies to the change and completes the happy work. Yes, *this* was the answer to praying *for* him. To the heart which unhappily the malignant passions have *possessed*, no good can equal that of casting out the unclean spirit. You prayed *for* him, for his good, and the greatest good was given him—a *softened heart*.

Reader, is there any one whom you must *think*, or even know, to be your enemy, one who *despitefully* uses you? try whether you cannot really, believingly, obediently, hopefully, "*pray for him.*"

London. C. B.

THE THRONE OF GRACE.

A HYMN FOR SUNDAY SCHOOL ANNIVERSARIES.

BY JAMES MONTGOMERY.

Come to the throne of grace: it stands,
At all times, everywhere;
With humbled hearts and holy hands,
Let us assemble there.

On the whole earth's expanded face,
'Tis best to tarry there,
For nearest heaven must be the place,
Where God meets man in prayer.

In the same moment, at that throne,
Were all who breathe the air,
In multitude, or each alone,
Found offering faithful prayer;—

No thought, no word, no sigh, in vain,
Conceived or uttered there,
Could miss the mark; like genial rain
Blessings would fall on prayer.

When field and forest, plant and flower
The dews of morning share,
Blade, bud, leaf, blossom, in one hour,
Alike, are water'd there.

To-day, while countless Sabbath-bands
Are gathering everywhere,
Let us with them lift hearts and hands,
And all unite in prayer.

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Tales and Sketches.

MARY JAY: THE NERVOUS CHRISTIAN.

"There is a large class, who would confound nature and grace. These are chiefly women. They sit at home, nursing themselves over a fire, and then trace up the natural effects of solitude and want of air and exercise into spiritual desertion." —*Cecil.*

Many envied my friend Mary Jay; she seemed to have everything which people generally regard as desirable—a pleasant parlour, adorned with rich carpets, easy chairs, beautiful pictures, interesting and instructive books. She had a cultivated mind, a refined heart, a well-filled purse, warm friends, and kind looks from all the world. More than all this, Mary Jay was a professing christian, an attentive hearer and devout worshipper in the sanctuary, and a liberal contributor to all the instrumentalities which are set in motion for the redemption of the world. No one ever applied to Mary Jay for means to promote any good object, and was refused. She gave, and gave generously—almost without enquiry she gave; giving was a principle with her.

Many young people said, "Oh, if I were only Mary Jay!" "I would do this, and I could do that, if I were only in Mary Jay's place." And many more, I doubt not, who looked at her afar off, almost envied the easy and flattering position which she held in the church and society, circled as she seemed to be by so many of the fascinations of wealth and education. But I knew, what many did not know, that Mary Jay was not happy; she was far from being happy—she was weak, nervous, and unhappy. Not that any serious disease was preying upon her constitution; she usually called herself pretty well, in spite of her pale and languid looks; but she was nervous. A great many women, alas! know how many and how really serious evils that word comprehends—evils, if not a disease, which essentially impair and vitiate the energies of hundreds and thousands in easy circumstances throughout our towns and cities; but the causes are different, and require different treatment. Mary was low-spirited,—little things, insignificant in themselves, made her weep like a child,—her sensibilities were all alive,—she lay for hours on the sofa, oppressed with an indescribable melancholy,—she arose and looked out upon the glad sunshine and was sad,—accounts of suffering and want filled her with pain, and she longed for a "lodge in some vast wilderness,"—she would have preferred those heavenly abodes where no sin or suffering can ever enter, but she scarcely dared hope for a place in those blessed mansions,—her religious hopes were clouded,—she was often in thick darkness,—she had no clear views of her acceptance with Christ,—she was timid, doubting, often despairing. The biography of good men chilled her—"O that my experience was theirs!" she sighed discouragingly. The little light that sometimes glimmered upon her soul in prayer, and through the bible, was often dim, flickering, and uncertain. In the midst of all outward comforts, Mary's heart was too frequently comfortless, joyless. "There is a void here," she often used to say; "I want something to fill it." Poor Mary Jay! thus she languished on for months and years—a dark christian, under an unfulfilled experience of what is promised by the gospel hopes and gospel glories.

I often sighed and sympathized with her; it was grateful to her affections, but I was sure it did her no good. Secret intimations that a more active religious life was what she needed often came over me, but how could I urge it upon one who gave so much and so freely to every good work; would it not seem like rebuking her? And Mary Jay was so good. When I ventured delicately to advise Mary on this point, as I sometimes did at last, she quickly waived it: "Oh, no, dear; you know how I am constituted. I cannot do as others do, I am so weak: it is not in me, you know." How then could I urge it? Mary was so constituted.

By-and-by a mutual friend came back to town. He knew Mary intimately, and Mary both loved and respected him. I urged her to disclose her feelings and to seek his counsel. An opportunity soon came, and Mary did so freely and frankly.

"Mary Jay," said he, "you must go to work. A mere parlour christian can never be a cheerful, vigorous, rejoicing christian. Like your great Master, you must go out and labour for the good of others. He has

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given you time, talents, and opportunities to use yourself for him, and yet you are wasting yourself away doing nothing. Do you not hear him ask, 'Why stand ye here idle?' Have you sought out those poor immigrants in the street below you? To what poor woman have you carried—*carried yourself*—the bread of life, and persuaded her to eat of it? She needs persuasion, perhaps. What destitute children have you hunted up among the by-ways of the town? Give money, I know you do, Mary, nobly and generously; but you cannot do everything by *proxy*. No, you must literally go about doing good." Harsh language it must have seemed to poor Mary Jay, who never heard anything but the gentlest and most loving words; and harsh language it did seem to her.

She wept, and fancied her friend had become a cruel censor, an enemy. There was a calm austerity of manner about him when he deeply felt, which awed even those who knew him best. Mary was awed, frightened, wounded, but he went on probing to the very core the secret of all her wretchedness; then courageously pointed out the remedy, the only remedy for all the ills under which she laboured. R—— did it with the fidelity and manfulness of a true friend. He had long understood Mary's case, and had longed, yet shrank, from an opportunity of saying to her all that it was the duty of a friend to say: now that it came, he spoke with his characteristic firmness, withholding nothing, palliating nothing, but telling Mary what I suppose was the whole truth, and a painful and surprising one it was to her. "Pardon me, Mary, but at the risk of losing your friendship I must speak out. The christian graces cannot grow in a sluggish, inactive life; you must get up, leave your parlour and yourself, and engage in active christian duty; you must be doing something for the good of others—doing personally with your own hands, your own speech." R—— knew not what effect it would have on Mary; he hoped and feared; he knew there were energies to be aroused which, if aroused, would make her eminently useful to the church, brighten her christian hopes, and make her a cheerful and rejoicing disciple of the Lord.

Had he wounded her? had he irritated her? had he discouraged her? had he lost her friendship for ever? His words sank deep into Mary Jay's heart: she tried to forget them, to banish them; she wept over them, she felt aggrieved, she declared herself misunderstood, unappreciated. Weep as she might, turn wheresoever she would, there were R——'s words, impressed indelibly upon her memory. She could not but remember them and reflect upon them; obey them she was sure she could not: "He had not understood her; he did not know her peculiarities."

How long the seed was vegetating we cannot tell, but one afternoon Mary Jay put on her shawl and bonnet, and bent her steps down a small back street towards some houses which had recently become occupied by foreign factory operatives. Some tracts and papers were in her hand. Two dirty children sat upon the steps of one of the houses. Mary spoke kindly to them, and asked for their mother: the little boys led her into the kitchen. There sat a sick mother with a sick baby in her arms. Mary thought she had never seen a home so cheerless and untidy; but the pale mother and her child, the sad mother and the sick little one, touched Mary's sympathies; and she was surprised to find a new interest springing up in her heart; she had something to say, and she could say it.

"Ah, and I wanted to speak to some good christian," said the poor woman, as they became more acquainted; "I am away from my folks; I've got no minister; I take no comfort in my mind now."

"What is the matter?" asked Mary.

"Ah, six months ago, when I came here, I had to work on Sabbath. I have had no comfort since. I don't pray now as I used to do: I am afraid to pray. Will the Lord forgive Sabbath work, do you think?" and the tears ran down the woman's face.

Here was work for Mary. How long she sat, or what she said, we cannot tell; but Mary dates from that afternoon new springs of action, new duties, new hopes, new vigour—in a word, a new life in her soul.

Do you not see that here was something for a christian to do? Not two stones' throw from Mary's own door, sat a sick, conscience-stricken woman, in a measure out of the means of grace and the comforts of religious intercourse, famishing for light, for instruction, for one word of true christian counsel. Oh, there are a thousand such, of which the church know nothing, all along the hedges and by-ways of life—sick, poor, afflicted, burdened by secret griefs, in a strange land, knowing not where to turn for that bread of life, that balm in

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Gilead, which alone can afford relief. These must be sought out, hunted up, visited with christian consolation and advice. And this is the work for christians to do, in imitation of, and in obedience to, their Divine Master. This is the *appropriate work* of christian love. Many are found so labouring, but there are vast numbers who have not *begun* to apprehend it. There are many who hope they are children of God, and yet feel none of the light and warmth which seemed to fill the bosoms of the apostles; they long for it, they wonder why this dark cloud rests on their souls, they are restless and often wretched; is it not because they are *incomplete* christians? Is it not because they have time and opportunities and energies that are wasting away in a *busy religious idleness*, or in entire inactivity? Ah! it may be so; and if it is so, you are sure to feel *leanness* of soul and darkness of mind. Like Mary Jay you must needs be nervous and unhappy; it is to be feared there are many such. Let me say to you, that there is nothing which will warm your piety, and give you a clear, rejoicing hope in Christ—nothing that will so unite you to Him, as giving some portion of your time every day and your personal agency to the good of others. You will be surprised to find how much there is to do, how large a field is left to the unseen efforts of the humble christian. All around your own homes, there are many who, but for you, without your personal efforts in their behalf, may lack all christian sympathy, and may perish almost without knowing the gospel invitations, although they live in the very sight of the sky-pointing spire. Go and find them out—you will be gratefully welcomed. Oh, there be mourning, and sorrow, and burdens, of which you now know nothing. There are stricken hearts which you can bless, and comfortless homes that you can gladden by your christian sympathy, and in blessing are you doubly blessed. Then, alone, can you realize that divine truth: "Truly it is more blessed to give than to receive." It is a truth dropped from heaven, and apprehended only by those who act upon heavenly principles. Do not narrow it down to the mere *giving of the purse*. Oh, no! it means infinitely more—the giving up of your time, your talents, your energies, as you have opportunity, to the spiritual good of those around. Then shall you find comfort, peace, safety, joy, vigour, health.

Mary Jay found it so.

HAVE I NO FATHER?

I was once in an awful storm at sea; we were for many hours tossed about in sight of dangerous rocks; the steam engines would work no longer; the wind raged violently, and around were heard the terrific roar of the breakers, and the dash of the waves, as they broke over the deck.

At this dreary and trying time, while we lay, as might be said, at the mercy of the waves, I found great comfort and support from an apparently trifling circumstance: it was, that the captain's child, a little girl of about twelve years old, was in the cabin with us. He had come two or three times, in the midst of his cares and toils, to see how his child went on, and it is well known how cheering is the sight of a captain in such a time of danger. As our situation grew worse, I saw the little girl rising on her elbow and bending her eyes anxiously to the door, as if longing for her father's reappearance. He came at last. He was a large, bluff, sailor-like man; an immense coat, great sea boots, and an oil-skin cap with flaps hanging down his neck, were streaming with water. He fell on his knees on the floor beside the low berth of his child, and stretched his arm over her, but did not speak.

After a little while, he asked if she were alarmed. "Father," the child answered, "let me be with you, and I shall not be afraid."

"With me!" he cried; "you could not stand it for an instant."

"Father, let me be with you," she repeated.

"My child, you would be more frightened then," he said, kissing her, while the tears were on his rough cheeks.

"No, father, I will not be afraid if you take me with you. Oh, father, let me be with you!" and she threw her arms round his neck, and clung fast to him. The strong man was overcome; he lifted his child in his arms, and carried her away with him.

How much I felt her departure! As long as the captain's child was near, I felt her to be a sort of pledge for the return and care of the captain. I knew that in the moment of greatest danger the father would run to his child; I was certain that were the vessel about to be abandoned in the midst of the wild waves, I should know of every movement, for the captain would not desert his child. Thus in the presence

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of that child I had comforted myself, and when she went, I felt abandoned, and, for the first time, fearful. I rose, and managed to get on deck. The sea and sky seemed one. It was a dreadful sight: shuddering, I shrank back, and threw myself again on my couch.

Then came the thought: the child is content—she is with *her* father; "and have I no father?" O God I thank thee! in that moment I could answer, yes. An unseen father, it is true; and faith is not as sight, and nature is not as grace; but still I knew I had a Father—a Father whose love surpasseth knowledge. The thought calmed my mind. Reader, does it calm yours?

"Oh, cries the trembling soul, the storm is fearful; the sky is hid; we walk in darkness and have no light." "Be still, and know that I am God," saith the Lord; be happy, and know that God is thy Father. "Fear not, for I am with thee; be not dismayed, for I am thy God." All things are under the dominion of Christ, and all things, yea, even terrible things, shall work together for good for them that love God. Tempest-tossed soul! as the child clung to her father's bosom, so cling thou to thy God; in the moment of thine extremity he will appear to be with thee, or to take thee to be with him.

JOHN GASPARD LAVATER AND THE POOR WIDOW.

THE WORD OF GOD AS IT IS.

It was a practice with Lavater to read, every morning, several chapters of the bible, and select from them one particular passage for frequent and special meditation during the day. One morning, after reading the fifth and sixth chapters of the gospel of Matthew, he exclaimed—"What a treasure of morality! how difficult to make a choice of any particular portion of it!" After a few moments' consideration he threw himself upon his knees, and prayed for Divine guidance. When he joined his wife at dinner, she asked him what passage of scripture he had chosen for the day.

"Give to him that asketh of thee, and from him that would borrow of thee turn not thou away," was the reply.

"And how is this to be understood?" asked his wife.

"'Give to him that asketh of thee, and from him that would borrow of thee turn not thou away,' are the words of Him to whom all and everything belongs that I possess," rejoined Lavater. "I am the steward, not the proprietor. The Proprietor desires me to give to him who asks of me; and not to refuse him that would borrow of me; or, in other words, if I had two coats, I must give one to him that has none; if I had food, I must share with him who is an hungered and in want. This I must do, without being asked. How much more, then, when asked?"

This (continued Lavater in his diary) appeared to be so evidently and incontrovertibly the meaning of the verses in question, that I spoke with more than usual warmth. My wife made no further reply, than that she would take those things to heart. I had scarcely left the dining-room a few minutes, when an aged widow desired to speak with me, and she was shewn into my study.

"Forgive me, dear Sir," she said; "excuse the liberty I am about to take. I am really ashamed, but my rent is due to-morrow, and I am short six dollars. I have been confined to my bed with sickness, and my poor child is nearly starving. Every penny that I could save I have laid aside to meet this demand, but six dollars are yet wanting, and to-morrow is term-day." Here she opened a parcel, which she held in her hand, and said, "This is a book, with a silver clasp, which my late husband gave me the day we were married. It is all I can spare of the few articles I possess, and sore it is to part with it. I am aware it is not enough, nor do I see how I could ever repay it. But, dear Sir, if you can, do assist me."

"I am sorry, my good woman, that I cannot help you," I said, and putting my hand into my pocket, I accidentally felt my purse, which contained about two dollars. These, said I to myself, cannot extricate her from her difficulty, she requires six; besides, even if they could, I have need of this money for some other purpose. Turning to the widow, I said, "Have you no friend, no relative, who could give you this trifle?"

"No, not a soul! I am ashamed to go from house to house; I would rather work day and night. My excuse for being here is, that people speak so much of your goodness; if, however, you cannot assist me, you at least will forgive my intrusion, and God, who has never yet forsaken me, will not surely turn away from me in my sixty-sixth year."

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At this moment the door of my apartment opened, and my wife entered. I was ashamed and vexed. Gladly would I have sent her away, for conscience whispered, "Give to him that asketh of thee, and from him that would borrow of thee turn not thou away." She came up to me and said with much sweetness—

"This is a good old woman. She has certainly been ill of late. Assist her, if you can."

Shame and compassion struggled in my darkened soul. "I have but two dollars," I said, in a whisper, "and she requires six. I will give her a trifle and let her go."

Laying her hand on my arm, and smiling in my face, my wife said aloud, what conscience had whispered before, "Give to him that asketh of thee, and from him that would borrow of thee turn not thou away."

I blushed, and replied with some little vexation, "Would you give your ring for the purpose?"

"With pleasure," answered my wife, pulling off her ring.

The poor widow was either too simple or too modest to notice what was going on, and was preparing to retire, when my wife told her to wait in the lobby. When we were left alone, I asked my wife—

"Are you in earnest about the ring?"

"Certainly. How can you doubt it?" said she. "Do you think I would trifle with charity? Remember what you said about half an hour ago. Oh! my dear husband, let us not make a show of the gospel. You are in general so kind, so sympathizing, how is it that you now find it so difficult to assist this poor woman? Why did you not, without hesitation, give her what you had in your pocket? And did you not know there were yet six dollars in your desk, and that the quarter will be paid to us in less than eight days? She then added with much feeling, "Take no thought for your life, what ye shall eat, or what ye shall drink; nor yet for your body, what ye shall put on. Behold the fowls of the air: they sow not, neither do they reap, nor gather into barns; yet your heavenly Father feedeth them."

I kissed my wife, while tears ran down my cheeks. "Thanks, a thousand thanks, for this humiliation."

I turned to my desk, and took from it six dollars, and opened the door to call in the poor widow. All darkened around me at the thought that I had been so forgetful of the omniscience of God as to say to her, "I cannot help you." Oh, thou false tongue, thou false heart! If the Lord should mark iniquities, O Lord, who shall stand?

"Here is what you need," I said, addressing the widow. At first she seemed not to understand what I meant, and thought I was offering her a small contribution, for which she thanked me and pressed my hand; and when she perceived I had given her the whole sum, she could not find words to express her feelings. She cried—

"Dear Sir, I cannot repay it. All I possess is in this little book, and it is old."

"Keep your book," I said, "and the money too, and thank God, and not me; for I verily deserve no thanks, after having so long refused your entreaties. Go in peace, and forgive an erring brother."

I returned to my wife with downcast looks, but she smiled and said—

"Do not take it so much to heart. You yielded to my first suggestion; but promise me so long as I wear a gold ring on my finger, (and you know I possess several besides,) you will never allow yourself to say to any poor person, 'I cannot help you.*'"

She kissed me, and left the apartment. When I found myself alone, I sat down and wrote this account in my diary, in order to humble my deceitful heart—this heart which no longer than yesterday dictated these words:—

"Of the characters in the world, there is none I would more anxiously avoid being than a hypocrite. To preach the whole moral law, and fulfil only the easy part of it, is hypocrisy. Merciful Father! how must I wait, and reflect, and struggle, ere I shall be able to rely on the perfect sincerity of my professions!"

I read over once more the chapter I had read this morning with too little benefit, and felt more and more ashamed and convinced that there is no peace except where principle and practice are in perfect accordance. How peacefully and happily I might have ended this day, had I acted up, conscientiously, to the blessed doctrine I professed! Dear Saviour, send thy Holy Spirit into this benighted heart! Cleanse it from secret sin, and teach me to employ that which thou hast committed to my charge to thy glory, a brother's welfare, and my own salvation!

—*Tract Magazine.*

* The widow was known. Indiscriminate giving to the idle, who prefer to live by begging, could not be meant.

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WILLIE WATSON.

It is now fifty years since Willie Watson returned, after an absence of nearly a quarter of a century, to his native place, a seaport town in the north of Scotland. He had been employed as a ladies' shoemaker in some of the districts of the south; no one at home had heard of Willie in the interval, and there was little known concerning him on his return, except that when he had quitted town many years before, he had been a neat-handed, excellent workman, and what the elderly people called a quiet, decent lad. And he was now, though somewhat in the wane of life, a more thorough master of his trade than before. He was quiet and unobtrusive, too, as ever, and a great reader of serious books. And so the better sort of the people were beginning to draw to Willie by a kind of natural sympathy. Some of them had learned to saunter into his workshop in the long evenings, and some had grown bold enough to engage him in serious conversation, when they met him in his solitary walks, when out came the astounding fact, —and important as it may seem, the simple-minded mechanic had taken no pains to conceal it,—that during his residence in the south country he had left the Kirk and gone over to the Baptists. Then was a sudden revulsion of feeling towards him, and all the people of the town began to speak of Willie Watson as a "poor lost lad."

The "poor lost lad," however, was unquestionably a very excellent workman, and as he made neater shoes than anybody else, the ladies of the place could see no great harm in wearing them. He was singularly industrious, too, and indulged in no expense, except when he now and then bought a good book, or a few flower seeds for his garden. He was, withal, a single man, with only an elderly sister, who lived with him, and himself to provide for; and what between the regularity of his gains, on the one hand, and the moderation of his desires, on the other, Willie, for a person in his sphere of life, was in easy circumstances. It was found that all the children in the neighbourhood had taken a wonderful fancy for his shop. He was fond of telling them good little stories out of the Bible, and of explaining to them the prints which he had pasted on the walls. Above all, he was anxiously bent on teaching them to read. Some of their parents were poor, and some of them were careless; and he saw that unless they learned their letters from him, there was little chance of their ever learning them at all. Willie, in a small way, and to a very small congregation, was a kind of missionary; and what between his stories, and his pictures, and his flowers, and his apples, his labours were wonderfully successful. Never yet was school or church half so delightful to the little men and women of the place as the shop of Willie Watson, the "poor lost lad."

Years of scarcity came on; taxes were high, and crops not abundant; and the soldiery abroad, whom the country had employed to fight in the great revolutionary war, had got an appetite at their work, and were consuming a great deal of meat and corn. The price of the roll rose tremendously, and many of the town's people, who were working for very little, were not in every case secure of their little when the work was done. Willie's small congregation began to find that the times were exceedingly bad. There were no more morning *pieces* among them, and the porridge was always less than enough. It was observed, however, that in the midst of their distresses, Willie got in a large stock of meal, and that his sister had begun to bake as if she were making ready for a wedding. The children were wonderfully interested in the work, and watched it to the end—when, lo! great and joyous surprise, Willie began and divided the whole baking amongst them! Every member of the congregation got a cake; there were some who had little brothers and sisters at home who got two; and from that day forward, till times got better, none of Willie's young people lacked their morning *piece*. The neighbours marvelled at Willie: to be sure, much of his goodness was a kind of natural goodness; but certain it was, that independently of what it did, he took an inexplicable delight in the bible and in religious meditation; and all agreed that there was something strangely puzzling in the character of the "poor lost lad."

We have alluded to Willie's garden. Never was there a little bit of ground better occupied; it looked like a piece of rich needlework. He had got wonderful flowers, too — flesh-coloured carnations, streaked with red, and roses of a rich golden yellow. Even the commoner varieties—auricules, and anemones, and the party-coloured polyanthus — grew better with Willie than any body else. A Dutchman

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might have envied him his tulips, as they stood, row above row, on their elevated beds, like so many soldiers on a redoubt; and there was one mild, drooping season, in which two of these beautiful flowers, each perfect in its kind, and of different colours, too, sprang apparently from the same stem. The neighbours talked of them as they would have talked of the Siamese twins; but Willie, though it lessened the wonder, was at pains to shew that the flowers sprung from different roots, and what seemed their common stem was, in reality, but a green, hollow sheath formed by one of the leaves. Proud as Willie was of his flowers—and with all his humility he could not help being somewhat proud of them—he was yet conscientiously determined to have no miracle among them, unless, indeed, the miracle should chance to be a true one. It was no fault of Willie's that all his neighbours had not as fine gardens as himself. He gave them slips of the best flowers, flesh-coloured carnations, yellow rose, and all; he grafted their trees for them, too, and taught them the exact time for raising their tulip roots, and the best mode of preserving them. Nay, more than all this, he devoted whole hours, at times, to give the finishing touches to their parterres and borders, just in the way a drawing master lays in the last shadings, and imparts the final touches, to the landscape of a favourite pupil. All seemed impressed with the unselfish kindliness of his disposition, and all agreed that there could not be a warmer hearted man or a more obliging neighbour, than Willie Watson, the "poor lost lad."

Every thing earthly must have its last day. Willie was rather an elderly than an old man, and the child-like simplicity of his tastes and habits, made people think of him as younger than he really was; but his constitution, never a strong one, was gradually failing; he lost strength and appetite, and at length there came a morning on which he could no longer open his shop. He continued to creep out at noon, however, for a few days after, to enjoy himself among his flowers, with only the bible for his companion; but in a few days more, he had declined so much lower, that the effort proved too much for him, and he took to his bed. The neighbours came flocking in; all had begun to take an interest in poor Willie; and now they had learned that he was dying; and the feeling had deepened immensely with the intelligence. They found him lying in his neat little room, with a table bearing the one beloved volume, drawn in besides his bed. He was the same quiet, placid creature he had ever been,—grateful for the slightest kindness, and with a heart full of love for all—full to overflowing. He said nothing of the Kirk, and nothing of the Baptists; but earnestly did he urge on his visitors the one master truth of revelation. Oh, to be secure of an interest in Christ! there was nothing else, he assured them, that would stand them in the least stead when, like him, they came to die. As for himself, he had not a single anxiety; God, for Christ's sake, had been kind to him during all the long time he had been in the world; and he was now kindly calling him out of it. Whatever he did to him was good, and for his good; and why, then, should he be anxious or afraid? The hearts of Willie's visitors were touched, and they could no longer speak or think of him as the "poor lost lad." A few short weeks went by, and Willie had gone the way of all flesh. There was silence in his shop, and his flowers opened their breasts to the sun, and bent their heads to the bee and butterfly, with none to take note of their beauty, or to sympathise in the delight of the little winged creatures that seemed so happy among them. There was many a wistful eye cast at the closed door and melancholy shutters, by the members of Willie's congregation—and they could all point out his grave.

Need we point out the *rationale* of the story, or the moral which it carries? Willie had quitted the north country a respectable Presbyterian, but it was not until after meeting in the south with some pious Baptists, that he became totally religious, and so, to the place which he had left an unconverted Presbyterian, he returned a converted Baptist. Certain it was, however, though till after his death his townsmen failed to apprehend it, that Willie was better fitted for christian union with the truly religious portion of them in the later than in the earlier stages of his career. Willie the Presbyterian was beyond comparison less the christian brother than Willie the Baptist, maugre their diversity of opinion on one important point. And in course of time, they all lived to see it. We may add, that of all the arguments promulgated in favour of toleration and

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christian union in this northern town, there were none that told with better effect than the arguments furnished by the life and death of Willie Watson, the "poor lost lad."

Our Servants.

A WORD TO SERVANTS.

We always consider good servants very honourable characters. They are a comfort to the family in which they live, and a blessing to all by whom they are surrounded. But none can be really good servants but such as make the precepts of God's word their rule. Every good servant will often read over the directions of holy scriptures, and earnestly pray for grace to reduce them to practice. A good servant will obey his employers for the Lord's sake; he will perceive that God has appointed him to be a servant, and he can glorify God best, at present, in that character. To professing servants we now write. It is their welfare we especially seek. The character of God's cause is to a certain extent in their hands. Their employers will judge of religion by the tempers they manifest, the course they pursue, and the virtues or vices which they display. It is not what *you say*, but what *you do*, that will impress and affect your employers. Your life should preach the gospel to them. They ought to *see* that religion makes you more patient, industrious, submissive, obliging, and cheerful than other servants. That you have another spirit in you. That you walk by another rule. That you act as under the eye of God. That you have that precept continually before you, "Servants, be obedient unto them which are your masters according to the flesh, with fear and trembling, *in singleness of your heart, as unto Christ;* with good will doing service, *as to the Lord*, and not to men: *knowing that whatsoever good thing any man doeth, the same shall he receive of the Lord*, whether he be bond or free" (Ephes. vi. 5—8).

But the subject to which we wish especially to call your attention, is *your duty to your unconverted fellow-servants.* Most servants have unconverted fellow-servants associated with them; over these they *must* exercise an influence, either good or bad. They are daily making *some* impression upon them, but the question is, *Is it the right impression?* You ought to set your heart upon bringing your fellow-servants to God. Their speedy conversion to God should be kept constantly before your eye. With a view to this you should avoid whatever would needlessly offend them, and endeavour by all lawful means to win their affections. Kind words and little attentions will often do this. If you are willing to oblige them, as far and as frequently as you can, without sin, you will soon win their hearts; for kindness is almost omnipotent. Do not be always talking to them about religion, but watch for opportunities. Walk religiously always, but only talk of religion occasionally. Make them *feel* that you wish to do them good. Speak a word for God whenever you have a good opportunity. Speak kindly as a friend, not as if you felt yourself superior. Invite them to accompany you to the house of God, when you can get out together. Offer them the use of your *seat* and *books* when you cannot go with them. Say what you can to commend your minister to them, and to awaken in them a desire to hear him. Talk after the services of the sermons you have heard, repeat short striking passages. Tell them of any interesting anecdotes you hear. Let them see that religion with you is not a form, but a living reality; that it makes you happy, and that you wish them to be as happy as yourself. Every now and then give, or lay in their way, some suitable religious tract or little book. Offer to *lend* them "THE CHURCH," and *give* them "THE APPEAL." Be determined to leave no stone unturned, or neglect the use of any means, until you see them decided believers on the Son of God. Say, both by your words and deeds, "If you perish in your sins, it shall not be through any neglect of mine. If you will go to hell, I will not be accessary to your destruction." Set apart special times to pray for them, and pray for their immediate conversion. Pray for them by name. Pray as if you were really in earnest for their salvation, as if your heart's desire and prayer to God was, that they might be saved. Pray for them when you sit by them

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in the house of God. Pray for them when you know that they are gone out Sabbath-breaking, and are running into temptation. Never despair of doing them good. Never give way to the thought that God will not use such a poor instrument as you are. God does use just such, and will most probably use you, if you really wish him to do so.

I knew a young woman, of no particular talent, who though not exactly a servant at the time, *had been;* and who at the time referred to, gained her living by needle-work. She went to hear a sermon one week-day evening, the preacher took for his text, Psalm xxx. 5, and the sermon was an experimental one; the impression made upon her heart was, "If that is real religion, I am a stranger to it." By that sermon the Holy Spirit converted her soul. When she began to enjoy religion herself, she became intensely interested in, and concerned for, the salvation of her old acquaintances. She was living with a widow, who attended the village church, was a stranger to godliness, and deeply prejudiced against Dissenters. She endeavoured to induce her to accompany her to the chapel, but in vain: at length one Lord's-day evening, she continued pleading with her so long, that at last she prevailed; but having two miles to go, they were so late that the sermon was begun. What the widow heard she very much disliked, and made up her mind that nothing should induce her to leave her "dear church" in future. However, kind importunity prevailed again; she came in time to hear the prayer; her eyes and her heart were opened; while the minister was praying, the thought rushed into her mind, "Why, that is spiritual prayer." She listened to the sermon, went home, and became a new creature in Christ Jesus. She had three daughters and one son; in process of time they were all brought to God. She had a sister, with four daughters and a son; and they were all led to the Saviour. A number of others from the same village were turned from darkness to light, and a considerable number regularly attended all the means of grace, of whom we cannot speak decidedly. Here then was *one* young woman, of no extraordinary attainments, in humble circumstances, brought to the knowledge of the truth. Her heart glows with love to Christ. She travails in birth for souls. She labours to bring others under the means, and the result is two whole families are made happy in the Lord, others are consecrated to God, and who shall say where it will end!

Other cases might be mentioned, but I introduce this because I knew all the parties, many of whom are now living, and can attest its truth. Servants, *set your heart* upon the conversion of souls, especially the souls of those who live and labour with you. Let nothing satisfy you but bringing souls to Christ. Live for this. Labour for this. Pray for this. It cannot be in vain; you will reap a rich reward in your own soul, even if you do not witness the success you wish. Our members, who are servants, should be our *home missionaries*, they should carry the gospel where we cannot go. They should fill the pews, which we cannot do. Beloved friends, we beseech you to help us in the Lord. Live the gospel in your situations; shew the power, purity, and happiness of religion to all around you; and oblige your unconverted fellow-servants to confess that religion must be a reality. As I heard a person say the other day, referring to the conversion and consistent life of a near relative, "I know that there is something in religion, by the change which it has made in him."

If an unconverted servant should read this, I would say to such a one, Be not prejudiced against religion by any inconsistencies which you see in some who profess it. There always have been mere professors; we are not prejudiced against a good sovereign because there are counterfeits; but we try to distinguish between them. Do you do so. We tell you that there is such a thing as spiritual religion, and that it is a source of peace, joy, and satisfaction; all we ask of you is, to *try and see* if what we say is true or false. Take God's invitation, go to his throne, ask for his grace, seek his blessing, exercise confidence in Jesus, persevere in your application, and as sure as you read these words, as sure as there is any thing like truth in the world, you shall find acceptance with God, obtain the pardon of your sins, be happy in the present world, and glorious in the world to come. May the Lord bless every servant who reads these lines, and make every one what every christian should be. Amen.

JAMES SMITH.

New-Park-Street, London.

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Notices of Books.

MEMOIRS AND LITERARY REMAINS OF THE LATE MR. DAVID LANGTON, OF STOKE-NEWINGTON. By the REV. THOMAS TIMPSON. With a Review of his Character by the Rev. Thomas Aveling. London: Aylott & Jones, Paternoster-Row.

Mr. Langton was eminently useful in his day and generation, as Assistant Secretary to the London Missionary Society, and in various other relations to the church and the world. Though not born in the metropolis, he lived there for sixty-six years; and well was that long course fulfilled! We have a record of it in the first half of the work before us; which narrates his early life, conversion, settlement in London, marriage, secretaryship, preaching, business, retirement, and decease. The interesting volume is well filled up with a selection of his "Thoughts on Religious Subjects." We could have wished the review of his character had been somewhat more extended; but most cordially recommend the work to the perusal of all christians, especially christians in office.

RECREATIONS, A LECTURE. By the REV. THOMAS AVELING. London: Snow, Paternoster-Row.

This is one of a course of useful lectures, delivered at Kingsland chapel, by neighbouring independent ministers. The amiable and zealous author has divided Recreations into "Physical and Mental" or "Intellectual," as well as into "Lawful and Unlawful;" subdividing them into Athletic Games, Dancing, Reading, Conversation, Music, Oratorios, Public Lectures, Theatrical Amusements, Card-Playing, &c. The subject is one of "Christian Casuistry," respecting which no precise and definite rules can be laid down; but the reader will gain much judicious guidance, and many commendable counsels.

THE YOUTHS OF INDIA SPEAKING FOR THEMSELVES. With Introductory Remarks, by the Rev. T. Boaz, Missionary, Calcutta. London: John Snow.

This interesting little work consists of essays, and answers to questions, ranging over the whole circle of the science of mind, morals, theology, &c., given by the students in the Christian Institution at Calcutta. We have read it with surprise and gratification. We did not expect so much from the youth of India. It will bear comparison with the production of most of our collegiate exercises, and its wide circulation amongst the friends of missions cannot fail to be useful.

THE CHRISTIAN EMIGRANT; CONTAINING OBSERVATIONS ON DIFFERENT COUNTRIES, &c. By J. LEIFCHILD, D.D. The Tract Society.

The title of this book pretty clearly indicates its contents. About one third consists of a very well condensed and popular view of the most interesting scientific facts relating to our globe. It must be both entertaining and instructive to an intelligent emigrant, to occupy some of his sea-voyage with subjects so peculiarly appropriate to one traversing the earth. The remaining two-thirds consist chiefly of brief theological essays, written by Dr. Leifchild, and quite worthy of a minister long known for a happy combination of honesty, benevolence, and intellectual vigour.

THE PEOPLE OF PERSIA. By J. KITTO, D.D. Monthly Series of the Tract Society.

One of the most interesting volumes which we have seen in this very cheap and very interesting series.

CHURCH MEMBER'S MONITOR. By CHARLES MOASE. London: Benjamin L. Green.

A monitor much needed, and one who so fulfils his duties, that every pastor will welcome his co-operation, and every church be the better for his counsels.

"READ AND YOU WILL KNOW." By JAMES CLARK. Second Edition. London: Benjamin L. Green.

A well-chosen motto, pleasingly and impressively illustrated. We must think that a *second* edition should sell at half the price, though the matter be well worth the money.

A SUNDAY SCHOOL HYMN-BOOK. By SPENCER MURCH. London: Houlston and Stoneman.

Its distinctions are, 1st. omitting Dr. Watts's Hymns, since they are to be had for one penny; 2nd. its containing hymns suitable for teachers' prayer-meetings; 3rd. the combination of these two objects in one cheap book.

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A Page for the Young.

"KNOCK, AND IT SHALL BE OPENED UNTO YOU."

Betsy. Alice, did you hear our minister this morning talk about knocking? He said, "Knock, and it shall be opened unto you." What did he mean about knocking?

Alice. Why, he meant that we were to pray, and that God would hear us if we would pray to him.

B. But does knocking mean prayer? I thought that we were to knock at somebody's door; for he said that it would be opened to us if we would knock.

A. Well, so he did mean that. Don't you know that when persons go about begging, they knock at people's doors before they can get anything?

B. Oh, yes, I know that. Yesterday, when you were out, a blind man came to the door, and he gave such a great knock with his stick, and when I went to the door, he begged *so* hard for a piece of bread. He had such a nice little dog with him, and he had a string round its neck, and when my grandmother gave him some bread, the little dog walked right off to the next door.

A. Oh, yes, I saw him; and when he went up the lane and got to Jackson's house, the dog stopped right opposite the door, and the old man rapped ever so often before any one came; at last some one opened the door, and I saw that he got a great deal of bread and other things. Well, our minister meant that we were to go like beggars and rap till we got from God what we wanted, and we were not to go away if we did not get it the first time; but, like the blind beggar, we were to rap till the door was opened.

B. Oh, I see now. You mean that we are to keep asking God to hear us till he comes and gives us what we want. But then, Alice, God has no door that we can knock at; He lives in heaven, above the skies, and we cannot get there to knock at the door. I do not understand how praying means knocking.

A. Why, you know, Betsy, it means that it is *like* knocking. You remember that Jesus Christ says, "I am the door." He does not mean that he is a door, made just the same as the door of our house, or the door of the chapel, with great nails and wood; but just as our door is the way into our house, and the chapel door is the entrance into the chapel, so Jesus Christ means that he is the way to God, and the entrance into heaven; for he says, you know, "I am the way," and "no man cometh unto the Father but by me;" so you see that Jesus Christ is the door that we are to knock at.

B. That we are to knock at, Alice!

A. That we are to pray at, I mean. It is just the same as knocking. When the blind beggarman yesterday rapped so hard at the door of our house, and waited till you opened the door, and he got a piece of bread, it was just like as if you had gone to Jesus Christ and prayed so much, that God came and gave you, through Christ, what you asked for.

B. What do you mean by "*through Christ*," Alice?

A. Why, don't you know that it was *through the door* that my grandmother gave the blind man the piece of bread; and you remember I said that just as our door was the way into our house, so Jesus Christ was the way to God; and so you know it must be *through Christ* that God gives us the blessings that we ask him for. Just think now, if the blind man had taken his stick and knocked at the corner of the wall instead of at the door, why you would not have heard him, and nobody would have thought that he was begging at our house; and if there had been no door into our house, he could not have got the piece of bread; but he knocked at the door, and it was through the door that he got the piece of bread; so if we pray to God, but do not go to Jesus Christ, it is just like as if we should rap at the wall, and God does not hear us; but if when we pray we go to Jesus Christ, God hears us, and through Christ gives us what we want. Do you understand, Betsy?

B. Well, I think I understand that it is *through Christ* that God is to give us what we pray for. But I did not think, Alice, that God lived in a house.

A. So he does not, my dear. The bible says, you know, that the heaven of heavens cannot contain Him. But then *we* live in houses, and God, to make things very plain to us, talks as if he lived in a house too. You remember I said that Jesus Christ was not a *real* door made of wood and nails,

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but *like* a door; so God does not live in a *real* house made of stones and timber, but it is *like as if* he did.

B. Ah, I did not think of that. Then God is everywhere all the same; only when we pray to Him, we must always pray to Him through Jesus Christ.

A. Just so. And you see, Betsy, how kind God is to us. He has given us a *command* to go to him, and a *promise* if we do go. "Knock," he says—that is the command, "and it shall be opened unto you"—that is the promise. Can you say that nice piece of poetry now that you got off about the beggar?

B. I don't know. I will try. But, Alice, what is the reason that we are always to pray to God through Christ? I thought that God would hear us at any time.

A. So he will, Betsy; but he will not hear us in any way. But say the piece first, and I will try to tell you afterwards.

B.—

"Encourag'd by thy word
Of promise to the poor,
Behold a beggar, Lord,
Waits at thy mercy's door!
No hand, no heart, O Lord, but thine
Can help or pity wants like mine.

"The beggar's usual plea,
Relief from men to gain,
If offered unto thee,
I know thou would'st disdain;
And pleas, which move thy gracious ear,
Are such as men would scorn to hear.

"I have no right to say
That though I now am poor,
Yet there was once a day
When I possessed more:
Thou knowest that from my very birth
I've been the poorest wretch on earth.

"Nor can I dare profess,
As beggars often do,
Though great is my distress,
My faults have been but few;
If thou should'st leave my soul to starve,
It would be what I well deserve.

"'Twere folly to pretend
I never begged before;
Or if thou now befriend,
I'll trouble thee no more;
Thou often hast relieved my pain,
And often I must come again.

"Though crumbs are much too good
For such a dog as I,
No less than children's food
My soul can satisfy:
Oh, do not frown and bid me go,
I must have all thou canst bestow.

"Nor can I willing be
Thy bounty to conceal
From others who, like me,
Their wants and hunger feel:
I'll tell them of thy mercies' store,
And try to send a thousand more.

"Thy thoughts, thou only wise,
Our thoughts and ways transcend,
Far as the arched skies
Above the earth extend:
Such pleas as mine men would not hear,
But God receives a beggar's prayer."

Obituary.

MISS LYDIA TURNER, OF NORWICH.

BY WILLIAM WELCH.

This amiable and lovely young christian "fell asleep in Jesus," in the 25th year of her age, on Lord's-day, April 22nd, 1849. It was her felicity to be the offspring of praying parents. Her excellent and venerated and beloved father had been transmitted to paradise several years before her. But the remembrance of his piety and his prayers was ever fragrant and refreshing to his child. Some years ago she was made sensible of her character and danger as a guilty and lost sinner. In Jesus she found a hiding-place, on his blood and righteousness she reposed, and he gave her rest. A sermon preached by the Rev. James Puntis, at the Old Meeting in this city, on "How should man be just with God?" was eminently blest to her soul. She informed the writer of this article, that under that sermon she was made willing to be saved in God's own way. "I said," to use her own words, "Lord, I submit; I renounce myself; I cast myself on thy free favour through Jesus. O Lord, justify and save me in thy own way!" She became manifestly "a new creature in Christ Jesus." Her disposition and temper, naturally ami-

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able, became peculiarly attractive. The reality and excellency of religion was beautifully and impressively portrayed in her character and spirit. Burning, restless anxiety to be instrumental in winning others to her Lord, was one of her interesting characteristics. In one instance, in particular, the Lord gave her the desire of her heart. She could, with delightful confidence, speak of one who by her instrumentality was brought to Jesus. In the Sabbath school she was not only indefatigable in her labours, but untiring in her zeal to bring the young to her dear Redeemer. Her intellectual endowments were above mediocrity, but grace sanctified and adorned them. She was baptized by the Rev. W. Brock, but retained her membership at the Old Meeting, under the pastoral care of the Rev. A. Reed. I will not dwell on her affectionate devotedness to her widowed mother, although that was exemplary; nor on her attachment to her beloved brethren and sisters, according to the flesh, although that was peculiarly endearing; but will briefly notice the circumstances of the closing scene of her brief career.

Upwards of a year ago, symptoms of that fearful malady, consumption, were detected in her. She soon became apprehensive, and presently conscious, of the existence of that disease. But her soul was sustained by omnipotent grace, and her holy peace was maintained in almost undisturbed tranquility. Under the different stages and ever-varying symptoms of her insidious malady, now rallying and anon relapsing, she was enabled uniformly to feel that her times were in the hands of her heavenly Father. The last three months previous to her lamented departure she was confined to her bed, and then it was that the vitality and the excellency of christian principle was developed in its loveliness and power. There on that bed of languishing, although the little bark was being wrecked, the undying passenger had full in view, and bright in prospect, and sure in hope, the port of glory. There on that bed of languishing, the precious blood of the Lamb was realized in its glorious efficacy, and his grace in its omnipotent, invigorating, and exhilarating influence. Our departed sister had not transports of joy, but she had solid peace. She had not "visions of the Lord," but she had "Christ in her the hope of glory." She had some short seasons of gloom, but often was enabled to say in the assurance of appropriating faith, "My beloved is mine, and I am his." As the basis of her hope, as the source of her supply, and the object of her contemplation and her glory, "Christ was all in all." Some weeks prior to her exit, she was enabled, with a lovely mixture of tenderest feeling and sweetest resignation, to "give up" the many friends who were inexpressibly dear to her heart. The spirit in which she took leave of them was equally indicative of her most sensitive and refined affections as a creature, and of the triumph of her faith as a christian. A few months before her departure, she wrote, "if it were the will of my Saviour that I should stay longer, I would acquiesce in his will; but since he is saying, 'Come up hither,' ten thousand baits could not prevail to draw me back. I cannot express how dear Jesus is become to my soul." About a week before her removal, she said to her pious and beloved sister, "Oh, Sarah, the love of Christ! I cannot tell how powerfully I feel my Saviour's love!" The last two hours of her life were employed in what is usually designated "the struggle of death." During these solemn hours, she once said, "Oh, I did not think dying was half so dreadful." Soon after, by her request, some of her weeping attendants sung the hymn beginning with

> "Begone unbelief, my Saviour is near,
> And for my relief will surely appear."

Then, after a few more struggles with "the last enemy," "the wheels of life stood still," and our beloved sister was "absent from the body and present with the Lord."

> "There came One, who loved the flower,
> And took it home to deck his bower;
> Bore it away beyond the skies,
> To blossom in his paradise."

Miscellaneous.

THE WOMEN OF INDIA.—All its rudeness and simplicity might be very tolerable, were there a *happy family* in the Hindu's home. I hope there are many here who can understand our Cowper when he sings:—

> "Domestic happiness! thou only bliss
> Of paradise that has survived the fall."

Oh, when there are love, and peace, and

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mutual kind offices reigning around our own fire-side, it matters little if it be a small apartment and scanty furniture that is lit up by the glowing embers! Long live the happy homes of England! But how can a home be happy where woman is a slave? The Hindu wife may never take a meal with her husband or her son. She stands and waits upon them while they are eating, and when they have finished, she may carry what is left into the other apartment, and eat it alone. She may not sit down by her husband's side. When they walk out, the husband goes first, and she follows at a respectful distance behind; so that they have been well compared to two moving milestones, or the two masts of the same vessel. Such is matrimonial life in India. I fancy I hear some of my female auditors exclaiming,—"Then I would never be married if I were a Hindu." My fair friend, I must answer your exclamation by telling you that your own choice would never be consulted in the matter! The thing would be managed thus:—when you had reached the interesting age of *three*, an acquaintance would come to your father, and make proposals for you on the part of a young gentleman of about *seven;* this young gentleman being as wholly ignorant of the transaction as yourself. If the proposals be accepted, the youth's father himself comes, and bargains as to the sum of money for which you may be obtained. This is generally a difficult matter to decide; but the sum once settled, then comes the settling of the wedding day. For this purpose an astrologer is consulted, and the day is fixed. Of course, the ceremony which then takes place is really only a betrothment; as the bridegroom does not fetch the bride to his house until she has reached the mature age of thirteen or fourteen. But this betrothment is regarded by the Hindus as actual marriage. Should the bridegroom die the day after, the poor little bride is regarded as a widow, and is never allowed to marry again! But if it is hard to be a Hindu *Wife*, let no one covet to be a Hindu *Widow*. It is but a few years since, that the widow was condemned to burn on her husband's funeral pile,—her own son applying the fiery torch. At the funeral of one Brahmin, thirty-seven widows were burnt; at the funeral of one prince, fifty-eight. Honour to the British government that abolished the rite, and called it murder! Great honour to that benign and tender spirit of christianity, that prompted the abolition! But still, the life that is spared, becomes a life of sorrow and shame. The Shasters charge the widow with aggravated crimes as the cause of her calamity. Her husband's family charge on her the loss of their kinsman. All treat her as unfit to live; and so miserable is her life made to her, that she must often truly long to die. I have heard the wail for the dead. I have seen the widow sitting on the earth, tearing her hair with frantic cries, and beating her forehead on the ground. And whether her grief arose from the loss she had sustained, or the wretchedness she had thenceforth to suffer, it was truly a scene of woe! And there was none to say to her, "Come unto me, weary and heavy laden, and I will give you rest." Indeed, my friends (especially my English sisters), the history of woman in India, is, from the beginning to the end, one of the saddest that was ever told. She has plenty of leisure, for she has no furniture to keep in order, and the clothing of a family requires only the slightest care. But she may not employ this leisure in any improvement of her mind. If she is intended for a "temple woman," (I need not, after what I have already said, explain what that means) then she may learn to read and write; *but not otherwise!* It is accounted disreputable. The wives and mothers of India are kept, purposely, studiously kept, in the grossest intellectual darkness. And, why? Hear the answer: (I blush to repeat it)—"Because woman has no good quality, but is a compound of all the vices."—My English brothers, is that your creed? In the name of every male in this assembly who has known the sweets of a sister's kindness or a mother's love, I pronounce it false! utterly false, base, and villanous. "To teach a woman," says the Hindoo, "is to give the serpent milk; she would turn her knowledge into venom!"—Ah, now we see why it was that Jesus paused at Jacob's well, and talked with the woman of Samaria; why he allowed the woman that was a sinner to wash his feet with her tears, and wipe them with her hair; and why he chose, as a frequent resting-place, a home where there was not only a Lazarus, but also a Martha and a Mary. It was that by his example as well as his precepts, He might rebuke the error; might raise one half of humanity from the dust and place her erect at the side of man to be his companion, not his slave; to walk with him hand in hand along every path of human progress, and aid him, aided by him in return, in the ascent to an equal heaven. O blessed Saviour! In thee shall all the *families* of earth be blessed.—*Tucker's Glance at British India.*

"THOU SHALT NOT BE FORGOTTEN OF ME."—The idea is, that he has promised to be our friend through every scene, through every suffering, and in every danger and difficulty. When we come into the strugglings of death, and have to contend with our last enemy, then shall his voice be heard, "Thou shalt not be forgotten of me." He remembers you *there*, friend; and engages that you shall not live without him; nor shall you be called to die without him; he will be with you in the hour of your departure from time into eternity; from grace to glory. He is to be your covering in danger; your shelter in difficulty; your friend when friends frown; your defender when enemies beset you; your God and your Guide for ever. The interest the Lord our God has taken in his church and people, is such an interest as comprehends all supplies, all succours, all that can be wanting; all that the God of all grace can give, and all that the recipients

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of grace and glory can receive. We hence conclude that the interest of the church is a right and interest which the world does not see; and that the people of God are victorious by an energy concealed from the eyes of the carnal; and all this not in her own management, or fortitude, or skill; but in the engagement of God, in whom they put their trust. Our dependence is to be on the God of promise. Trust not, oh, believer, in thy resolutions, they will soon be broken; confide not in the flaming zeal in thy breast, it will soon cool; build not your hope in the strength of your faith, it will stagger: but carry all your confidence to HIM who says, "Thou shalt not be forgotten of me." Take the resolve of the child, when he is injured: "I will tell my father." You cannot do better. Carry your complaint to your God. Spread your case before the Lord. Deliverance is at his command. "Casting all your care upon him; for he careth for you."—*John Stevens.*

THE DIVINITY OF CHRISTIANITY.—Two thousand years have nearly rolled away since the introduction of christianity; during all which time, the evidence of its divinity has been accumulating. At this moment, there are millions and millions of proofs that christianity is the power of God and the wisdom of God. For a moment, call to remembrance the evidence to which truth appeals. There are miracles—miracles of mercy as well as of power—wrought in His name. There is prophecy, describing the future as if actually present. There are the truths which the gospel reveals. Then there is the character of Jesus—the hero of christianity—a character perfectly unique, the like to which the world had never before seen. Had the genius of Greece, or Rome, or Judea, been taxed to produce the idea of perfection, would it have produced a Christ? Then there is the character of the first teachers of christianity. Men of renown—men distinguished for their sterling honesty—men whose minds were filled with the great ideas of christianity—whose lives reflected every virtue. Men, some of whom sacrificed every thing for christianity: honour—friends—liberty—life. Then there are the moral revolutions which christianity has effected. At the first, it taught humility at Athens—chastity at Corinth—humanity at Rome—charity in Judea. It turned the world upside down. Never was opposition more formidable than that which it had to encounter. Rank, talent, and influence were leagued against it; yet it triumphed. Silently it operated upon the institutions of age, until the remotest parts of the civilised world felt its power. Its potency is as great as ever. Never, perhaps, were its triumphs more varied and numerous than at present; and the brightest page of this world's history is yet to come. The heart of humanity has only to be leavened with gospel truth, and earth will be the counterpart of heaven. Surely this is no elaborate imposture. If the statuary of Phidias exhibits the genius of the sculptor,—the mighty creations of Raphael the genius of the painter,—Milton's Paradise Lost the genius of the poet,—as evidently does christianity manifest the genius of God. And as the smaller productions of the artist manifest traces of the power which his master-piece more fully embodies, so creation and providence exhibit only the fainter manifestations of the divinity which christianity more fully developes.—*From the Circular Letter of the Bucks Association.*

CHRIST.—There are no saving views of God but in Christ, and there are no gracious views God hath of man but in Christ. If we look on God out of Christ, we are dazzled with an overwhelming confounding majesty; if God looks on us out of Christ, he seeth hateful and hated sinners. (*Eph.* ii. 12, 14.)—*Trail.*

Intelligence.

CONFERENCE METHODISM ANTI-SCRIPTURAL, AND HOSTILE TO CIVIL AND RELIGIOUS LIBERTY.*

"Stand fast in the liberty wherewith Christ hath made you free."

At the recent Conference, Mr. W. P. Bunting seems to have given considerable umbrage by demonstrating that Methodism was not a *church*, but a *denomination*. The Conference, however, in claiming for it the designation of a church, invites enquiry respecting its conformity to New Testament church principles. And, judged by those principles, we have no hesitation in asserting, that *as an ecclesiastical system*, it is radically vicious; and that those violations of common justice as well as christian charity which have disgraced the Conference of 1849 in the eyes of all England, are as natural fruits of *pure Wesleyanism* as the Inquisition was of Popery. Priestly despotism is the origin to which both must be traced.

We thankfully acknowledge the good done by John Wesley and his followers. Thousands of *individuals*, both ministers and others, have laboured earnestly and successfully to save souls. So it has been in Popery itself. So it has been in churches established, endowed, governed, and corrupted by law. But we now speak of the

* An Exposition of the Laws of Conference Methodism, as enacted by the Conference in 1835. By the Rev. Robert Eckett. Pp. 64. London: Emanuel Pearson.
Proceedings of the Wesleyan Conference, 1849. Pp. 64. London: James Gilbert.

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mere system as founded by Wesley, and as elaborated into shape by his more recent followers, and we are compelled to denounce it as fit only to be utterly destroyed.

By the *system*, we do not mean all the minor details of officers and meetings,—of leaders, stewards, local preachers, and travelling preachers,—of classes, leaders' meetings, quarterly meetings, district meetings, &c. Much of all these *may* be excellent, much of it *is* excellent. By the *system* we mean that subtle plan pervading the whole, by which ALL POWER is taken FROM THE PEOPLE, and given to THE TRAVELLING PREACHERS. Methodism is a pure aristocracy —an aristocracy of the worst class—a *clerical aristocracy*. The laity are bound hand and foot. One class—the class which receives the pay—both makes the laws and administers them. They are at once legislators, judges, and jurors. They nominate every officer. They admit or expel every individual member. Any travelling preacher, in defiance of the wish of all the members and leaders, &c., can expel a member against whom he may be prejudiced, and there is practically no redress!

Now, however excellent men most of the preachers may be personally, with however pure motives they may have "desired the office of a bishop," we affirm that to become one of a class, so completely "Lords over God's heritage," is enough to corrupt ecclesiastically the virtue of a Peter or a Paul. The wonder is not that five or six hundred men thus tempted should astonish even the worldly part of the empire by such un-English despotism as was recently displayed at Manchester, but that they should not even do worse. Every Methodist is ecclesiastically a bondsman. He gets at once manumission and a share in supreme power when he becomes a travelling preacher. Is it wonderful that he who never knew what ecclesiastical liberty was, should make an ecclesiastical despot? Such we say is the *natural* tendency of a *system* which makes the clergy absolute lords of every member, officer, and chapel* connected with Methodism.

Mr. Eckett's pamphlet has been long on our table. We ought to have noticed it before. We were unwilling, however, to seem to attack other denominations, and nothing but the extravagant abuses of unscriptural power which have just staggered the world as well as the church, would have induced us to break silence. Into the minutiæ of Mr. E.'s pamphlet we cannot, of course, enter. The following are the main facts of the case:—

1st. During Mr. Wesley's life, all power centred in his hands; it was voluntarily conceded to him, though he would assuredly have shewn more of apostolic wisdom, had he refused to be so far a "lord over the heritage," and had he trained *the people* better to the exercise of christian liberty.

2ndly. His great folly (we will not attribute it to a lower motive) was, that by a deed enrolled in Chancery, he vested all Methodistical power in a hundred travelling preachers, chosen by himself, who, *mark*, were to choose their *successors!* A thoroughly close self-elected, clerical corporation! How grossly ignorant must he have been of the tendencies of human nature, to say the least. And this Conference, from which all popular voice is studiously excluded,—this self-elected Conference is the senseless boast of its members in a land of free and popular institutions, and in a religion whose twelve founders even, directed the *people* to look out *for themselves* men of good report as their officers!

3rdly. After Wesley's death, in 1791, the travelling preachers, now become an aristocracy released from the balancing power of a monarch, began to talk and act very much in the style of Rehoboam after the demise of Solomon; but with such imminent danger of a similar result, that in 1797 the Conference was obliged to concede to the people, what all enlightened Dissenters would think a very moderate *check* upon the absolute powers of travelling preachers to elevate to office or depose from it, and on their power of *expelling* from the society. No member was to be expelled from communion except by the majority of a class-leader's meeting.

4thly. Things went on quietly thus for a time. One by one, however, the clerical aristocracy diminished the liberties of the people, till in 1835 they openly took all methodistical power into their hands to the extent we have already described. Every member holds his position now at the will of his superintendent. All such ideas as liberty of discussion,—right even to *petition* or *memorialize* their own Conference,—trial in case of accusation by a man's peers, —all these English as well as christian principles, are as carefully suppressed as in Austria or the Papal States. This is simple fact. Let any one who doubts it refer to the *documentary* evidence in Mr. Eckett's pamphlet.

5thly. Like the Church of England, their creed defers to the authority of Scripture, but their practice utterly ignores it. Take as instances—placing the power of exclusion in the hands of the preacher alone, who, for violating not a moral command, but a merely Methodistic rule, has often excluded men from their christian society; while Paul would not even exclude an incestuous man without the consent of the Corinthian church! (1 Cor. v.) Or, again, their expelling Messrs. Everett,

* We think one of the *meanest* devices of Conference to keep in bondage the wealthier part of their community is their *Chapel* system. Conference has got all the chapels into its *own* hands, but has made persons resident in the locality responsible for the debts! The property all belongs to the self-elected Inquisitors of 1849. The heavy liabilities on it to their lay bondsmen, who, if they dare to injure Conference influence in any place, can be expelled by the resident Conference agent from the Society, and run the hazard of losing the interest of their money. This reminds us very strongly of some "who bound heavy burdens on other men's shoulders which they themselves would not touch with one of their fingers."

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Griffith, and Dunn, on *suspicion* merely, and because being *Britons*, not Austrians, they would not acknowledge that a man might be required to convict himself; while Paul directs that against *an elder* (*i.e.* a minister) an accusation was not to be received except "*before two or three witnesses!!*"

Our space does not allow us to particularize farther. We repeat that with all our sincere respect for individuals, this is the time to speak out. We wish not to seduce a single member from the connexion; but we do call upon all its members to take immediate steps, enforcing them, if needful, by *stopping the supplies*, to put an end to *the priestly despotism* of Conference. The priests must be made the servants, and not the lords, of the church. The *people* must have their full rights—the rights which Jesus Christ gave them, and which, as this year's Conference has shewn, cannot be surrendered but at their peril. The motto of every Methodist must now be,—We pay no more contributions to enslave ourselves. We give no more till our voice is omnipotent by our full representation in Conference. A House of Lords to spend our supplies, without a House of Commons to vote them, we will endure no longer.

We have no time to notice the obvious bearing of such a system in biasing the minds of the clerics, and all influenced by them, against civil and religious liberty. Hence in every struggle for these principles, the magnates and leaders of Methodism have always taken the wrong side. Opposition to State-Churches, Church rates, &c.,—the enfranchisement of the people,—repeal of corn laws, and the like,—oh, these have been profane things! But to get in a Tory candidate,—to help the Conservative side,—to hold the people back through all their officials downwards,—to get Government grants for Methodist schools and missions,—these things have been holy, just, and good. We speak what we have seen and known, and though there are hundreds and thousands of laymen better than their system (the well-merited popularity of the *Wesleyan Times* is proof of this); yet such men will be among the first to confess that our last remarks are but "*too true.*"

GREAT PEACE CONGRESS AT PARIS.

Most of our readers have already heard of the Great Peace Congress which was held in Paris, on the 22nd, 23rd, and 24th of August. The object of these important conventions—the first of which was held last year in Brussels—is to promote the principles of peace and universal brotherhood; and amongst the practical objects suggested, is the very important one of forming a Congress of Nations, to decide finally upon national differences without a recourse to arms. The Congress was attended by a large number of Delegates, the list of whom includes individuals of the highest respectability and influence from England, America, and various parts of the Continent of Europe, amongst whom may be mentioned, Messrs. Cobden, M.P., Ewart, M.P., Hindley, M.P., Joseph Sturge, Henry Vincent, John Burnet, E. Burritt, C. Gilpin, and M. Victor Hugo, Horace Say, E. De Girardin, Coquerel, &c. Our space will not permit us to present our readers with an account of the proceedings; but we are glad to say, that they were characterised by the greatest unanimity, and induce us to cherish the highest hopes for the ultimate success of the movement.

Perhaps our readers will expect our opinion on the abstract question of the lawfulness of *defensive* war,—not even heathen moralists pleaded for purely *offensive* war. We must frankly own, then, that we have never been able to adopt the extreme opinion. 1st. All the modern wars of England we think a great disgrace to her. Their *objects* and *origin* tarnish the laurels of Nelson and Wellington. Their origin was the wilfulness of a stupid tyrant, George III., and their object to crush European and American liberties too, to uphold Popery and the Inquisition, and to force unwilling nations to retain on their thrones a set of despots *effete* for all good, but adequate for all the meannesses and cruelties of ambition and superstition. France, Spain, Austria, Naples, and almost every other European state, exhibit Waterloo as a black spot on England's fair fame. If Frenchmen have often wished to blot out the recollection of their defeat by great odds against them, we think every Englishman must now blush with a still deeper shame for our *base* attack upon a sister nation's unquestionable rights. To Wellington, his Peninsular campaigns, and his Waterloo, belong the glory of Europe thirty years enslaved to incapable and barbarous despots,—of Popery and all its barbarities and degradations invigorated for the same time,—of a system of *costly* standing armies, maintained like ours in England, chiefly to keep down the people, and ending in bankrupt exchequers and barricade revolutions; yes, *we* have no sympathy with the honours, and still less with the two millions and three quarters of money wasted on the "Greatest Captain of the age," all whose battles were fought *against the people and for despots.*

Nor, 2ndly, have we any hope that England ever will, while war is justified, engage in any purely just war (admitting for argument's sake that such may be). While we have a standing army it will always be a tyrant's tool simply. Its use will always be worthy of its chief originator (James II). It will be the means for lazy aristocrats to batten on the earnings of the industrious; it will be the *substitute* for *just* government, for the emancipation of all below ten pound householders, and the application of National Church revenues to national purposes.

Nor, 3rdly, do we think *modern* military service lawful for a christian. When *God* permitted military service among the Jews, no one could be compelled to serve, and he might at any time quit the service. Now we hold that mode of warfare to be utterly

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unlawful, which requires any one to fight, to shoot, to *murder* his fellow-creatures, while he thinks them in the right and his own nation in the wrong. Supposing it right in certain cases to shoot amongst a mass of our fellow-men with intent to kill, we hold it to be the purest sophistry which attempts to prove, that *we* are right in doing so, if *we* think the men worthy to live. We know the evasions attempted, we hold them to be mere evasions at the awful bar of conscience.

But, finally, if we utterly renounce and detest all modern wars and modern military systems, we yet cannot see that *force*, force carried out even to fatal results, can be superseded in a depraved world by any *direct* means. We hold *force* to be the distinctive attribute of *civil government*,—force sufficient to effect its confessedly lawful objects—the protection of person and property. The civil ruler would "bear the sword in vain" if his hands were prohibited from wielding it when nothing else would secure the innocent and obedient. For instance, *we* think that while Stephen ought not to have attacked his persecutors, the civil governor would have had the fullest approbation of Stephen's Lord, had he placed himself by the martyr's side and beheaded the man who, in defiance of his intervention, took up the first stone. For this we think both reason and revelation have placed the sword in the civil ruler's hand. The case cited by Mr. Foster of the Pindarees is equally in point (See Letters). We believe that the esteemed friends from whom it pains us to differ (in *theory* only) overlook the compatibility of the gospel with civil government, and its peculiar attribute in a *depraved* world. The gospel delivers all who truly imbibe its spirit from needing force to keep them from injuring others; but it was not intended to supersede the use of *force* deposited (in theory at least) in righteous hands to preserve from mutual injury and destruction those who do not believe. God wills society to exist although depraved; experience and his own word equally attest the necessity of force, of *destructive* force, of "the sword," for the existence of society in a corrupt world; in willing therefore the end, he has willed the means as well as sanctioned it in his word. Hence *christian* churches are the mainspring of the peace movement, and the preacher of the genuine gospel its best heralds.

We need scarcely reiterate our cordial approbation of the Peace Congress, and our most hearty wish for the success of its noble, righteous, and blessed schemes.

BAPTISTS AND MR. STUART WORTLEY'S MARRIAGE BILL.

It has been suggested to us, and quite in accordance with our judgment, to call the attention of our churches to Mr. Wortley's Bill for *legalizing* the marriage of a widower with the sister of his late wife. That such marriages are legal *in the sight of God*, that their prohibition by a very recent act, passed without observation nearly, was purely in deference to the Popish canons of the State-Church, we suppose few of our readers will doubt. Those of them who have not read or thought on the subject, will find, probably, all the information they wish in the last numbers of the Baptist Magazine. We quite agree with the respected Editor in rejecting entirely the Levitical code as one universally binding; hence the prohibitions contained in the 18th chapter of Leviticus ought not, in our judgment, to be made, *because* contained there, the law of the land, or even the unqualified guide of a christian's conscience. But we hold that neither do these injunctions prohibit the marriage in question, nor that they relate to *marriage* at all. The reasons are well known to critics, but the subject need not be entered into here. The opinion of the greater part of christians untainted with canonical popery is, that such marriages are both natural and right, and where children have been left still needing female superintendance, that they are even *commendable*. Is it, then, to be tolerated, that semi-popish bishops, in the name of Canons and Church authority, shall, in this case, repress christian liberty by law? Dissenters have been too supine on this question. One important petition signed by 108 ministers was, indeed, presented; but we have reason to know that Mr. Wortley expected a larger measure of support on a question really involving that of *religious liberty*, or Episcopal and canonical domination, and was disappointed that it was not furnished. In the House of Lord's (over God's heritage) there will be bitter Episcopal opposition. The "Henrys and Samuels, by the grace of God Lord Bishop of ——," will, as usual, do their utmost to frustrate the grace of God,—to limit christian and civil liberty by the hateful canons of *their* church. We appeal to *our* churches not to fail Mr. Wortley in this case in a single instance. Let every church, however small, send its petition. Let Baptists maintain their old and hard-earned position of *foremost* in every encounter, greater or smaller, in the cause of civil and religious liberty. We shall next month present our readers with a brief form of petition, which, of course, they can use or modify at their pleasure.

There is one aspect of the subject we would place in the strongest light before our brethren,—that is, that THE POOR especially demand our activity on this question. Richer brethren, in many cases which we have known, justly scorning the authority of human law when they think it steps quite out of its province, have contracted such marriages, and yet secured their legality by resorting to a country where such marriages are legal. As our law recognizes the legality of marriages accordant with the laws of the country where they are celebrated, this course has been generally deemed satisfactory. But to the poorer brethren no such resource is open; *he* must either renounce a marriage which his judgment and conscience tell him is the best for him, or, if

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he knows the step to be illegal, make false declarations to get married. Very many cases, however, have been found in which the parties married in ignorance that the "law of the land" was against them, and are, consequently, legally, not living in matrimony, and their offspring illegitimate! We trust our churches will be prompt, now they are called upon, to do their part in rectifying these unhappy fruits of superstition and priestcraft.

We have already in "The Church" expressed our judgment on the question. "Our judgment is, that as the dignitaries of the Church of England are the leaders in "forbidding to marry" those whom God does not forbid, it should be declared lawful for men to marry the sisters of their deceased wives by any other service than that of the Church of England. Thus leaving the Right Reverend Fathers in God and their illustrious children to settle their popish canons as they please, but not allowing them to fetter *sound* Protestants" ("The Church" for Dec. 1848, p. 335). Should not our petitions assume this shape? Have we anything to do with amending the *internal* laws of "Mother Church?" If *her* bondchildren wish for emancipation, let them come forward, *as such*, and ask it of the great Ecclesiastical slaveholders of these realms.

WORK FOR DISSENTERS.

We have just learned on the best authority, that a bill is to be brought into Parliament early next session for the *abolition of the Irish Church*, and the appropriation of its revenues, as incumbents die off, to purposes of revenue. We shall probably be in a position to particularize more fully next month; but we cannot allow this number to go forth without apprising our friends, and calling upon them to be up and doing. The acknowledged abomination of the Irish Church, acknowledged by all men possessing a remnant of shame, even by great numbers of Churchmen themselves, renders it a peculiarly suitable object of attack. A church existing purely to put enormous revenues into the pockets of the aristocracy for doing *literally* nothing;—a church without even the shadow of a claim to Establishment, as the church of the majority,—such a church cannot stand a determined and concentrated attack. It will be strenuously defended by wealthy Dukes, Bishops, &c. who revel in its riches; defended too as an out-work of the compulsory church in England; but we feel confident that it could not stand even for one session, an earnest, enthusiastic, and combined assault from all the parties who are or would become hostile to it. Baptists, Independents, and the thousands of Methodists whom this year's Conference has enlightened, and of course all Catholics,—then the numbers of respectable Churchmen who blush for the enormity of the sinecure church,—in addition to the thousands who only need to have it brought before their common-sense, and plain English justice,—and last not least in practical efficiency, the financial reformers, must heartily support such a powerful auxiliary movement. To arouse all these will require effort, public meetings, petitions, deputations, &c.; but is it not, indeed, worth while? Let us, then, prepare for a movement worthy of Dissenters. We understand the eloquence of Mr. Roebuck, irresistible when dealing with abuses, is to lead in the cause. We should never respect our own body again, the first body of christians which rejected State intermeddling with religion, if for an object in behalf of which Baptist blood once flowed in torrents,* Baptist petitions did not now make the table of the House of Commons groan beneath their weight.

If Baptists do their part, other denominations, and all the secular opponents of State churches, will be aroused to take their share. The result would be, that Lord John (one of the most dogged State-churchmen of the day) must give up, Sir Robert come in, and add another to his trophies of things *done*, which Whigs only talk about or evade.

YOUNG MEN'S MISSIONARY ASSOCIATION.

From a circular with which we have just been favoured by the Secretary of this Association, we find that on Tuesday evening, October 9th, the Annual Meeting of the Association will be held in the Library of the Mission-House, 33, Moorgate-Street. The chair will be taken at half-past seven o'clock by G. T. Kemp, Esq., and the Revs. J. Bigwood, J. Clarke (late missionary from Africa), John Curwen, Wm. Frazer, and John Howard Hinton, A.M. will address the meeting. We are glad also to hear that the Committee have made arrangements for the delivery of a *Second Course of Lectures* in the Library of the Mission-House. On October 17th, 1849, by the Rev. William Brock (of Bloomsbury Chapel), on "The Temporal Benefits connected with the Diffusion of Christianity." On November 21st, 1849, by the Rev. Frederick Trestrail, on "Ireland and her People." On December 19th, 1849, by the Rev. James Baldwin Brown, B A., on "The Philosophy of Missionary Enterprize as Developed in the Life of the Apostle Paul." On January 16th, 1850, by the Rev. Daniel Katterns (of Hackney), on "A Glance at China." On February 20th, 1850, by the Rev. D. J. East (of Waltham Abbey), on "Heathen Mythology and Divine Revelation." On March 20th, 1850, by the Rev. Samuel Martin (of Westminster).

UPTON-ON-SEVERN.

Mr. Alexander Pitt, late of Ashton-under-Line, has accepted a cordial invitation to the pastorate of the Baptist church in this place. He entered on his stated labours August 26th.

* The forthcoming Martyrology, translated by the Hanserd Knollys Society, will astonish most Dissenters by the clearness of the views of early Baptist martyrs on the subject of State-Churchism.

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THE CHURCH.

"Built upon the foundation of the Apostles and Prophets, Jesus Christ himself being the chief corner-stone."—Eph. ii. 20.

NOVEMBER, 1849.

NOTES

OF A SERMON BY THE REV. JOHN FOSTER.*

COMMUNICATED BY J. E. RYLAND, ESQ.

"I will kindle a fire in the houses of the gods."—*Jer.* xliii. 12.

This passage for a text may seem a great way off our subject, *that* relating to a fire in a very different kind of place. We may, nevertheless, venture to think that it is *not* quite so far from the subject. For when an agent has done signal mischief, it is not unnatural nor uncommon to enquire whether it can be made to render any kind of *compensation*, by doing a thing that shall have an opposite effect. Well, recollect our text. Fire has done the injury; can there be a more glorious compensation? Fire has done this one thing, but it will do another! The temples of India will burn one of these days. Literally so; and why? because images of idolatrous superstition and of vice are inseparable from the very walls. And this institution which has suffered by fire, will be the cause of carrying fire to those temples. The Serampore establishment is a kind of burning mountain that has risen on the idolatrous Continent, and it will throw out fire inextinguishably in all directions.

To return to the expression of our text, "the gods." God has been reduced by mortals to talk of "the gods;" a striking and awful consideration. These "gods," how came they to be among men? It was because men would not be content to be without them. The Evil Spirit came and, as it were, made an offer of them; it was accepted eagerly and without limit. He was, as it were, commissioned to bring as many devils as he pleased to be adored on earth. Even this was not enough; men set about making gods themselves with all diligence. They could not see a handsome tree, or block of marble, but straightway they thought of gods. And nothing could be too mean for the purpose.

"The *houses* of the gods." Men set about erecting them houses with all possible zeal; infinitely profuse of labour, ingenuity, and art. No inhabitants of the earth are so magnificently accommodated with abodes

* Preached at Bourton-on-the-Water, in aid of a collection to repair the loss by fire of the Missionary printing-offices at Serampore, 1812. See Life and Correspondence, Vol. i. Letter 90.

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as the "gods." One of these houses often costs as much as to build a city almost. If all the people on the earth were in want of houses, the labour requisite for building good habitations for them all, would be a trifle compared with that which has been expended on the houses of the gods. In desolated, ruined countries and cities, the *remains* of *their* houses have lasted the longest,—*e. g.* Egypt. But though there are many of them in ruins, there are a vast multitude in full preservation and use. What has been done and is doing in those "houses of the gods?" (Mexico). This one observation will apply generally; viz., that the *worst* of what any people did, was done in service to their gods, and in their houses. And this is the state to which the human mind is sunk! Retaining the idea of Divine Powers, it has been *such* an idea! What awful justice in the Almighty!

Now, what state of mind would it imply, not to be grieved and indignant at this dreadful state of things? What would *we* do that these gods and their houses should perish from the earth? What do you think you would be willing to do, if you were necessitated to have *your* houses close to some of their houses, to hear and see, and imagine the rest? What, then, is it merely the inconvenience that grieves? But, consider, these things do not cease to be, because you do not see and hear them. Oh, how many times ten thousand of these houses there are! There is one kingdom (Nepaul), not very far from where our missionaries are, where an English traveller says, the houses of the gods appear almost as many as those of men. The question returns, What shall we, or can we, do? Perhaps we would wish that the true God would send down immediate fire from heaven and consume them. We might be very glad, certainly, if it were so. But even then but little of the work would be done, if the ignorance and idolatrous spirit of the people remained. And again, if the work were done so, our great Master would not be giving *us* a hand in it. Surely we shall not say, Well, I do not wish to have any hand, so the thing be done. How far would this principle lead us? We should be at last little more than animals, existing to consume the produce of the earth. What is it that makes men truly great on earth and in heaven? "They that turn many to righteousness shall shine as the stars for ever and ever" (Dan. xii. 3). Think of all noble reformers and illuminators of the world (Luther, &c.); the many eminent missionaries in past times; those now in the East. Why, they might have lived a harmless, indolent life, and said, God will do it all, if he is so pleased; we want no hand in the matter. And what would they have been *then*, compared with what they now are? But, in eternity! God has put honour on his servants, in appointing them a large portion of service, and calling them "workers together with him." Now, we *can* help a little in a great plan, which will be sure at length to carry the fire of God into those detested "houses." But think what would become of this plan, humanly speaking, if nobody would aid it to go on. But, then, what shall be thought of those persons (perhaps, too, professing religion) who well can and will not? Do they wish it should not go on? Or are they thinking thus, "Oh, there is much zeal in the christian public, the plan *will* be carried on, whether *I* help or not?" What consolation at the last day! "Well, I saved my money!"

In the progress of such a plan, it might be expected there would be checks and disasters. A most signal one in the present instance. In some respects mysterious, considering that there never was a better work doing since Abel's time,—that the labourers are few,—that the chief *of* them are advancing toward the decline of life,—that the property destroyed was created, so to express it, by christian charity, and employed for this sole purpose,—and especially that the bible may come later by many

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months—in some case, some years—into some of the pagan regions and languages.

But then there are opposite points of view in which we can see how the event may be an advantage.

1. It will increase the fame of the Institution, and excite more attention to it.

2. It may impress the very heathens with a kind of belief that the thing is to go on.

3. The extraordinary aid to recover the effects of such a calamity, will animate the persons immediately concerned.

4. It will be a pleasing assurance that there is really such a spirit rising in the country as will be equal to any great and extraordinary occasion.

But you see, all this takes for granted, that there will actually be the most zealous and generous efforts on this occasion. Such zeal may be stimulated by the consideration of the feelings and wishes with which several kinds of men would have beheld that fire—priests of the false gods—Mahometans—infidels—persons who declaim against enthusiasm, and will not believe that the proper season is come—persons who go for mere worldly gain to that country, and care nothing about the spiritual state of the people, and pronounce such care to be folly. Now, shall we gratify these? While we regret the loss by the devouring element, let us consider it as somewhat of the nature of a burnt-sacrifice, and reflect what a measure of property the Jews were required to lose by fire in their religion. Let us consider how zealous men are to recover other losses by fire—ships—fortifications—towns (Moscow). But! Drury-Lane and Covent-Garden!

Just once more. A man's spending of property for religion now, will be a great saving of it to his posterity. And do not the accumulators of riches look forward to posterity? Yes, they do; in planting oaks; in their care to have their houses so built, that they will far outlast their own lives.

All exterior property is doomed to be consumed at the last day; it is desirable that as much of it as possible should have been as long as possible put in such employments as will produce results that will not suffer by the *last* fire.

SPIRITUAL APPETITE.

BY THE REV. CORNELIUS ELVEN.

"The full soul loatheth a honey comb; but to the hungry soul, every bitter thing is sweet." Never, perhaps, had professors such dainty appetites as in the present age, and it is a bad symptom; it shews that, like the members of the Corinthian church, "many are weak and sickly amongst us." Is it not written, "Blessed are they which do hunger and thirst after righteousness; for they shall be filled." In order, therefore, that the readers of "The Church" may ascertain whether they are in spiritual health, we will point out some of the characteristics of a good appetite.

1. The man who has it will *count of his meal time.* Hungry people think of their dinner before it arrives; and so will the healthy christian anticipate the hour of prayer,—the sacred feast,—the holy Sabbath. Reader, is it so with you? Can you say, "My soul longeth, yea, even fainteth, for the courts of the Lord?"

2. He who has a good appetite will be *in time for his meal.* He will not keep the others waiting, nor rudely disturb them by being too late,

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nor suffer the first course to be removed before his arrival: he will lose no part of the feast. And how pleasing it is to see worshippers quietly seated in the sanctuary before the service commences, all looking up to the minister, and saying, "Now, therefore, we are all here present before God, to hear all things that are commanded thee of God."

3. The healthy man will not quarrel with the *dish* in which his food is served. If the provision is sound, though it be not brought in a silver or a china plate, he will "eat his meat with gladness and singleness of heart." Now-a-days, the gospel must be preached with "excellency of speech and with enticing words of man's wisdom," to tickle the sickly and capricious appetite of a degenerate age; nor shall we see better times till christians come to relish and love the gospel for its own sake, that "their faith may stand, not in the wisdom of men, but in the power of God."

4. A good appetite will keep a man from *drowsiness* over his meal. When did you hear of a hungry man falling asleep over his dinner? And will an earnest, healthy christian make the house of God a domitory? Not he! He does not go to the sanctuary to sleep, but to feed. If you were invited to dinner, it would not look well for you to be nodding and dozing at your friend's table; and it looks very ill for christians to do so in the house of God.

5. A good appetite will not always be craving for *variety*. But how many hearers now are saying, "We want something new." Perhaps they think it classical to evince the Athenian taste, to gratify which, ministers need a new revelation, for the bible is deemed an obsolete book, and its good old truths are to such professors as "unsavoury as the white of an egg." No wonder they should cry, "Oh, my leanness, my leanness." They are lean enough, and need not proclaim it. And it is all for want of an appetite which, appreciating the "truth as it is in Jesus," would cry, "Evermore give us this bread."

6. The hungry soul will not be captious and quarrelsome with his *fellow guests*. "Oh, I am sure I cannot sit down at the Lord's table with such a one." Indeed! and so because in your fancy, or it may be in reality, some brother or sister has offended you, you mean to shew your resentment to all the rest of the family, and more than this, to disobey the Lord's command, "This do in remembrance of me." The truth is, some people are so waspish and irritable, they are always out of temper with somebody; and having no appetite themselves, they would fain spoil the peace and enjoyment of those who have.

7. A right healthy christian will not be frightened from his meal *by the weather*. Those who want an appetite for the word are easily detained from the house of God. If a cloud is seen in the heavens, it is not safe for them to venture out. If it should actually rain or snow, of course it is a settled point,—their pews will be empty. Perhaps the weather was quite as bad on Saturday; but they could cloak up to go out for business or pleasure, because there was a *will*, and this is what they want for the service of God. Let them pray for an appetite; and then, though the way to the prayer-meeting or Sabbath services be through storm and tempest, they will wrap themselves up as they did to go to market, and sing,

> "I have been there and still will go,
> 'Tis like a little heaven below."

8. The hungry hearer *will be healthy; his soul will prosper*. A good appetite, and good, plain, wholesome food will make a child of God grow "unto a perfect man, unto the measure of the stature of the fulness of Christ." And such a one will be a comfort to his pastor,—a blessing to

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his family,—an honour to the church,—and a benefactor to the world. You will not hear him finding fault with every body and every thing as sickly people do; but with a smiling countenance, a warm heart, and a willing hand, he will be "strong in faith, giving glory to God."

Bury St. Edmunds.

THE PHILOSOPHY OF PRAYER.

"Philosophy falsely so called."

Whoever cordially accepts the Bible as his guide, can have no practical difficulty as to the *metaphysics* of prayer. He may be as unable, *logically*, to reconcile some conceptions of the divine nature and of his own nature, of the laws of creation and the laws of providence, with prayer, as he may be to reconcile the union of natures in the person of the Messiah, or what actually occurs under God's government, with the benevolence, justice, and omnipotence, which even Deism must ascribe to him. But if metaphysical difficulties are as abundant in inspired as in uninspired theology, the precepts and examples of the former place the afflicted believer as a confiding expectant suppliant before the throne of grace, that he may obtain mercy, and find grace to help in time of need. The example of his Lord above all, and that too in the most solemn moment of his life, is a practical comment on the injunction whose spirit pervades the bible,—"Is any *afflicted?* let him pray." "If it be possible," said our blessed Lord, "let this cup pass from me, nevertheless, not my will but thy will be done;" ascribing too, as a reason, "all things are possible unto thee." In few cases can we know the "cup" to be so decidedly appointed for us to drink, as our Lord did; yet with this knowledge he expressed to his God the human wish that it might be taken from him,—expressed it with the resignation which every one of his true followers feels to be an essential part of the spirit of prayer; but expressed it with the implication that but for a (moral) impossibility hindering, *his request* would be the *ground* of its being removed. Indeed, *in one sense*, we are told, in allusion doubtless to this scene, "that he was heard in that he feared;" he was "delivered *from* death," although suffered to taste it. Our view from scripture is, that in all cases in which some unknown reasons to which the believer cheerfully bows do not exist, God can and does perform things for us in answer to *prayer*, which, but for prayer, he would leave undone.

It is argued, however, *especially* in relation to physical, in distinction from moral blessings, that God cannot alter his laws for man. To do so, would be to work *perpetual* miracles. Hence physical disease, and physical calamity, *must* take its course; our only part is resignation. The laws of nature (creation) are as fixed, it is argued, in the things which seem fluctuating to us, as in those which seem certain; and it is no less absurd to ask that a disease may be removed, than that the sun should shine on us after sunset. We allow the facts *as far as they go:* we deny the inferences, because all the facts are not stated. For there is such a fact, it is indeed admitted by all religious men of every creed, as a *moral* government of God.

Now, just this *one* great fact omitted, vitiates the *certainty* of all the inferences. Moral government necessarily implies a new feature altogether wanting amidst the material creation,—it implies LIBERTY; freedom both on the part of the creature and the Creator. Freedom on the part of the creature to please or displease its Maker. Freedom on the part of the Creator to vary his treatment accordingly. Admit, now, that

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the moral ends of creation are God's chief ends. Admit that all his material creation was formed but as means to those higher ends, and, it *may* be, that the additional facts of *moral* government and *moral* liberty require that the Supreme governor should *vary* the workings of material causes, according to the varying requirements of moral behaviour on the part of his creatures. Not require him perhaps to create new physical causes, but to bid existing ones lying dormant to start into action,—to give greater intensity to this cause, to diminish the energy of that. He may retain the rudder in his hands, though he allows the tempest to rage on. He may retain the reins and modify the course, though he will not check the speed, of the infuriated steeds. He *may* thus superintend and modify the movements of the great material *machine* which he has made, in the government and interest of beings whom he has also made, and made far exalted above mere machines. He *may* proceed thus, quite as *reasonably*, as on the other hypothesis. And, unless the bible has hitherto misled almost all good men from the time of Moses till this day, he *does* proceed thus. But as perhaps many of our most thoughtful readers would expect, from our article last month, something a little more explicit on the subject which has perplexed so many devout minds of a speculative turn, we will offer our own view on the subject.

We are, then, inclined to think that Philosophy, truly so called, feeble and uncertain at best as its light must always be when used to illuminate ultimate questions of divine government, strongly leans to the side of "our prayers making a difference in the divine conduct."

The philosophy of the mind must always take its fundamental facts from our own consciousness. The awful example of Germany stands before us as a perpetual rebuke for trespassing beyond the bounds our Maker has assigned to mental science, and attempting to base it on anything else than the "appeal to consciousness." Now, the prominent fact in our moral consciousness, however unanswerable many questions pertaining to it may appear, is, that we are *free*, that our *will* is not necessitated; we feel that on this ground we are *responsible*, and that we are rightly called to account for volitions which are in our own power. So, to take another view of the same fact, we are conscious of *obligation*, of *duty*, of a *moral* nature; and we distinctly perceive that a moral nature *implies* liberty,—that there can be no obligation, no blame nor praise, unless we *freely* will what we ought, or freely refuse to will it.

But what now does this moral consciousness, on our part, *compel* us to believe of our moral Governor? If we in any part bear his image, we feel that it is as creatures having moral powers; that on this account we are emphatically his offspring; and that the resemblance between our moral liberty, and our moral perceptions, and his, must be far stronger than that of any of our other powers to his natural attributes. Liberty in God is the corollary of liberty in the creature. If he has made us free from an all-controlling necessity, he enjoys the same freedom himself. So far from its being any impiety to feel that "our prayers make a difference in the divine conduct," it were impiety to disbelieve it; it would be to deny Him the liberty of which we are conscious ourselves. If, then, he ought to make a difference in his dealings with his creatures, we can scarcely conceive a greater reason for it than the difference between the creature asking, with resignation, the removal of an affliction, and the creature who wants the humility, the faith, or the love to do it. Earthly parents universally bestow many things fittingly at the *prayer* of their children, which they must otherwise deny. *We* can scarce conceive of a different relation between the believer and his God:—"Call upon me in the day of trouble, and (not be resigned, merely, but) I will *deliver* thee,

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and thou shalt glorify me," is in our view at once the promise of revelation, and the hope to which philosophy points.

We are obliged, in a publication of the size of "The Church," to leave many objections and their appropriate replies unnoticed; but we write what we sincerely believe and feel to be most deeply essential to the very life and vigour of religion in the soul. We would no more strain philosophy, as an interpreter of the facts of nature (creation), than we would wrest scripture to our views; but we do think the voice of the former harmonizes with the indubitable teachings of the latter. We do need—we poor, tried, afflicted, tempted mortals—we do need the very *God* of the bible, not a "Deity,"—a "Jehovah," a "God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ," a "Father of mercies," and not a "*Divine Being.*" We want a God who "heareth and *answereth* prayer," if "all flesh," dependent feeble flesh, is to find its repose in his bosom. We like not the teaching which *metaphysically* adjusts such expressions as, "God's repenting him of evil,"—its "grieving him at his heart,"—his "not afflicting willingly," (in the original) "from his heart," &c., so well as the preaching which developes the heart-encouraging power of such humanized representations of "Him with whom we have to do." When speculation begins to lessen our relish for such language, we had better renounce it at once for the closet. We may safely philosophize *after* real prayer.

F. CLOWES.

CONSOLATION TO MOURNERS.

BY THE REV. W. H. ELLIOTT, OF LONDON.

Earth is a vale of tears, and man is born to trouble as the sparks fly upward (Job v. 7). The most favourable circumstances cannot exempt him from anxiety, affliction, and distress. Where is the eye that never sheds a tear, and the heart that is never sad? Vanity is visibly inscribed on all our earthly enjoyments; the finest and most exalted of these cannot give that unmingled happiness which are desired and sought. Affluence, honour, and fame, are equally unsatisfying; and the pleasure we derive from the endearments of human friendship, is greatly diminished, and often mixed with a sigh, when we reflect upon the uncertainty and brevity of its duration. If the bond remains unbroken through life, it is at length burst asunder by the "last enemy," and the object of our fond affection is the cause of intense grief. The loss of property, blighted prospects, disappointed hopes, and pecuniary difficulties, disconcert the mind, and depress the spirits; but when those who are near and dear to us are snatched away by the hand of death, the stroke is most keenly felt; the tenderest sympathies of our nature are called forth, the spirit is wounded, and the eye bedewed with tears. How often does the loss of a parent, or a child, or a husband, or a wife, or a brother, or a sister, cause the surviver to exclaim in the language of the Psalmist, "Lover and friend hast thou put far from me, and mine acquaintance into darkness" (Psalm lxxxviii. 18).

As death is the common lot of all men, so bereavements are experienced by all. To grieve for departed friends, when thus connected with humble submission to the will of God, is sanctioned by the examples of scripture. When Jacob yielded up the ghost, Joseph fell on his father's face, and wept over him (Gen. l. 1). Look at the distress of David at the death of Jonathan; and how deeply did patient Job feel when bereaved of his children! The Son of Man himself felt as a man, and was not ashamed of nature's tears; at the grave of Lazarus, "Jesus wept!" (John xi. 35).

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He who has no tear to shed when he sees his friends embraced in the cold arms of death, is destitute of the common feelings of humanity.

Reader, have you lost a relative by death? Are you a mourner? We direct you to the source of true consolation; to the Father of mercies, and the God of all comfort (2 Cor. i. 3). Affliction is sent for your good; it is a blessing in disguise, and if sanctified, it will yield the peaceable fruits of righteousness to them that are exercised thereby. Perhaps you have neglected the claims of religion and the interests of your soul, and have sought happiness only in the world. You may have said to God, with some of old, "Depart from us; for we desire not the knowledge of thy ways. What is the Almighty that we should serve him? and what profit should we have if we pray unto him?" (Job xxi. 14, 15). And he might have permitted you to pursue your sinful career without interruption, until your soul had been lost, for "the prosperity of fools destroys them;" but God in his mercy has broken off your purposes, and taken away the object of your affection, to bring you to serious reflection, and repentance for sin, which is the great cause of all sorrow: "For godly sorrow worketh repentance not to be repented of; but the sorrow of the world worketh death" (2 Cor vii. 10). He afflicts to wean you from the world,—to constrain you to apply to Christ for pardon and peace.

Affliction, by the blessing of God, has often produced these effects; and if this can be said of you, the scriptures promise you consolation and happiness in every affliction, of the sublimest kind. "Blessed are they that mourn, for they shall be comforted" (Matt. v. 4). The promise of this is confirmed by an oath, that we might have strong consolation, "who have fled for refuge to lay hold upon the hope set before us" (Heb. vi. 18). A sight of Christ by faith will heal the wounded spirit, and exchange tears of sorrow to ecstasy of joy. The love of God and the work of Christ afford the richest consolation to the believer. But if affliction does not lead us to Christ, and cordially to embrace the gospel, it will be of no real benefit to the soul; and none of our sufferings here will exempt us from the torments of hell.

GOOD COUNSEL.

Going up Oxford-Street the other day, my attention was directed to a dial under a house of business, under which was written, "DELAY NOT, TIME FLIES!" Here, I thought, is good advice. I know not what was the precise idea which the writer wished to convey; but it is applicable to a variety of subjects. Let us look at a few.

Have you a quarrel with any one? "Delay not" to make it up, for "time flies," and if you do not become reconciled soon, the opportunity will perhaps pass away. Live not at enmity with any one, for this is contrary to the law, which says, "Thou shalt love thy neighbour as thyself." It is contrary to the gospel, which says, "Be kindly affectioned one to another." It is contrary to your example, which is the Lord Jesus Christ, who prayed for his very murderers, saying, "Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do." "Let not the sun go down upon your wrath."

Have you made an engagement? "Delay not" to fulfil it, for "time flies." Now you may realize your obligation, and discharge it; but if you procrastinate, you may lose the opportunity for ever. Have you engaged to work for God? Then take your place, work while it is called to-day, "time flies," and working will soon be over. Have you engaged to give every thing to the cause of God? Redeem your pledge, the present time may be lent you for the purpose, to-morrow may be too late.

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Have you been reconciled to God? Are you at peace with Him? If not, "delay not, time flies," and you may be called away in an unreconciled state. Death is at the door. The Judge is on his way. The great white throne will soon appear, the books will be opened, and we shall be judged according to those things which are written in the books, every one according to his works. Live no longer God's enemy, lest you should die so; for it must be truly dreadful to enter His presence, after having lived here for years in a state of enmity with Him, and opposition to Him. Oh, be reconciled to Him! He beseeches you by us, to cast away your weapons of rebellion, to submit to His method of salvation, and to receive a full pardon at His hands. Can you refuse?

Have you secured a Friend, who can and will stand by you in all your troubles, and sustain you in your last dying struggles? "Delay not, time flies," and you may need such a friend before you have secured him. There is only one who can be all that you want a friend to be, and that is Jesus. He is a friend that loveth at all times. A friend that sticketh closer than a brother. But do you *know* him? Are you *familiar* with him? Can you *trust* him? Have you *committed* the keeping of your soul to him? He only can soothe your sorrows, supply your wants, guide your steps, conquer your foes, and make you more than a conqueror over sin, death, hell, and the grave. His friendship may be secured; but "delay not, time flies," if you neglect to seek him *now*, you may fail to find him *when* you wish.

Have you sought grace for future trials, that you may bear them with christian patience, and be improved by them in your christian character? If not, "delay not, time flies." There is a fulness of grace in Jesus. It is to be had. But it must be sought, and sought early, earnestly, and with importunity. The apostle says, "Let us have grace." "Be strong in the grace that is in Christ Jesus." Jesus is waiting to be gracious. God delighteth in mercy. "Let us therefore come boldly to the throne of grace, that we may obtain mercy, and find grace to help us in time of need."

Have you obtained satisfactory evidence for heaven? If not, "delay not, time flies." Live not in a world like this, in times like these, without the inward witness of the Holy Spirit, without scriptural assurance that if your earthly house, which is a tabernacle, be dissolved, you have a building of God, a house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens. In a word, whatever good remains to be done, whatever evil remains to be overcome, whatever engagements have to be fulfilled, whatever duty ought to be performed, think of the inscription on the dial, "DELAY NOT, TIME FLIES." "Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might, for there is neither work nor device in the grave to which we are fast hastening." "Be not slothful, but imitators of them who, through faith and patience, now inherit the promises." "Time flies," therefore "delay not" to flee from danger, to flee to Jesus, and to secure the gift of God, which is eternal life through Jesus Christ our Lord.

"Be it my only wisdom here,
To serve the Lord with filial fear,
With loving gratitude:
Superior sense may I display,
By shunning every evil way,
And walking in the good.

"Oh, may I still from sin depart!
A wise and understanding heart,
Jesus, to me be given;
And let me through thy Spirit know,
To glorify my God below,
And find my way to heaven."

New-Park-Street, London. JAMES SMITH.

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Biblical.

THE BAPTISMAL CONTROVERSY.

MR. NOEL'S WORK.*

Let Baptists respond to the call of events. Let them enter the remarkable openings which the Head of the Church presents to them. The *spell* which has bound evangelical pædobaptists is all but broken. Intelligent pædobaptist piety is becoming daily more conscious of its false position. The enlightenment of the age dislikes such a *mere* ceremony as the baptism of an *unconscious* babe. Its rejection of *compulsion* in religion refuses to place the infant in the church of Christ *without* its consent, and thus far by force. The profound and impartial scholarship of the continent (and much scholarship in England too), denies infant baptism an *apostolic* origin, and affirms that to baptize is to *immerse*. English Independents having long and increasingly practised the baptism of *unbelievers' babes*, have in this nineteenth century presented the novelty of *arguing* in favour of promiscuous infant baptism. Profaning the ordinance in practice, has, as might be expected, generated *defence* of the practice. The more devout pædobaptists, shocked at the desecration of baptism *without any religious ground* for it, rise in holy indignation, and Wardlaw and Wilson rebuke the temerity of Halley; all meanwhile being equally shocked at the Puseyite, who only follows the good old view of Tertullian and the succeeding church fathers, that the *consecrated* water impregnated by the Holy Spirit, is the direct instrument of regeneration! Pædobaptism is now a house thoroughly divided against itself. *The reasons of its advocates for what they do are mutually and utterly destructive*. They perform the same *outward* rite, but what they "mean by this service" is as diverse as the meaning of Mahometans and Jews in circumcising their children. Dr. Halley differs in *reality* nearly if not quite as much from Dr. Wardlaw as a Baptist does. While both differ equally from the Puseyite! God appears to have set "every man's *argument* against his fellow, even throughout all the host" of the pædobaptists, and surely it is that we, like Gideon, may do our utmost for the truth, amidst the confusion of its opponents. Add to this, that while only the most uninfluential or unknown have been *allured* from our camp, the *self-sacrificing* desertion to Baptists of one of the most conspicuous, respected, and beloved of the pædobaptists, has turned the attention of thousands to the subject. We are verily guilty if we do not by conversation, tracts, or books, according to the requirements of the case, kindly, patiently, and devoutly urge the subject on *pious* pædobaptists. It is they who, *quite unintentionally*, are upholding the most mischievous error of the age, the stronghold of Popery, of Puseyism, and of State-Churches. Believers' Baptism snaps the last link which binds to Rome.

But we hasten to our author, our object in the present article being to present those of our readers who are unable to purchase his book, with a concise view of his opinions and arguments.

He begins by avowing, what we were unfortunate enough to awaken the displeasure of a pædobaptist brother for suggesting, in a tract, as a possible case, that "an indefinite fear of the conclusions at which he might arrive, led him to avoid the study of the question of baptism." "Are we wrong in supposing," we had asked, "that most who reply thus have some misgiving lest close investigation might change their views, and thus either cause them mental disquiet, or require them openly to alter their conduct?" † Our critic replied, "Now we must regard this as exquisitely uncandid and unfair." The Hon. and Rev. Baptist W. Noel replies, "it was exactly *my* case!" We believe it to be the case of thousands; many have stated the fact to us after adopting our views, or probably we should not have thought of such a supposition.

Mr. Noel mentions the very pleasing circumstance, that in order to render his book an *independent* testimony, he has not read a single Baptist book or tract. One, however, of singularly convincing power to candid minds he allowed himself to read, or rather several, written by evangelists

* Essay on Christian Baptism. By Baptist W. Noel, M.A. London: James Nisbet & Co.

† The Importance of Right Views on Baptism. An Appeal to Pious Pædobaptists. By Francis Clowes London: Benjamin L. Green.

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and apostles. The result was, that Wardlaw, Woods, Halley, Godwin, and sundry others, were not a match for Matthew and Mark, Luke and Paul:—

"Aware how many are disposed to attribute any opinion which contradicts their own to such a partial, one-sided investigation as they practise themselves, I determined to form my judgment entirely by the study of the Scriptures, and of such authors as advocate the baptism of infants. To that determination I have adhered. And *not having read a single Baptist book or tract*, I publish the following work as an independent testimony to the exclusive right of believers to christian baptism. Undoubtedly I might have enriched its pages by an examination of the able and excellent authors who have written on the same side; and by the use of their reasonings and researches might have escaped some of the errors of detail into which it is possible that, in the discussion of a question so extensive and so complicated, I may have fallen: but then I should have lessened its value as an independent testimony."

Intending to present us with another volume on the mode, Mr. Noel assumes that baptism is immersion, and enters at once upon the *grand* question, whether believers in Christ, or babes believers in nothing, are the proper subjects of Christian baptism. He begins with "the commission," establishing *water*-baptism and its perpetuity, in opposition to the followers of George Fox. He passes then to its *meaning*; and sums up his remarks thus:—

"From all these considerations we may gather that our Lord, in this commission, intended his ministers first to convert men by preaching to them the gospel, then to baptize them as disciples, and finally to urge them when baptized to be entirely obedient to him as their Lord. The structure of this sentence, when compared with sentences of similar structure in the New Testament, establishes this meaning: it is established by the meaning of the word 'disciple,' which is equivalent to believer; by the meaning of immersion, which, as a spontaneous religious act, involves a profession to renounce sin and lead a new life; by the prescribed baptismal form of immersion unto the name of God, which signifies consecration to him; by the place which the third command, to enforce obedience to Christ's laws, must have in the fulfilment of the commission; by the order of the terms in the parallel passage in Mark; and by the connection which that passage reveals between baptism and salvation. On all these accounts we may conclude that baptism, as a profession of repentance, faith, and consecration to the Triune God, must be preceded by faith and by discipleship to Christ."*

It would seem as if the *commission* naturally suggested military figures; it did so to Dr. Carson, and it does to Mr. Noel too,—only instead of comparing an apostle with a "drill-sergeant," he compares him with *Oliver Cromwell* levying Holy War against the popery and tyrany of his day! He says,—

"When Oliver Cromwell, who saw that the forces of the Parliament were beaten by the troops of Charles the First, because there were gentlemen in the ranks of the royal army, and none but low men of worthless character in the other, sent out his recruiting sergeants to enlist godly and sober young men into his regiment, would they have been entitled to enlist drunkards and profligates because he had not expressly excluded them? His specification of the godly and the sober excluded all the rest. And when the Lord Jesus Christ has commanded his ministers to enlist believers under his banners by baptism, he has excluded all the rest."

Mr. Noel next examines the recorded baptisms of the New Testament, and thus concludes:—

"Now, since all the persons baptized by the apostles and their contemporaries were, according to the only records which we possess, believers, what right have we to baptize any others? The baptism of a believer is a spontaneous profession of faith; the baptism of any other class is something essentially different; and how can we innocently add to Christ's institution something essentially different? His commission declares that believers are to be baptized; the books of the New Testament record the baptism of none but believers; where, then, is the precept or the precedent for something totally distinct,

* It should be carefully noted, that while the *order* of the expressions renders our interpretation by far the most *natural*; yet were it overlooked, the concurrence of preaching, discipling, baptizing, and teaching in reference to the *same* subjects, could allow no unprejudiced interpreter to apply the commission to babes.

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the baptism of catechumens or of infants? If you baptize these, baptize also heathens. Why do you reject heathens from baptism, but because you have no precept or precedent to authorize their baptism? And since you are equally without both precept and precedent for the baptism of infants, rescue them also *from the disadvantage of an unauthorized and deceptive rite, which, by making them christians in name, may hinder them from being christians in reality.*"

On the *nature and effects* of baptism each passage of scripture is carefully examined with the following result:—

"Let the reader consider well the force of this evidence. Since baptism is the seal of regeneration, none but the regenerate ought to be baptized; since it is the sign of justification, it should be administered to those only who are justified; since it was attended by the gift of the Spirit, none but believers to whom that gift was limited ought to receive it; since it saves, and there is no salvation except by faith, it should be administered to those only who have saving faith; and since it conferred the right of admission into the churches of saints and faithful brethren, none but saints and faithful brethren ought to receive it. If unbelievers are baptized, baptism is the sign of regeneration to the unregenerate and of justification to those who are still in their sins; it ought to save and does not, and admits into communion with the churches those who are unfitted for that privilege. Such an application of baptism could not be intended, and therefore the baptism of the unbeliever is contrary to Christ's authority by which believers alone ought to be baptized."

In chapter third, the general considerations to shew the unlawfulness of infant baptism are well put, and the puerile objection, from "female communion" being unmentioned in the New Testament, is very fittingly disposed of. The comparison of pædobaptist arguments with those of Jesuits, is striking and just. The circumcision argument is rather fully treated, and satisfactorily enough, though Mr. Noel will, on this subject, enrich his theology when he reads Dr. Carson. What will Dr. Wardlaw think of a section headed "the *unlawfulness* of infant baptism *proved* from the *analogy* between circumcision and baptism?" Yet Dr. Wardlaw can never refute it:—

"No one was permitted to receive the token of the first covenant, whether child, slave, or stranger, who was not first within the covenant; and by analogy no one ought to receive the token of the second covenant who is not first within it; and as infants cannot be shewn to be within the second covenant, because they cannot be shewn to be believers, so by the analogy of circumcision they ought not to receive its token."

In the next section Mr. Noel proves the fact "that circumcision did not introduce infants into the Abrahamic *covenant of grace.*" On the utter worthlessness of the argument from the promises made to godly parents, Mr. Noel is rather full and quite satisfactory. Our readers will remember an excellent letter on this subject in "The Church," from the pen of "Senex,"—the late excellent Mr. Blyth. Mr. Noel concludes,—

"When Savonarola, at Florence, agreed to test the truth of his doctrine by walking through the fire, because God has said, "When thou walkest through the fire thou shalt not be burned," he was presumptuous. When Mr. Fletcher, of Madeley, in his youth, tried to dry up the puddles in his road by prayer, because Christ has said, 'All things whatsoever ye shall ask in prayer believing ye shall receive' (Matt. xxi. 22), he was presumptuous. When in our own day a number of serious persons attempted to speak in unknown tongues, and to heal the sick by a touch, because Jesus had said that such signs should accompany faith in him, they also were presumptuous (Mark xvi. 16, 17). And so it seems to me that to baptize children as regenerate, assuming their regeneration without any warrant, either from scripture or from facts, is no less presumptuous. As no error is innoxious, so this, I fear, leads parents, in many cases, to substitute the excited devotion of a short half-hour for the patient labour of years. It is so pleasant to the indolent and worldly to believe that a few prayers and a momentary desire to commit a child to the care of God may accomplish its regeneration and salvation; and so easy thus to extinguish the salutary fears for its welfare which would have led to a careful christian education, that this misapplication of the promises of God is, I fear, extensively injurious."

On the little children brought to Christ, Mr. Noel, in the course of his arguments,

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justly remarks that the disciples objecting to it is proof "that our Lord did not then sanction infant baptism, for had he done so the disciples would not have reproved those who were fulfilling a customary duty," and that too after they had themselves been some time in the habit of baptizing.

The extraordinary absurdity of grounding infant baptism on a passage which professor Neander justly cites to *disprove* its apostolic origin (1 Cor. vii. 14), Mr. Noel vigorously exposes; adopting substantially the view which we presented to our readers in a former volume; he cites also what we too deem the less correct view of Barnes. Besides entering into detail, he puts the household argument *quite unanswerably*, in a *form* in which we have not seen it before:—

"Three households are said to have been baptized, and five households are said to have believed. If, then, because three households were baptized with their heads, households generally, including infants, were baptized when their heads were baptized, so because five households believed with their heads, households generally, including infants, believed when their heads believed.

"If it be objected, respecting the five believing households, that either they contained no children, or else that children were excluded from the statement as being incapable of faith, I reply respecting the three baptized households, either they contained no children, or children were excluded from the statement as being incapable of the faith required in baptism, and therefore unfit to receive the rite. The meaning of the word 'household' must be as comprehensive in the second series of instances as in the first. If children were included in the first, they are included in the second, if they are excluded from the second, they are also excluded from the first: and consequently the baptism of the three households contains no proof that the infants within them, or that any infants, were baptized by the Apostles."

The argument from the silence of the New Testament respecting the baptism of any adult children of believers, is thoroughly conclusive; and there is a rather amusing chapter, shewing that even the argument, if it deserve the name, "from the *number* of those who practise pædobaptism is *really* in our favour." The chapter on the effects of baptism is very good. The work concludes with about fifteen pages on free communion, and a "form of baptismal *self*-dedication to God."

It is hardly needful to observe that we do not profess to agree with every criticism on scripture, or every sentence of argument, in this truly interesting book. Mr. Noel himself expects to correct some *details* when he allows himself to read Baptist works. We admire his noble determination to be undeniably an independent witness to "the force of truth." Mr. Noel has become a Baptist against all temporal interests,—against all theological *prepossessions*,—against all the arguments of the first pædobaptists of the day,—and through the study of *inspired* Baptist writers only. "Well may we glorify God in him." Let us pray that his example and his teaching may be richly blessed!

Tales and Sketches.

THE POOR ORPHAN.

A NARRATIVE.

BY THE REV. JOHN CAMPBELL.

There lived in Edinburgh a respectable couple, who had two children. In consequence of the husband being a long time in a consumption before he died, they were greatly reduced in their circumstances. He was no sooner dead than symptoms of a decline appeared also in his widow, perhaps derived from him. From her circumstances she was under the necessity of applying for public assistance, and the Sick Society received her as one of their pensioners. Being in my district, I was appointed to visit her weekly. The youngest boy soon after died, and the mother continued for several months wasting away in a decline; but during her protracted illness, she appeared to have obtained mercy through faith in Christ Jesus. When near the end she told me that, having the hope of heaven, she had nothing to trouble her, except what would become of that poor boy, pointing to her son, Kenneth Duncan, who was then about his eighth year. The kind manner in which he had acted towards his mother during her illness, his prudence in laying out her money according to her directions, and his keeping so

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clean a house, had gradually produced in my heart an attachment to the little fellow which disposed me to say to the dying mother, 'If you will leave your son to my care, I promise you that I shall do all I can for him.' I think her reply was, 'That is just what I wanted; now I shall die in peace.'

"After her funeral, I disposed of her furniture, which paid the rent that was owing, defrayed her funeral expenses, and supported the boy for nearly a year. At that very time I heard of one vacancy in the Orphan Hospital, for which there were about one-and-thirty applications. Properly to understand the issue, it is needful to know that what I am relating happened soon after the French revolution had taken place, and when the mass of people of Britain were ripe for a revolution in their own country, even to the dividing of the estates of landed proprietors among themselves. No wonder, then, that gentlemen of property were under peculiar alarm. There was a rich old gentleman, who had at that time, the chief management of the Orphan Hospital, and who for some time had made it his *hobby*; he added, at his own expense, an additional wing to the building, to complete the original plan, and various other things; and, being aged, the Committee let him take a good deal of its government. Like others, he was alarmed for the safety of his property. His name was Thomas Todd, Esq. Dr. Hardy, one of the ministers of Edinburgh, and Professor of Church History in the University, wrote confessedly the best defence of the British constitution that had been published. Among several others, I got that Dr. Hardy to sign Kenneth's petition for admission into the hospital. On calling on Mr. Todd with the petition and boy, he said, 'Oh, there are thirty-one petitions already for supplying that one vacancy!' However, I put my petition into his hand. On looking to it, he soon observed the name of Thomas Hardy; on which he looked to the boy, saying, 'You are a *lucky* fellow, there is a name here that secures your admission; look to me, boy, as your father; I will be a friend to you for the sake of that name.' You may believe this was a very important occurrence to me; for had he not been admitted, I had the whole of the support and education of the boy thrown upon myself; but by this decision I had it taken off for at least five or six years. His conduct was highly approved by his teachers; and, as a proof of it, when he came to the age at which he must go out of the hospital, the teachers petitioned the governors that he might remain another year, merely to be an example to the others; which was not agreed to.

"On leaving the hospital, he was bound apprentice to two brothers, who were clothiers, (whom I well knew), for five years. He gave complete satisfaction to them during the whole of his apprenticeship, and by the end of which he had become a tall, good-looking young man, and very expert in business. They told me they could not afford to give him as a salary what he was actually worth as a clerk, wherefore they recommended him to a relative of their own in London, who received him into his counting-house.

"In process of time he went out as supercargo of a vessel to the Cape-of-Good-Hope, and to remain there as agent for a London house, where he got on remarkably well. On my first going out to Africa for the Missionary Society, we had a very long passage, —four months. However, one morning we cast anchor in Table-Bay, about a mile from Cape-Town. After feasting our eyes in viewing the town, and the interesting mountain scenery by which it was surrounded, (which was the more interesting to us, from not having seen an acre of land for a quarter of a year), I went down to the cabin to dress, in order to go ashore; and while thus employed, I heard some person outside the vessel addressing the captain in an angry tone of voice, which made me lay down my razor and ascend to the deck to learn the cause. How astonished was I to find that the voice proceeded from my young friend, Kenneth Duncan, who was standing up in a small boat between two Malays. Most of our cargo belonged to him: in ordinary passages he should have had the goods a month before, and the want of them had caused both loss and inconvenience; and he was attributing the length of the passage to the ignorance of the captain. He was so engaged with the captain, that for some time he did not notice me, though I was looking over nearly opposite to him. At length his eyes and mine met, which so overwhelmed him, that down he fell to the *bottom* of the boat, which, being small, he nearly overturned. On rising and getting to the side of the vessel, he climbed and got to the deck in a moment, and in a confused voice asked, 'What is it? what is it? You are the *last* man, knowing your engage-

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ments in London, I should have expected to have seen here.' I think, on seeing me, he must have suspected, that on some account, I had been obliged to leave England, and had come to him for help. Seeing his agitation, I told him 'all was *right*, and if he would step down to the cabin, I should tell him my object in coming to Africa, which was a very important one;' and could not help expressing my surprise that he should be the *first* man belonging to Africa whom I should see after the ship had let down her anchor.

"On reaching the cabin, I immediately told the object of my visit to Africa, viz., as a deputation from the London Missionary Society to visit their missionary stations, &c. With this information he was satisfied that all was correct. He then told me that he had lately married the eldest daughter of the chief magistrate of Cape-Town; that they had a large house, and he and his wife lived with her parents; that I was well known to the whole family, as he had often spoken of me to them; to which he added, 'And you will find yourself as much at home to-night, as you would in your own house at Kingsland;' which I actually did. I saw the hand of God through all this, working in favour of the missionary cause in which I was embarked; for, lodging with such a family as a friend, gave me at once a respectability in the eyes of some, which I found helpful to my object. Sometimes, on going to bed at night, I could not refrain reflecting on the numerous links in the chain of Providence, by which I was brought to that house, and the bed on which I lay. The whole family were most kind and attentive all the time I remained under their hospitable roof. After two or three months passed over, living chiefly there, and part of the time at Mr. Kuyper's, of Stellenbosch, the hour of my departure for the interior came; my waggon, with twelve oxen, stood in front of the house; the whole family were assembled to take leave of me, which they did on the terrace, most affectionately, with several of their slaves, males and females. I never saw them more in the same position; for on my return, about a year after, I found the father was dead, the family removed to another house, and the young couple to a house of their own, to which I was invited to take up my residence so long as I remained in Africa, which I did very comfortably.

"When the day of my departure for England came, my friend Mr. Duncan and another young friend, went with me in a boat to the brig in which I was to sail. When I took leave of my two young friends, how little I suspected that they were soon to be removed to an eternal world; but so it was, that as my friend, a few months after, was taking a ride on his grey horse, to which he was much attached, he had fallen from it; whether by a fit, or otherwise, remains unknown. He was found on the road insensible, in which state he continued till he died; of course, unable to explain the circumstances attending his death. His widow was afterwards married to a Cape gentleman, who heard, long before I went out a second time, that it was probable I should pay another visit to the Cape; and therefore kindly invited me by a letter I received in London before I set off, to take up my residence under his roof, the same as I had done under his wife's, when her name was Mrs. Duncan. This I did during the whole of my second visit to Cape-Town. Being saved board and lodgings both times I resided at the Cape-of-Good-Hope, through that little Edinburgh orphan boy, was a considerable saving to the Missionary Society, for these are very expensive at the Cape; and then my additional comfort, by living among friends instead of strangers, was very great."*

LIGHT IN DARKNESS.

"Oh, who would bear life's stormy doom
Did not the wind of love
Come, brightly wafting through the foam,
Our Peace-branch from above?
Then sorrow, touched by thee, grows bright,
With more than rapture's ray;
As darkness shows us worlds of light
We never saw by day."

I remember being much startled, and almost shocked, one day, when in conversation with a friend, by hearing him quote and adopt the sentiments contained in the following couplet:

"There is a joy in being mad
That only *Madmen* know."

It then appeared to me as a state of suffering without mitigation—a dark and dismal cloud, in which no bright spot could be discerned—a bitter cup of sorrow, without

* Extracted from the Report of the Society for the Relief of the Destitute Sick, (Edinburgh, 1847) a Society which we have much pleasure in recommending to our readers.

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one drop of sweet—a frowning providence, through which a Father's smile could never be discernible.

I was at that time young, and the friend with whom I conversed was advanced in life, and had had much experience, which perhaps attracted my attention to what appeared at first so uninviting; and in after years my own views seemed gradually to coincide with the sentiments alluded to, as opportunities occurred which brought the subject more immediately before my view.

The very insensibility to the misfortunes which are sometimes the means of producing this malady, seems in itself a merciful amelioration of suffering. The torpor into which the feelings are hushed must afford temporary relief; and past occurrences, if recalled, appearing like indistinct dreams, cast a shade over the vividness of painful truths from which they have escaped.

The imagination, in such cases, often becomes strong and vivid, even when it had previously seemed to lie dormant; and lends its aid in emancipating the sufferer from former scenes and circumstances. A kind of mental transmigration takes place, by which identity is lost sight of, and a new character assumed, accompanied by new trains of thought, as we may suppose, attended by an entire change of feelings. In this way, poverty is often exchanged for the possession of wealth, sorrow for joyousness and mirth, and the lowest state of abject wretchedness for all the refinements of polished life, and the society, not only of the great and noble in birth, but even of royalty itself.

Who could deny that relief is found from living in a world of vision, shaded, as it were, by the dark veil of eclipsed reason, from realities once so visible in all their sad truthfulness?

It has been observed, that many true christians who have become insane on every other point, have been recalled at once from the most absurd aberrations to calmness and rationality, by the introduction of sacred subjects. "The anchor of the soul, sure and steadfast," will sustain those who rest their hopes upon it, even in this hour of "stormy gloom," though reason may have suffered shipwreck. The pearl of great price, hid though it may be beneath the deep waters of affliction, can never be lost.

Many years since I was requested to visit a person under these circumstances, of whose history I had previously learned enough to excite in me much interest and sympathy.

She was the wife of a respectable tradesman, who had, for many years, been justly respected for integrity and uprightness; through some unforeseen causes, his circumstances had become involved, without any blame having been attached to himself, and, overpowered by the fear of meeting his creditors, in an evil hour he left his home and family, consisting of a wife, and it might be, three or four small children, and either left the country altogether, or concealed himself so that his retreat could not be discovered. His poor agonized wife was not aware of his intentions, and totally ignorant of what had become of him.

The embarrassed state of her husband's affairs was no longer a secret, and to find herself deserted at such a crisis almost drove her to despair.

The creditors came immediately and seized all his effects, and an auction was summoned for the purpose of selling every thing. The poor, distracted wife and mother was witness to all the preparations usual on such occasions, and one by one, she looked at each article of furniture belonging to herself and children, as they were brought out to be handed over to the highest bidder. One thing only at length remained of all that was once called hers—a little cabinet, for which she pleaded, as being the gift, perhaps, of a beloved mother; it contained her private letters and papers, with which many recollections of happier days were, no doubt, associated, and probably some little trinkets made valuable from the persons by whom they were bestowed.

"Will you take that, too?" was her melancholy, but despairing appeal, as she tried to retain it from the merciless grasp of the obdurate beings employed on such occasions as the agents in those tragic scenes. That, too, must go; poor afflicted one, it seemed as if this refusal inflicted a deeper wound than she had felt when all beside was being removed from her, it convinced her that no spark of pity was felt for her destitution, and that all were alike insensible to her sorrows.

Her crushed spirit sunk in a struggle which was too much for her feeble frame, and, overwhelmed with complicated trials, she became almost instantly deprived of reason, and was obliged to be removed from her family to

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one of those asylums provided for persons afflicted with this dreadful malady.

That dismal chamber, with its lofty ceiling, and prison-like windows, placed so high as to elude the daring even of the fevered maniac, is still in my remembrance, and the impressions made upon my mind by the appearance of that lone one, have never been effaced by the varied scenes of many revolving years.

On entering the room, the object of my visit was soon pointed out to me; she was sitting up in bed, dressed with the plain, unbordered cap usually worn by hospital patients, her face flushed with fever, her eye restless and wandering, and one arm tied up as if from some recent accident, caused, as I afterwards learned, from dislocation produced by her own endeavours to free herself from the bandages made use of to prevent self-injury, during violent paroxysms of the disorder.

The distressing crisis was, however, now past, and had been exchanged for a less alarming stage of the disorder.

A favourite dog seemed to occupy all her thoughts just then, and she talked to it as if it were near her with the utmost volubility, begging of imaginary persons, to whom she addressed herself, to be kind to it; but Fido was nowhere to be seen, though she called for him loudly and repeatedly; it was one of the aberrations of her disordered brain, and soon passed away, like a feverish dream.

As I had no means of introduction to the invalid, to whom I was a perfect stranger, I felt somewhat at a loss how to address her, or make the enquiries after her health which my friend, who was at that time incapable of doing so, had requested me.

I at length ventured, with some degree of perturbation, I confess, to approach her bed, and timidly enquired how she felt herself. She seemed surprised at my visit, and, I fancied, annoyed, and replied to my question with a nonchalance which confirmed my opinion, "that she was *quite well*." I then mentioned the name of the person at whose desire I had called, and expressed his anxiety about her, at the same time approaching the side of the bed where she was sitting; she again assured me that she was quite well, in a cheerful tone, but with a manner which still implied that she thought I was intruding on her.

Not seeming, however, to notice this, I continued to remain beside her bed, and with the hope of winning her confidence, endeavoured to draw her into conversation. She at length appeared to become conscious that I was interested in her welfare, and her manner, by degrees, grew more gentle and confiding. She then began to communicate to me many of the innocent fancies which occupied her thoughts just then, and had taken the place of others, which had lately been so heart-rending. Among the rest, a most happy conclusion had been formed as to what had become of her husband—he was gone to be a missionary to the Chinese, and she was not only perfectly satisfied, but pleased that it should be so. She talked for sometime of the impenetrable walls of the *great city*, till her restless thoughts wandered to some other channel. No gloom, however, or melancholy, tinged her wild chimeras; cheerfulness and contentment appeared to pervade all her imaginings.

At length, I proposed reading to her, to which she at once consented; when I opened the Bible, she ceased to ramble, and became calm and still. The passage selected was the beautiful one hundred and third Psalm.

When I commenced to read, her thoughts seemed at once to be concentrated, and, to my no small delight and surprise she repeated the whole Psalm, word for word, *correctly*, always anticipating me in each verse, and evincing much feeling and interest.

When I had finished, she said, "I do not like that 'Saviour,' it is a cold word;" I felt disappointed, and feared to hear her relapse into absurdities; "but," she immediately resumed, "I will tell you what I like, *my* Saviour, that is the word that brings comfort."

These words were uttered with a fervour of expression never to be forgotten, while she endeavoured to cross her disabled arms on her breast, and raised her bright eyes heaven-ward. It told of brighter hopes, even in this dark and mysterious house—it pointed to the anchor of the soul cast within the veil—it was christianity beaming through the shattered vision of reason—it was the triumph of grace over the saddest ravages of sin and sorrow.

She was very unwilling that I should leave her, and endeavoured, with much affection, to prolong my stay, which at that time was impossible. Poor, lone one! I could not have thought that her release was so near at hand; but He in whom she had believed was already at the door—"The Master was come, and called for her,"—a brighter day

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was even now dawning after her night of sorrow.

The following day, her emancipated spirit was with Him whose name was sweet to her in the hour of "lonely woe," and whose presence she seemed to recognize when all other remembrances were confused, or altogether effaced.—*American Mother's Magazine.*

DON'T BECOME RICH AGAIN.

BY MRS SIGOURNEY.

"I've lost my whole fortune," said a merchant, as he returned one evening to his home; "we can no longer keep our carriage. We must leave this large house. The children can no longer go to expensive schools. Yesterday I was a rich man. To-day there is nothing I can call my own."

"Dear husband," said the wife, "we are still rich in each other and our children. Money may pass away, but God has given us a better treasure in those active hands and loving hearts."

"Dear father," said the children, "do not look so sad. We will help you to get a living."

"What can you do, poor things?" said he.

"You shall see, you shall see," answered several cheerful voices. "It is a pity if we have been to school for nothing. How can the father of eight children be poor? We shall work and make you rich again."

"I shall help," said the youngest girl, hardly four years old. "I will not have any new things bought, and I shall sell my great doll."

The heart of the husband and father, which had sunk within his bosom like a stone, was lifted up. The sweet enthusiasm of the scene cheered him, and his nightly prayer was like a song of praise.

They left his stately house. The servants were dismissed. Pictures and plate, carpets and furniture, were sold; and she who had been so long mistress of the mansion shed no tear.

"Pay every debt," said she; "let no one suffer through us, and we may yet be happy."

He rented a neat cottage, and a small piece of ground a few miles from the city. With the aid of his sons, he cultivated vegetables for the market. He viewed with delight and astonishment the economy of his wife, nurtured as she had been in wealth, and the efficiency which his daughters soon acquired under her training.

The eldest one assisted her in the work of the household, and also assisted the younger children. Besides, they executed various works, which they had learned as accomplishments, but which they found could be disposed of to advantage. They embroidered, with taste, some of the ornamental parts of female apparel, which they readily sold to a merchant in the city.

They cultivated flowers and sent bonquets to market in the cart that conveyed the vegetables; they plaited straw; they painted maps; they executed plain needle-work. Every one was at her post, busy and cheerful. The cottage was like a bee-hive.

I never enjoyed such health before," said the father.

"And I never was so happy before," said the mother.

"We never knew how many things we could do when we lived in the great house," said the children; "and we love each other a great deal better here; you call us your litte bees."

"Yes," replied the father; "and you make just such honey as the heart loves to feed on."

Economy as well as industry was strictly observed; nothing was wasted. Nothing unnecessary was purchased. The eldest daughter became assistant teacher in a distinguished female seminary, and the second took her place as instructress to the family.

The little dwelling, which had always been kept neat, they were soon able to beautify. Its construction was improved; vines and flowering trees were planted around it. The merchant was happier under his wood-bine covered porch, in a summer's evening, than he had been in his showy drawing-room.

"We are now thriving and prosperous," said he; "shall we now return to the city?"

"O no, no," was the unanimous reply.

"Let us remain," said the wife, "where we have found health and contentment."

"Father," said the youngest, "all we children hope you are not going to be rich again; for then," she added, "we little ones were shut up in the nursery, and we did not see much of you or mother. Now we all live together, and sister, who loves us, teaches us, and we learn to be industrious and useful. We were none of us happy when we were rich and did not work. So father, please not to be a rich man any more."

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Our Young Men.

THE USES AND ADVANTAGES OF ESSAY & DISCUSSION SOCIETIES.

BY THE REV. JOHN BIRT.

[We have much pleasure in directing the attention of our young readers to the following paper from the pen of our esteemed friend, Mr. Birt, of Oldham. It will be concluded in our next number, and will probably be followed by some remarks of our own in our number for January.—EDS.]

Having to present an introductory paper at this first meeting of your revived Essay and Discussion Society, it has occurred to me that no subject would be more suitable than that which is suggested by its designation; and I propose, therefore, to offer a few remarks, on the *Uses* and *Advantages* of such a society—on the *Choice* and *Treatment* of the subjects to be brought before it—and, in conclusion, to offer some remarks on *Language* and *Style*.

I. The *uses and advantages* of such a society are:—

1. To the *writer himself*; who thereby acquires, among many other benefits, a closeness and justness of thinking, not only with regard to those subjects on which he writes, but which will be applicable to all others which he may find in books, or which may offer themselves to his own mind. By committing to writing our own thoughts, or those we gather from others by reading and conversation, we not only lay up a permanent stock of ideas and of knowledge, by fixing them more indelibly in the memory, but we acquire the habit of more closely examining, and more accurately weighing, their truth and importance. Thus the mind becoming more discriminating, and the judgment more mature, the spurious and trifling will be at once detected and laid aside; and its stores becoming more select and precious, knowledge will not only be more sound and compact, but also more fit and ready, for reference and use.

This will be especially the case, when what is written is submitted to the judgment of others. This will naturally increase the carefulness both of selection and revision; not only because no one would willingly expose an inaccuracy to the view of others, but no benevolent mind would run the risk of misguiding the thoughts and opinions of those for whom he wrote. This will, of course, produce in the writer a still greater anxiety to be thoroughly master of his subject; and will, in some degree, enhance the advantages he would derive from merely committing his thoughts to writing for himself.

2. There are advantages likewise to *those who discuss the paper* that is read. If writing gives to knowledge a fixed place in the mind, conversation gives a facility of using that knowledge to the best advantage. "Reading," says Lord Bacon, "makes a full man, writing a correct man, and conversation a ready man." Knowledge laid up in writing, and by writing stored in the memory, may be compared to the stock of bullion in the bank; discussion to the *employment* of that gold, whereby it is turned over and over again, until it even doubles its original amount. This will be especially the case, when the discussion is upon a *given subject*; because the direction of a variety of minds brought to bear upon the object, will, by their collision, elicit many sparks of thought and sentiment which, previously to the discussion, were not present even to the minds of those by whom they were emitted. It will be as when many rays of light converge in one focus; the brightness of that focus will far surpass that of the separate rays added together.

3. *Those who are present at such discussions*, even though they take no part in them, may derive great advantage from them. The topics introduced will be usually interesting and instructive, and the discussion will be of a corresponding character. These subjects, presented first with the carefulness of a well-considered paper, and then illustrated with the vivacity of free conversation, will awaken more attention, and excite more lively interest, than the same topics if studied through the duller medium of a book. Knowledge will thus be presented in new forms, and with new attractions, which cannot fail to enliven the mental acquisitiveness of our nature, to increase the readiness and retentiveness of the memory, and to form the taste to reject the evil and choose the good.

II. As to the *selection of subjects*, the whole field of science and of literature is

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before you; but I have the impression, that the departments which furnish the *most appropriate* matter for such an Institute as yours, are those of *History, Philosophy, and Morals.*

1. Of *History*, I am sorry to say, that what is genuine and unsophisticated, bears a very small proportion to the immense mass of historical writing with which the world is inundated. *Ancient History*, although accounted the model and perfection of historical style and eloquence, having been written chiefly by heathens, is written on heathen principles, and poisoned by heathen sentiments, and holds up to admiration as virtues, vices which deserve the universal execration of mankind. Nor is *Modern History* at all purer or more free from perversion or falsification. Take the *history of our own country* as an example. The earlier portions of it were written by bigoted, tyrannical, and venal priests and monks, who sold their praises to the perpetrators of the vilest deeds, if they made amends by a large donation to the church; and pronounced the foulest censures on those who evinced any attachment to truth and liberty. The best of these histories, even that of Venerable Bede himself, are corrupted and defiled by fabulous legends, false miracles, and a stupid superstition. The *more recent* portions of *our history* are scarcely more to be depended on. They are all written more or less in the spirit of *partizans*, some of them of different competitors for the crown, and others of different political factions. The newspapers of the present day do not more grossly contradict each other, than the majority of these historians do, according to the party they represent. Nor can much better be said even of *Ecclesiastical History*, which is tainted with a similar spirit; few of its historians seem to have known what Christianity really is, while the generality of them give indeed a copious account of the intrigues and violence of ambitious and lordly prelates; but scarcely one feature of the true church of Christ is discernible in all their volumes.

Still, although these falsehoods and perversions darken the page of history, and render the historians unsafe guides, yet the great facts and revolutions recorded in history remain, as the monuments and interpreters of prophecy fulfilled, and to reward the diligence of those who would study the ways of God among the children of men. It is a wholesome and beneficial occupation, to disentangle the revelled skein of human prejudice and passion, and to trace the thread of God's own purposes and deeds, with a simple and unprejudiced mind. The study of *History*, therefore, with due precautions, is one of the most profitable employments of the human mind; it accumulates in one point the experience of ages, and furnishes facts for the illustration of truth, on the largest scale, and in the richest abundance. If there be any one part of *History* to be preferred to the rest, it is *Biography*. For the life of an eminent man is a mirror in which we have contemporaneous events more closely and distinctly reflected in their own shape and form; and, besides, the information we thus acquire, sinks the deeper for our human fellowship, and is embalmed in our human sympathies.

2. As to *Philosophy*, while all its branches are valuable, and none of them will be disregarded, the highest and most important is undoubtedly that which relates to *Man*—his *Constitution, Relations, Tendencies, and Issue.* We ought to be acquainted with the origin and nature of his *ideas;* the spring and development of his sentiments, feelings, affections, and passions; the character and extent of his *faculties* and *powers;* the *reciprocal relations* and the *reactions* of his *body and mind;* with his relations and responsibilities to those that are *around* him, to the *God* that is above him, and the *Eternity* that is before him. If the proper study of mankind be *man*, and *self-knowledge* be the most valuable of all attainments, then these particulars should not be accounted *abstruse*, or be suffered to be *remote;* but they ought to be familiarised by most intimate examination, and brought home by most persevering study. It is of great importance that we should know things without us, both near and at a distance; but he will most readily and fully acquire the knowledge of other things, who best knows himself.

3. The science of *Morals* is either *general* or *casuistical.* By *Morals in general*, we mean those *rules* and *laws* which bind *society* together, and prescribe the duties and obligations of the different classes of which it is composed. It has *principles* and *maxims*, which are founded in *nature, reason*, and the *law of God.* It is chiefly conversant with what is *right and wrong, just and unjust*, to which we may add *benevolent and unkind*, according to the

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great *moral rule* of him who said, "Whatsoever ye would that men should do unto you, do ye even so unto them." This social law prescribes duties and responsibilities, and ascribes rights and claims, to every condition of human being. According to its principles and rules, *governors* owe duty to the *governed*, the *high* to the *low*, the *rich* to the *poor*, *masters* to *servants*, the *strong* to the *weak*, and ALL RECIPROCALLY. It prescribes the duties and the claims respectively of *husbands* and *wives*, *parents* and *children*, of *brothers* and *sisters*, of *kindred*, of *neighbours*, of the *community at large*, and in all its *connexions*. It includes all the *integrity*, the *decencies*, the *urbanities* and *active beneficences of social life*. In proportion, therefore, as this is not only well understood, but as the *mind and heart* become instinct with its principles, will a man become qualified for the enjoyment and diffusion of well-being and happiness among his fellow-men; and, thereby, will he turn his *self-knowledge* to the best and most profitable account.

4. *Casuistry* in *Morals* intends those particular *cases and questions* which require for their decision the *application* of the maxims and rules of *moral science*. These *maxims and rules* are admitted; but the question is, how do they determine *particular* cases; just as in courts of law, particular cases are tried, whether they are, or are not, according to *law*. *Casuistry*, however, seldom gives the *certainty*, or inspires the *confidence*, which is placed in the *general rule;* there is too much room for human prepossession and prejudice; and though the *law of casuistry* may be perfect, *the casuist* himself may be either blinded or bribed. Yet, as without its application to special cases, the *science of morals* is merely an entertaining *speculation*, and effects no practical good; while we use every precaution with respect to what *casuists* have decided, and are on our guard when we ourselves make a special application, it is the part of wisdom both to *study diligently* the *rules themselves*, and to cultivate a *skilful application* of them to such cases as may arise.

(*To be continued.*)

Notices of Books.

A NECESSITY OF SEPARATION FROM THE CHURCH OF ENGLAND PROVED BY THE NONCONFORMISTS' PRINCIPLES. By JOHN CANNE. EDITED FOR THE HANSERD KNOLLYS SOCIETY, BY THE REV. CHAS. STOVEL. London: Benj. L. Green.

By some accident we have but just received this volume, to which it would have given us great pleasure to have invited the attention of our readers earlier. Many of them will have already met with Canne's name in the "Broadmead Records," as the individual who first taught the founders of that church the duty of separation from an establishment antichristian at once in its government and offices, and its compulsory character. Canne was the author of the Bible with *References* which bears his name, and a great advocate for interpreting scripture by scripture, and not by creeds and traditions. Must not this habit of mind have been intimately connected with both his Anti-State-Church and Baptist sentiments? If so, how many who have used that bible, once the sole or chief reference-bible in English, have little thought what the author learned from it!

The object of the book is to shew the *Puritans*, who at that time bitterly and revilingly denounced all who separated from the Establishment, that they were bound to do it, and to shew them this *from their own writings*. This Canne does most unanswerably. He selects from the writings of the principal Puritans such representations of the government and governors of the church, of the Service-book and the readers of it, as prove beyond contradiction that christian fellowship with such a Babylon was impossible. We heartily commend the book to our readers. We have often thought that, partly in our zeal for the grand Anti-State-Church principle, and partly in mawkish sentimentality towards "our beloved evangelical brethren" of the Church of Lord Bishops and Prayer books, we are in danger of forgetting the real quality of the *Hierarchy* and its *Service-book*. It is still an utterly and monstrously antichristian hierarchy, only a shade or two less so than

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that of Rome. The main difference being that we have a king and parliament for its (practically) infallible head, instead of a Pope. The Prayer-book is still as Popish as when bishop Jewel and other Puritans denounced it,—still, as they and Milton termed it, "but an extract from the Mass-book,"—still crammed with Popish titles, feasts, fasts, and saint days, with Lent, Easter, Christmas, and the like,—still its marriage service, confirmation service, and ordination service, profane and disgusting, or impious,—still its baptismal service teaching unequivocally the disgracefully Popish doctrine of baptismal regeneration,—and still its Articles, though many of them good, polluted with the presence of one which, worked as it has been and will be, vitiates and destroys in practice the utility of the rest. It will do us all good to read these racy extracts from those who beheld the birth of the English Liturgy, and who were horrified at the unscriptural monster; who wished, indeed, to love the ecclesiastical offspring of adultery between the Church and the State, but could not conceal their disgust. We freely own that we cannot allege all this as legitimate argument against *State*-Churches, because, of course, we may not, with free Churchmen, allow that governors may establish the perfect opposite to all this; but surely it ought to quicken our own zeal, to reflect that ten millions per annum is employed by the State to uphold what could never endure the free discussion incident to voluntaryism, and which even the priestcraft of a Conference cannot utterly suppress.

We must, in conclusion, protest against the Society occupying our funds so much, not in *reprinting* the works of early Baptists, but in simply printing the essays of modern Baptists. After the really useful historical introductions in the former volumes, half a dozen pages would have sufficed to tell us all that is known of Canne. Subscribers in our hearing complain, and we think justly. We fully appreciate the Editor's *invaluable* labours on the *text* of his author; but we should have been thankful for an additional 100 pages of Canne himself. *One-quarter* of 465 pages is *introduction!*

AUNT MARY; OR, MAKE HAPPY AND BE HAPPY. A TALE FOR THE NEW YEAR. London: Benj. L. Green; Leeds: John Heaton.

This neat little book, from the pen of one of our colleagues, has just reached us upon the eve of publication, and we hasten to commend it to the attention of our young friends. We are sure they will read it with pleasure, as the incidents interwoven with the narrative, and the points of character so happily introduced, cannot fail to interest them. It will form a very appropriate reward book for our Sunday schools; and, if introduced, will greatly contribute to the cheerfulness of many a youthful circle, when assembled to celebrate the New Year. We need hardly say, that we heartily commend it to the friends of the young.—B. E.

JESSIE GRAHAM; OR, FRIENDS DEAR, BUT TRUTH DEARER. By AUNT KITTY. Pp. 126. (Green's Juvenile Library, vol. 2.)

We have much pleasure in commending to our young readers this beautiful and touching little tale. If the succeeding volumes should all be equal to "Blind Alice" and "Jessie Graham," the series will form one of the prettiest and best "Juvenile Libraries" with which we are acquainted.

Obituary.

BRIEF MEMOIR OF THE REV. SAMUEL BLYTH.

The subject of this memoir was born on the 10th of May, 1783, at Birmingham, in which place and in the neighbourhood, the greater part of his boyhood and youth were spent. There was nothing in the first years of his life which can call for a place in this sketch, or in the attention and interest of the reader; at all events if there were, the means of supplying it are not now at hand. It may suffice to say, that he left school at the usual age, and was placed with a merchant of his native town. After the expiration of the ordinary term of apprenticeship, he continued for several years to be engaged in mercantile affairs. His grandfather was a Unitarian minister, and a large

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proportion of his near relatives adhered to that persuasion. The early stages of his career, therefore, lay along a path beset with spiritual danger. It might have been expected that he would have been allured by the false light of opinions with which he was so much brought in contact; opinions too, deriving as they did at that time, and especially perhaps in that locality, an adventitious lustre and attraction from the brilliant genius of Dr. Priestley. This, however, seems never to have been the case, for shortly after reaching manhood, he published a considerable volume in opposition to these views. Of this work nothing is now known, except that it appears subsequently to have procured him some facilities in his admission to holy orders. It is certain that at this time his habits and associations were those of a man of the world; and it is a remarkable fact, that of three companions with whom he was accustomed to mix, one was a Socinian, another a Roman Catholic, and the third an Infidel. He was already within the whirl of a vortex which bid fair indeed to hurry him to spiritual ruin. The peril of his position at this period, whenever it was alluded to in the after years of his life, seemed to create a kind of shudder; and his deliverance always called forth expressions of devout gratitude to his divine benefactor. In his hours of mirth and dissipation he might forget God; but

> "Conscience, while she seems to sleep
> On rose and myrtle, lull'd with Syren song—
> * * * * *
> Behind her secret stand, marks every fault,
> And her dread diary with horror fills."

Happily for him she read in his ear that diary. He had times of reflection, and of the *intensest* and *bitterest* remorse. He retained, during all this time, a lively belief in, and respect for, the truths of revelation, and an *intellectual passion* for correct theological views. His heart was, nevertheless, without the vital principle of divine grace, and his life without the fruits which indicate its existence. It was, as nearly as can be told, about the age of twenty-nine, that he was led to turn his thoughts to the ministry in connexion with the Established Church, and, after going through the necessary course of study, he was ordained by the Archbishop of York, on the 6th of August, 1815.

Still without any evangelical knowledge or appreciation of divine truth, but with a desire to be brought into a more excellent way, it is probable that he adopted his new profession as being better suited to his tastes than commercial pursuits. His first engagements after his ordination, were in some of the rural parts of Yorkshire. His sense of the importance of personal piety became more pointed and pressing. It pleased the Almighty about this time to deprive him of his father, to whom he was very strongly attached. The blow fell heavily. After performing the last duties to his parent he returned to his village labours, determined to make the pearl of price, the object of his first and chief pursuit. His convictions became now deep and agonizing. He spent much time in the solitude and retirement of the forest, wrestling violently with God. The blessing thus sought was not withheld. His driven bark found "an anchor sure and steadfast." "Christ was made unto him wisdom, and righteousness, and sanctification, and redemption." The light of heavenly truth kindled in his understanding and his heart. "Old things passed away, and all things became new."

About this time he removed to Colne in Lancashire, which place he left, however, after a limited residence, on obtaining the curacy of Long-Preston. Here he married in 1818, and continued for several years to labour in word and doctrine. He was peculiarly happy in his domestic associations. He loved his work; and was much loved and honoured by his parishoners. He was not, however, long permitted to enjoy the calm. In 1823, one of the heavy billows of life broke over him, in the loss of his wife.

The scene of his labours shortly after this afflictive event was changed to Leck. It is not known certainly when he first became doubtful of the rectitude of his position as a minister of the church by law established. During his residence at Leck, however, his views on this subject became so decided that he felt compelled to withdraw from the connexion in which he found himself, and to commit his way to providence. With several children,—few pecuniary resources,—and a large circle of friends,—from all of whom he received remonstrance, from many, opposition, and from some, perhaps, a cold and scornful farewell,—the sacrifice was not a small one. He had, however, learned the great lesson, that he who puts his hand to the plough

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must not look back. The sentiment of the poet was his,—

"And must I part with all I have,
My dearest Lord, for thee?
It is but right, since thou hast done
Much more than this for me.

"Yes, let it go, one look from thee
Will more than make amends,
For all the losses I sustain,
Of credit, riches, friends."

He knew that He who required the sacrifice could repair it. The step was taken, and it is needless to say was never regretted.

He now remained some time unconnected with any religious denomination, and was subsequently led to take up his residence at Whitehaven, where he joined the Independents, under whose auspices he laboured for a course of years in one of the rural parishes of Cumberland. While thus engaged, however, "still increasing light" was breaking on him. He became convinced that the baptism of infants was without precedent in the sacred scriptures. Another step in advance was now to be taken, and, as nearly as can be told, about the year 1832, he was immersed at Tottlebank, by that able and devoted servant of Christ, the late Rev. Thomas Frearson. His connexion with the Independents was of course now to be relinquished, and he took the pastorate of a small Baptist church which grew up in the same district under his own eye. His health shortly afterwards became so precarious, as to require that he should abstain from all regular ministerial engagements. He now again took up his abode at Whitehaven, where he remained for a course of years, frequently supplying vacant pulpits, and assiduously engaged in visiting the sick and the destitute. In the early part of the present year, he was induced, by domestic circumstances, to remove to Reading. His general health, since the relaxation of his labours, had improved; and, up to the time of his last illness, gave no indications of decay. With habits of temperance, and great activity, he seemed, to human observation, likely to reach something more than the threescore years and ten of man's term. Not so were the arrangements of Heaven. His place in the mansion was prepared. His connexion with the scenes of perplexity and darkness through which he had passed, was soon to cease. One change only remained, not from one section of the militant church, from one view of divine truth, or from one scene of toil to another; but from all these; from all that is shadowy and transient, to *all* that is substantial and enduring; from

"the bud of being, the dim dawn,
The twilight,"

to the beatitude of *real* life, to

"scenes of permanent delight,
Full above measure, lasting beyond bound."

The rest is soon told. He returned from a short visit to London on Saturday the 18th of August, in more than his usual health and spirits. On the following day, (Sunday), he complained of slight indisposition, and medical advice was procured. The symptoms did not disappear, but gave no serious cause of alarm until the Wednesday, after which the disease suddenly took so virulent a form as to defy successful treatment. The physical exhaustion, and occasionally the suffering, became at the same time so extreme, as to render articulation difficult, and he rarely spoke, except in the broken accents which his pain or his wants compelled, or in answer to questions. He uttered his last wishes with calmness, expressed his resignation to the divine will and his trust in Christ as "the only sure foundation;" and, on the afternoon of Thursday, the 28th, his spirit shook off its earthly load, and entered into rest. Thus ended the mortal career of a soldier of Christ.

"How blest the righteous when he dies,—
When sinks a weary soul to rest."

One of the most marked features in his character, was the exceeding fineness and tenderness of his sympathies. If there ever was one heart more than another ready

"to share in other's joy,
And weep for other's woe,"

that heart was his. His favourite haunt was the dwelling of the poor, or the afflicted servant of his Lord. Wherever he found such a one, every resource of his nature was thrown open to pour in oil and wine. Every pulsation seemed to be a response to the divine command, "Bear ye one another's burdens." Whatever value, intensity of feeling, readiness of personal exertion, and delicacy of expression, can give to a counsellor or a friend, was his. And not a few are the cottage hearths, the sick chambers, and the broken spirits, where his name has found a lasting and a holy shrine. In his domestic relations he was especially valued and loved. He had no severity of character or deportment to mar his own enjoyment of life, or to shade the innocent pleasures of those about him. To be employed, was with him, to be happy; and he loved to see others as happy as himself.

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The blandishments and agreeablenesses of life, had in him, and for him, a peculiar charm. He could not be brought by a motion or a word to injure the meanest reptile, or wound the feelings of his fellows. He had a perfect horror of the harshness and dictation which are sometimes found lingering about the demeanour even of good men. The kindness and gentleness of the christian character, had, in him, a rare development.

He was not less distinguished by an extremely nice appreciation, and observance, of the most minute, and, as some would think, trivial, points of honour and integrity. Whenever the law of his earthly, did not conflict with that of his heavenly, sovereign, both seemed to be held almost equally sacred. In every transaction of a secular kind, he was reckless of his own interest, almost to a fault. So just to others, as to be unjust to himself.

He had naturally a remarkably retiring disposition; and his great diffidence of his own powers and qualifications, always led him to shun any place of prominence or publicity. Owing to this, probably, it was that he was never found in any of the more important positions for which in many respects he was qualified. Joined in a remarkable degree, however, to this diffidence in everything that did *not* affect his *principles*, was a manly independence of judgment, and promptitude of action in everything that *did*. Where a matter of taste, opinion, or personal advantage only was involved, he was ready to cede every inch of territory; where conscience set up a claim, every inch was disputed. It has been said by one who knew him well and knew him long, that "his whole life, after his first religious impressions, was one continued manifestation of his determination to count all things loss for Christ." This "witness is true." He published shortly after his secession from the Establishment, an exposition of what he believed to be especially erroneous in her constitution and her creed. His pen was subsequently repeatedly employed on this and kindred subjects, though rarely at any great length. It would be idle here to relate the reasons which chiefly influenced him in taking this step; they were such as are patent to all readers of "The Church."* It is, perhaps, still less the proper place to say anything of the merits of these writings; they were ever marked by a kind catholicity of spirit and great candour; for the rest, let others judge.

This sketch is brief, and, perhaps, imperfect; but not without reason. The writer has not leisure to give an extended picture. The life of the departed might not have justified it; his wish *certainly would not*. He left no record whatever of the events of his personal history, or of the workings of his mind; and, as he was accustomed generally to abstain from any reference to these subjects in conversation, the writer has been thrown almost entirely on the scanty materials furnished by a treacherous memory. He trusts it has not been his wish to present an undue panegyric on the character of him who is gone. A partial eye may not always see as others do; but it is believed that this portraiture will be recognised as a faithful likeness of one who, where he was known at all, was at least known as a humble christian, and a generous friend.

Miscellaneous.

SCEPTICISM AND CHRISTIANITY.—It is a fine remark of Milton's, "a man may be a heretic in the truth; and if he believe things only because his pastor says so, or the assembly so determines, without knowing other reason, though his belief be true, yet the very truth he holds becomes his heresy." There are multitudes of such heretics in the world. They pass as genuine believers. But it is their very unbelief which preserves them from suspicion. Whatever may be the creed of their lips, their minds are torpid. Religion, for them, possesses no interest, and therefore prompts to

* It may be necessary to inform our readers, that our excellent friend was the author of the "Six Letters to the Evangelical Clergy," which appeared in "The Church" last year. He was also the writer of the "Respectful Appeal to Father Mathew, by a Sincere Enquirer after Divine Truth," and the "Letter to the Hon. and Rev. Baptist W. Noel, M.A., by an Ex-Minister of the Church of England;" the latter of which was noticed in "The Church" for March of the present year. We take the opportunity of earnestly recommending these publications to all our readers, as well worthy of their careful perusal. A few copies are, we understand, still left, which may be had at half the published prices (2d. and 1d. each), of Mr. Benj. L. Green, Paternoster-Row, London.

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no enquiries. "They are not in trouble as other men, neither are they plagued like other men." They have no doubts, because they have no convictions. But earnest faith stirs up many a secret foe, and provokes many a fierce assault. Few have attained to the highest order of belief, who have not first struggled with difficulties. Those who have eventually doubted least, have generally been those who have at some time doubted most. True spiritual life produces mental conflicts, by which, in the end, it is strengthened and matured; but which, while they continue, sometimes expose the combatant to the charge of scepticism. Thus, the genuine believer, or one fighting his way to belief, has often more of the semblance of infidelity, than the infidel himself. He is in earnest, and anxious on the subject of religion. He feels its infinite importance. He desires to be fully convinced of its truth. This gives weight in his estimation to all objections against it. He longs to have them cleared up. He often talks about them, and perhaps puts them forward with such strength and earnestness, as to appear to be defending them, when in fact, his object is not to convince, but to be convinced, by eliciting a satisfactory solution of his own doubts. In all societies there is too much intolerance of opinion. Religious circles are not free from the general failing. Those who have few or no doubts themselves, are not always either the deepest thinkers or the soundest believers, but are generally the most impatient of doubts in others. And men are never wanting, who are ready to magnify and circulate any report which is disadvantageous to those who are eminent for their talents or position.—*The Christian Philosopher Triumphing over Death, by the Rev. Newman Hall.*

How near is Heaven?—Christians sometimes, says an intelligent writer, look far away to the blissful seats of their destined rest. But it is not far. The clouds that hide the shining world are thin; they are transient, and soon will obscure no more. The journey may end this hour—one short step may place him in the world of delights. One dark hour may hang upon him; but the morning comes and no shade behind it. Day, bright, peaceful, and eternal, succeeds. A pang may wound for a moment, and then it flies for ever away. A conflict, sharp and painful, may continue for a night, but victory, eternal victory, ensues. How soon, oh, how soon the christian's cares are over, his struggling soul at rest, his eyes suffused no more with tears! Near at hand is the land of his pursuit. Hope cheers. How glorious the object that hope embraces; how holy its spirit! Who can contemplate the home our heavenly Father is fitting for his children, and not feel his soul athirst for its enjoyments and employments? Well, those delights, that happy clime, those ever verdant plains, are not far distant.

Prayer.—Prayer has divided seas, rolled up flowing rivers, made flinty rocks gush into fountains, quenched flames of fire, muzzled lions, disarmed vipers and poisons, marshalled the stars against the wicked, stopped the course of the moon, arrested the rapid sun in his great race, burst open iron gates, recalled souls from eternity, conquered the strongest devils, commanded legions of angels down from heaven. Prayer has bridled and chained the raging passions of men, and routed and destroyed vast armies of proud, daring, blustering atheists. Prayer has brought one man from the bottom of the sea, and carried another in a chariot of fire to heaven. What has not prayer done!—*Ryland.*

Intelligence.

TAXES ON KNOWLEDGE.

We have received, during the month, a set of documents from a Society now organized in London for abolishing these worst of all taxes. They have a difficult task before them. *First*, They have to repeal, probably, rather more than a million of taxes, though this could easily be saved out of the unpardonable cost of royalty, and sinecure offices of hundreds of generals and admirals more than *can* be used, and, above all, out of our truly awful military expenditure. But, *secondly*, they have to overcome or overpower the aversion of a Whig Government to the diffusion of *knowledge*. A Whig Government will readily promote *education;* meaning thereby a system which creates *Government* inspectors of £800 a-year, bribes hosts of queen's scholars and schoolmasters with smaller sums, and purchases Conference Methodism servility by grants for Normal schools in addition; but Whigs, as much as Tories, dread the spread of *knowledge*. It is for the country now to say, "*We* will *have it.*" The country said so on slavery, and we got it; on Catholic emancipation, on the penny postage, and, last of all, on untaxed food, and we got them. It has but now to say, "we will have *untaxed knowledge,*" and we shall get it.

We think that every town and village should make arrangements for a public meeting and petition, *before the meeting of Parliament.* Nothing hinders. The case is one within the comprehension of all. No great speakers are needed. The documents which the Society, if applied to (Secretary, Mr. J. D. Collet, 15, Essex-Street, Strand) would furnish, would be ample for any meeting assembled not to talk but to accomplish something; while in most localities interesting speakers will be found.

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All but Conference Methodists and High Churchmen will unite; all, indeed, who love the light because their deeds will bear it. "The black mail levied by the Chancellor of the Exchequer and his agents on the diffusion of knowledge," is made up of taxes on foreign books £7,650, duty on paper £745,800, on advertisements £153,000, stamps on newspapers and journals £360,270, —gross amount £1,296,720. What a system for patronage! On the one hand, all the costly patronage of *collecting* these taxes to *prevent* diffusion of knowledge; on the other hand, the costly patronage above-mentioned nominally to *aid* education!

Our readers have probably little idea of the extent to which these taxes interfere with cheap knowledge. They will remember the excellent halfpenny tracts of Messrs. Chambers had to be given up, because the tax absorbed all the profits of the publication. Our little publications, "The Church" and "The Appeal," pay £120 a-year to our anti-knowledge governors. Were not the Editorship gratuitous they must be dropped, or diminished in size; and had we this £120, we could present our readers with considerable improvements. *As to newspapers*, now a necessary of life, the impediments placed in their way are disgraceful beyond what our readers can imagine. And so well have these anti-knowledge devices worked, that we have but 11 daily papers, while America, with its inferior population, has upwards of 200!* Here, daily papers cost 5d.; there, an excellent one may be had for 2d., and great numbers of penny papers too. In England, our *educating* Government allows the halfpenny press to publish the most disgusting ribaldry weekly, or daily if it pleases, *untaxed*; but if it presume to publish the simple *news of the day*, it visits it with tremendous Exchequer penalties! Now, as it is certain that the masses would prefer *news* if they could afford it, to almost everything else, the large circulation of all this moral poison must be in great part charged on our anti-knowledge governors. The taxes on foreign books and on advertisements are peculiarly objectionable. The amount they raise is not large. By the latter tax, a *servant* advertising for a place must pay as much for a few lines as railway companies for one or two columns! Let the lovers of a FREE PRESS and the diffusion of KNOWLEDGE be up and doing!

THE IRISH CHURCH.

We have heard no further particulars of the intended campaign against the Irish Church under the auspices of Mr. Roebuck. Our readers must, however, hold themselves in readiness for action. Mr. R. has pronounced it "*the greatest Ecclesiastical abomination in Europe.*" How justly, the following facts will shew. Of course we hold all Establishments to be "abominable" in the sight of God; but there are degrees of abominableness—in what degree will the following facts place the Irish Church?—

1. Out of 8,000,000 people, 700,000 only are Episcopalians.

2. The revenues of the Church for this little minority amount to £807,533.

3. The probates of wills for eleven bishops amounted to £1,875,000,—the highest left behind him £400,000,—the lowest £25,000! It would be instructive, no doubt, could we compare with these the wills of twelve apostles, of whom these eleven boasted themselves the successors.

4. The cost of this Church is enormously enhanced by the 40,000 soldiers and police required chiefly for its defence,—required to murder men, women, and children at Rathcormick,—to collect tithes for the teachers of the religion of Jesus of Nazareth.

5. There are

10	livings from	£2,000	to £2,600	per ann.
20	„	1,500	to 2,000	„
23	„	1,200	to 1,500	„
48	„	1,000	to 1,200	„
74	„	800	to 1,000	„
148	„	600	to 800	„

6. There are 2,384 parishes; of these, 155 have no Churches and no Protestants! 895 have under 50 Episcopalians (including men, women, and children). There are, also, 223 benefices with under 50 Protestants each; 75 dignities or prebends with *no duties;* 96 more mere sinecures. The Dean of Raphoe has £1,491, Archdeacon of Meath £731, Precentor of Lismore £448, with no duties at all to perform. In 7 benefices the Protestants amount to 62; Clergymen and Churches to 0; but tithes to £2,889 11s., £46 12s. per head! In 8 parishes, Episcopalians 173, Tithes £4,860, or £28 each!

Verily this *sample* amply justifies Mr. Roebuck's assertion. Nor can even a Whig Government have the impudence to resist for long a combined attack on this shameless imposition.

The devout reader must heave a sigh of deep grief, on reflecting that all this has been placed before a half civilized people as the representative of the church of the blessed Saviour. Wealth, avarice, oppression, and a murderous soldiery, these things have preached to Irish Catholics the superiority of Protestantism to Popery! "O Lord, how long!"

MR. STUART WORTLEY'S MARRIAGE BILL.

In our last number we promised to present our readers with a form of Petition to Parliament on the above subject. The following is one recommended to the Churches of the Yorkshire Association by their Civil Questions' Committee; and we earnestly hope that all our Churches will, before next session of Parliament, see that it is laid before their members, and extensively signed:—

To the Honourable the Commons of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and

* In America, our own Denomination has several newspapers, so have other christian Denominations. Indeed, every good cause can afford to start its newspaper. *A penny or threehalfpenny Baptist newspaper* would soon appear in England if the present movement should succeed.

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Ireland in Parliament assembled, the Petition of the undersigned Members of the Church and Congregation assembling in Chapel, . Sheweth,

That your petitioners have seen with regret, that the Bill introduced into your Honourable House for declaring legal the marriage of a man with the sister of his deceased wife, has been so long hindered from being passed into a law.

That your petitioners consider such marriages to be not only scriptural and natural, but in many cases even *commendable*.

That as *Protestant Dissenters* they consider it a *special hardship and grievance* to be restricted in their christian liberty by a law having no foundation in scripture or social necessity, but enacted and defended on the authority of the canons of a Church from which *they* entirely dissent.

That the present law presses with peculiar hardship on the *poor*; who, partly not being aware of its existence, and partly being without the means to celebrate a marriage in real or apparent evasion of the law, either make false statements before the officials employed by the State in the marriage ceremony, or live involuntarily in illegitimate connexion.

That your petitioners by no means wish clergymen who consider the canons of the Church as binding on their own consciences in *this* particular (however they disregard them in others), to be compelled to perform the marriage service in such cases, but only that when they occur a legal form of marriage may be open to all, and that the scruples of the *few* may not harrass and coerce all those who differ from them.

Your petitioners therefore pray,

1stly. That full liberty in respect to such marriages may be granted to all British subjects.

2ndly. That in the event of the successful opposition of the heads of the Church to conferring such liberty on the members of their own Church, the legislature would forthwith confer on *Protestant* Dissenters the fullest liberty to celebrate such marriages by the forms which are or may be in use among them.

CONFERENCE APOLOGIES.

The irresponsible inquisitors have at last found it needful to plead before the bar of public opinion. We have had time merely to glance at the defences, but hope more fully to notice them ere long. It is well known that some of the bitterest satires on Popish and Church of England inquisitors, are the *courts* which they constitute, the *laws* they enact, the *usages* they take for granted as innocent, and the *principles* and *doctrines* they denounce as unquestionable heresy. Every English Roman Catholic blushes for the Ecclesiastical tribunals and trials of byegone days, just as every man worthy the name of a Briton blushes for the Bishop of Exeter's Ecclesiastical court, and for all others too. Just so it appears to us that these defences are the *irretrievable* disgrace of Methodism. Issuing from their own book-room, there they are, defending "*brotherly questioning*" and the trials conducted on that now immortalized process; defending it as innocently and self-complacently as possible!. They write of it with all the *pious* ease with which a Lord would assert the consistency of a Star-Chamber with a State-Church. How can that be wrong which Methodist Conferences and District Meetings long practised, and then sanctioned by a definite law in 1835? So entirely has despotism or subjection to it blinded the consciences of Englishmen! We have heard of similar *individual* cases amongst Congregationalists, but they have always been followed by entire denunciation from the rest. While the world and the church are crying open shame on the law, and on the trials under it,—while infidelity is gloating over Christianity disgraced in the eyes of freemen, Methodism cooly replies, "*We are consistent with ourselves!*" If so, if "brotherly questioning" be consistent Methodism, we earnestly long for its destruction. Such a system must make its ministers a clique of hypocrites, slaves, or tyrants, totally unfit to be the teachers of freedom-loving Britons.

CHRISTIANITY AND THE AGE.

We are pleased to observe that a course of eight Lectures is about to be delivered in London, by Mr. Edward Miall, the able editor of the Nonconformist, on the Religion of the Times in its relations to the requirements of christianity and the wants of the age. We have no doubt they will be largely attended by those who reside in the metropolis, though, for the advantage of residents in the country, we presume they will afterwards be published. May we be permitted to suggest our hope that, while the Lectures are printed in a readable form, they should also be published at such a price as will place them within the reach of our intelligent and thoughtful young men? To them, if we are not mistaken, they will furnish a rich intellectual repast, as well as views of the important subject discussed, suggested by enlarged thought and extensive observation.

JOHN STREET, GRAY'S INN LANE.

The Hon. and Rev. B. W. Noel, M.A., has accepted an invitation to take charge of the church which for more than thirty years has enjoyed the ministrations of the Rev. James Harrington Evans. The health of Mr. Evans, which has long been declining, having become so infirm that temporary assistence would no longer suffice, he expressed his desire some weeks ago that arrangements for the pastorate might be made. As soon as the church learnt, therefore, that legal difficulties would prevent the fulfilment of the contract into which some of Mr. Noel's friends had entered for a place of worship in the vicinity, they met and unanimously invited Mr. Noel. He promptly responded to the invitation, and has commenced his pastoral duties. The chapel is now closed for repairs, but it will be re-opened, probably, early in November.

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THE CHURCH.

"Built upon the foundation of the Apostles and Prophets, Jesus Christ himself being the chief corner-stone."—Eph. ii. 20.

DECEMBER, 1849.

THE DIVERSITIES OF DEATH.

BY THE REV. J. J. BROWN, OF READING.

"A time to die."—*Eccles.* 3. ii.

"It is appointed unto men once to die." This is the irreversible decree of Jehovah, and the penal consequence of sin. It is the condition and law of our existence. The very day of our birth tends to death us well as to life. We cannot think or speak of death but as an absolute certainty. Every individual knows that he must die. It is almost the only certainty to which we can attain. This world is the empire of death. We can trace his operations in the decay and dissolution of the vegetable world, in the varied races of the animal creation, and in the successive generations of the human family. In the human frame the seeds of dissolution are thickly scattered. In its best estate it is frail and perishable. It is a mechanism singularly delicate and fragile. The very aliment which sustains it often becomes the agency of dissolution. The slightest attack of disease shakes it. Invisible atoms floating in the atmosphere around us minister to its decay and dissolution. Where there is no disease and no violence, we silently, slowly, but surely and constantly, wear away. We "die daily." This is the law of our nature. Every pulsation leaves one less to be beaten. Every breath brings nearer the last moment. In solitude and in society, conscious and unconscious, the decaying process goes forward. "Death works in us." Stroke is added to stroke with unceasing industry. One part of the frame is weakened, and another is undermined. The woodman passes through the forest, and marks the timber for felling. The traces of death's proprietorship are strictly discernible in most. At the "appointed" hour the decisive stroke is given, and the "dust" returns to the "earth" as it was, and the "spirit" returns "to the God who gave it."

There is "a time to die." There is a fixed, determinate period when the life shall cease. The approach and ravages of death are subjected to law, and regulated by the Supreme Arbiter. The duration of human life is no wise regulated by chance. There is nothing fortuitous about the expiring moment. It is as certain as the rising and setting of the sun, and the varying phases through which the moon passes. The day, the hour, the instant, the place, the circumstances under which the spirit will take its departure, have all been foreseen. In sovereignty and mercy they are concealed from us. This concealment is a part of the discipline of the present state. The fact that there is a moment marked out by the eternal mind for each of us "to die," will hardly be disputed; *when* the time will arrive, the most acute can never divine.

The "time to die" presents wonderful variety. The cemeteries of our

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land display no uniformity in the size of the mounds which cover the departed. The memorials of the earthly pilgrimages of the occupants of the tomb, exhibit endless diversity. There is no moment in the annals of time, perhaps, from the solitary breath which constituted the term of some earthly lives to the longest period of human existence, which has not been marked by the departure of some spirit from time to eternity. The "time to die" seems occasionally warded off by human skill and watchfulness. The time of departure is sometimes announced by weakness and decay, as the streaks gilding the eastern horizon herald the orb of day. In other cases the "time to die" bursts upon us with all the velocity of the lightning flash, and with no messenger to intimate its nearness. In the time, in the mode, and in the circumstances, while all is immutably arranged and settled, there is infinite variety in the dispensations of God and the destinies of man.

There is endless diversity in the measure of life. There is a "time to die," but it comes with varying strides. To multitudes it comes very early. Of some, it can scarcely be said that they have lived at all. Like tender, delicate buds they die ere they open. They just open their eyes upon this sublunary scene and close them at once. They just breathe our tainted atmosphere and can hardly bear a second inspiration. They just open their lips, but it is only to utter their departing farewell. They are taken away in absolute mental and moral unconsciousness. They have hardly felt a pang consequent upon introduction to a sinful world. They have contracted no positive stain in their brief earthly career. They fled from its sorrows, pains, and pollutions. They pay the penal consequences of sin—death; and equity asks no more. Their faculties have to be developed in a higher and more congenial state. They have to be educated and perfected in heaven. It is a striking fact in the economy of our world, that the "time to die" is with myriads almost coincident with the "time to be born." It is a deeply mysterious part of the divine arrangement. It baffles human skill to comprehend it, and can only be resolved into the divine pleasure. The disclosures of eternity may chase away the shadows of time. To others, the "time to die" is more slow in its approach. They survive the perils of childhood and youth. The physical frame becomes compact and hard. The mental powers are developed and matured. They pass through many years. They witness various and mighty changes. They engage with all the ardour and strength of manhood in the pursuits of life. Some, impelled by insatiable love of gain; some, urged on by the fierce passions of ambition and conquest; some, consumed, as by a slow fever, by the love of knowledge and science; some, not counting their lives dear so that they might win their fellow-men to Christ. In the very height of their schemes the "time to die" comes. It waits not that the merchant may witness the result of the last venture. It tarries not till the statesman see the issues of the last stroke of national policy which he has conceived. It delays not till the philosopher has solved the new problem on which his thoughts are engrossed, and which he hopes will carry his fame to distant lands and the latest posterity. It waits not till the minister has composed a new discourse, or has enforced the last by a new and more thrilling appeal. From the exchange, the council-board, the study, the pulpit, they are hurried to eternity. In the pursuit of life death comes. The wheels of life stop in the midst of their most rapid movements. The fountain of life becomes congealed at the moment when its waters are at the highest temperature. The "time to die" startles them just when they thought the time to live was in possession. To some few the "time to die" is very slow in its advance. "Three score years and ten" are not the limits of their existence. They pass into the stage of life in which their very strength is "labour and

sorrow." They have survived the world to which they properly belonged. Twice has Death passed through his domains, and on an average smitten every one of his subjects. They seem to have escaped his notice or to have defied his power. They appear to have a charmed existence. Their "time" has not yet come. There is a spell about them which nothing but the progress of time can break. They belong more to the dead than to the living. Their affections, their sympathies, their thoughts, are with the departed. They appear to have lived too long in this world, and yet it is soon to remove them to another. They have had all the discipline which earth can furnish, and yet are wholly unfit for heaven. They are fragments of extinct generations: examples, perhaps, of how long human sin and God's forbearance can travel together. But their "time to die" comes at last. The measure of their days is at length filled up. The flickering taper is at last quenched. The stiff, groaning, creaking machine is stopped. The spirit which had been worn down by the infirmities of matter is now released. There was no mistake concerning them. There was no derangement in the divine plans with regard to them. There was no oversight or forgetfulness respecting them. Their "time to die" was fixed and settled; but their time to live was long. It is almost as great a mystery why some are spared so long, as why others are removed so soon. Both are founded in wisdom; both are designed in mercy.

There is infinite variety in the modes of death. The diversity in the manner of death is as great as in the measure of life. To some, death comes suddenly. He sends no messenger to prepare his way. There are no indications of his advances. There are no hints which intimate the approach of autumn, and the presence of decay. There is no failing in the powers of life. There is no weaning of the soul from this world, before it is ushered into another. There is no gradual familiarizing of the soul with the idea of dissolution. The tie of life is severed in a moment. The spirit is ushered into eternity in an instant. Death comes, like a "thief in the night," without expectation or warning. "In such an hour as we think not," the summons is issued, and the soul is required. In other cases, death comes slowly. There are many warnings of his approach. There is sometimes a long season of weakness, suffering, and sorrow. There is so much done, by the subordinates of death, that there seems but little for the principal to accomplish. The body and mind are utterly prostrated. The "vital spark" has often flickered on the point of extinction: a short time longer and the dissolution must come. The soul seems to stand on the very borders of the invisible state. It appears to have greater contact with the other world than it has with the present. It seems to be placed on a kind of intermediate spot between time and eternity. It is dead to this world, and yet has not commenced life in the other. It clings with a feeble and ever-weakening grasp to this mortal state. The spirit still nestles amid the very ruins of the tabernacle in which it had so long dwelt.

This great diversity in the measure of life, and in the manner of death, is absolutely unknown to us. No one can form the slightest conception whether his career will be short or long, or whether his end will be sudden and unwarned, or will be preceded by distinct and repeated intimations of its approach. No prophetic eye has seen the space over which life may pass. No art of divination can discover it. No conjunction in the heavenly bodies will throw a ray of light upon it. No voice from heaven will ever announce it. It is absolutely and hopelessly concealed from us. It is among the mysteries which it is "the glory of God to conceal," and the folly of man to attempt to penetrate. There is "a time to die" for each and for all of us, for the young and the old, the weak and the strong, the godly and the profane; when that may come, no one can tell. There is

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an agency whose province it will be to effect the dissolution of the body and soul; whether rapidly or slowly, violently or gently, no one can predict. Our "times are in the hands of the Lord." When, how, where, we shall die, are points which are wrapped up in the eternal counsels of the Deity.

THE YOUNG IN OUR CONGREGATIONS.

No. 2.

BY THE REV. S. GREEN, OF WALWORTH.

The care for the spiritual welfare of the young in a congregation will largely occupy, as we have seen, the thoughts and the labour of the faithful pastor. The church also will share in his expressions of solicitude, and must aid them by direct effort, if any considerable amount of good is to be realized.

Christian parents will, of course, be concerned for their own children, and will leave no legitimate means of bringing them and the pastor into kindly communication with each other untried. Good has resulted from gathering the young of two or three families together for the purpose of such communication; but, for obvious reasons, there may be less hope from such means than from the encouragement of intercourse more directly personal and private. The social party, for this purpose, invests itself with attributes too directly religious to attract minds not already favourable to godliness; its aim is too obvious; and no care can prevent intrusions, the tendency of which is to defeat the purpose in view. I have often mourned over the failure of efforts such as these, though they were unquestionably well intended. Let an earnest and intelligent pastor, however, have free access to each child and young person in the families of his flock; let our youth be encouraged to put themselves in the way of the pastor, and to bring their enquiries and little difficulties, in connexion with religious matters, to him for counsel and instruction; teach every young member of the families of our congregations to regard him as a friend and adviser; and by these means the intercourse will be secured which he will turn to good account.

Against one thing christian parents, and all who have the young under their care, should be especially watchful, since it does more harm in hindering a minister's usefulness in families than almost any thing else. This one thing is the lessening of the respect in which the young are always disposed to hold the pastor. The criticism to which the pulpit is often subjected can scarcely fail to have this effect; nor is the effect obviated by directing criticism to other pulpits rather than to that under which the family where it is made is placed. Every thing said and done in relation to the ministry of the word of life, from whatever lips, should uphold the importance of that ministry, and invest it with attractiveness. We should study to awaken an affectionate regard towards those who labour in word and doctrine, if we would have our youth prepared to receive their labours and to benefit by them.

Perhaps, too, christian parents might promote the spiritual welfare of their own children, and of others also, by availing themselves of Sunday school labour for those children. Not only are Sunday schools attached to our congregations, but happily the object of these schools has of late come to be, in a much more direct and decided form than heretofore, the conversion of children to God. They are not now institutions merely to further the arts of reading and spelling. They have a higher object. The word of God is explained, the consciences of the young are aimed at. Teachers, who enter properly into their work, seek to lead the children

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of their classes to the Saviour. Can there be any good reason why these aims should be confined exclusively or chiefly to the children of the poor? If, in pursuing these aims, teachers are wise, devoted, and judicious, there can scarcely be a christian parent in any station in life to whom, if his own children attended the Sunday school, assistance, to say the least, might not be given, in the great work of religiously training his family. I might urge other considerations, such as the influence of the example which this Sunday school attendance will have on the parties for whose benefit it is confessed Sunday schools have been chiefly designed, and the encouragement it offers to faithful and devoted teachers; but I am content with this one consideration. Let a Sunday school be what it ought to be, and there is not a family in any congregation that may not have reason to be thankful if it should obtain the benefits it confers. To bring the youthful members of our households to the saving knowledge of truth, is a matter of too great importance to allow of fastidiousness as to the means by which it may be accomplished. Let all means be tried, and if happily success has been realized, let the youthful convert be retained as long as possible in the situation where, having been himself benefited, he may also benefit others.

Let a Sunday school be what it ought to be. A great deal is confessedly involved in this postulate. Perhaps Sunday schools seldom are so. Teachers should not only be pious but intelligent; they must be kind, persevering, hearty, and well furnished instructors; between the school and the church a close and affectionate sympathy must exist; and just as in a nursery for valued plants, the situation, the soil, the culture, are carefully observed, so in the Sunday school, the utmost care and attention will be required, if we would rear the seedling, or bring the plant to the vigour and strength required for its removal to the spot it is designed to occupy. But here again is an appropriate sphere for the solicitude of the church on behalf of the young. Let the school be made, and that by the church, all that it ought to be; accommodation for the classes, time for instruction, and books as apparatus, are all matters of high moment which the church may not neglect; but the chief thing which they can do for the Sunday school is to employ the very best members they have in the work of teaching. The instruction of the young ought not to be left to a few persons, zealous, anxious to do good, but perhaps all of them neophytes, recruiting their numbers from time to time, as best they may, from well disposed young men and women of the same standing with themselves; the church must regard the teaching of the young as a business for itself to conduct; it should select the instrumentality; it should maintain a kindly watchfulness over the working of that instrumentality; it should feel, in one word, that if it is worth while to teach at all it is worth while to teach well. Nor is there a department of christian labour in which the church can be more appropriately occupied, and upon which it is encouraged to expect a greater measure of the divine blessing (Isaiah xliv. 3—5).

That the elder members of churches, deacons, or deaconesses, should consider themselves called upon to take a very active part in catechising and otherwise instructing the young of our congregations, out of their own families, may be regarded as somewhat utopian. We judge rather from what is, than from what should be, and therefore we may not expect much effort of this kind; and yet surely few efforts can be more seemly, or more promising of usefulness. We must make the religious instruction of our young people more entirely the business of such as themselves know the truth, ere we can expect much intelligent reception of pulpit teaching, or much cordial consecration of the young around us to God.

It must, however, be borne in mind that instruction only, though of the best kind, will not accomplish good, without the grace which cometh from

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God. Prayer must accompany every labour, and if the church have special seasons of prayer for the young in their midst, the young for whom they devise and execute methods of usefulness, and if, moreover, parents, teachers, pastors, all, in one word, who seek to bring the young to Christ, implore guidance and help from above in this particular work, it may be expected that much more abundantly than now *our sons will be as plants grown up in their youth, and our daughters as corner-stones, polished after the similitude of a palace.*

THE SILENT MONITOR.

As we always need counsel, caution, or admonition, the Lord seems to have placed preachers in every situation, to teach, instruct, and do us good, if we will listen to them. He that is willing to learn will never need an instructor. I have often been struck with the thought, that everything appears to convey a lesson to the docile and spiritual mind. As I was riding to Amersham a short time ago, having never passed that road before, I was engaged in noticing the objects of interest that presented themselves, and observing the number of miles and the mile-stones we passed on the road. At length we came to one mile-stone which seemed to have nothing to communicate, for every letter was effaced. Well, I thought, here is an instructive monitor. This stone does not answer the design for which it was placed here, but it may answer another. Does it not resemble many old professors of religion? Are they not like this old mile-stone? Does not this mile-stone very well represent them? Notice,—

First, *Where it stood.* It was in the road, in its proper place. Just so these persons appear to be in the road to heaven, and we hope they are, in one sense, in their proper place. But they make no progress. There they are now, just where they were twenty or thirty years ago. When we first knew them, they were just what they now are. They talk just the same. They walk just the same. They had come to a certain point where they made a dead stop, and we have seen no advancement since. They appear to know no more of themselves, no more of Christ, no more of the excellency of real religion than they did. They are old babes, and need that one teach them again what be the first principles of the doctrine of Christ. They have no more zeal for God, no more love to souls, no more liberality in God's cause, no more concern for the improvement or increase of the church than they had years ago. There they *stand*, but they should *run* the race set before them. There they *stand*, but they should *work* while it is called to-day. There they *stand*, but they should *press on* toward the mark for the prize. There they *stand*, but they should *move on*, saying to those about them, "Come with us, and we will do you good." Notice,—

Secondly, *What it had been.* It had been once an instructive stone, its characters were plain, and its design evident. Well, so some professors. Years ago we thought we could make them out. It appeared as if the Lord had engraved the engraving that was upon them. We fancied they were the epistles of Christ, written with the finger of the living God. They were not only in their places, but they appeared to be ornaments, and instructive monuments. You might hear them speaking in the Sabbath-school, you might see them distributing the religious tract, you might observe them endeavouring to bring others under the word. But they left off these things by degrees. They appeared to forget the design of their being brought into the church. They gradually sunk down into a state of selfishness. The letters were by degrees erased, and now there

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they stand; and if a stranger were to try to discover by them what real religion is, or seek direction from their conduct in the heavenly road, he would seek in vain. Alas, the gold is become dim; the wine is mixed with water! They are not what they were once. Notice,—

Thirdly, *What it was now.* A mere useless lump of stone. It occupied the place of a good mile-stone. It deceived the traveller who sought to learn the distance from Amersham by it. True, it did no positive harm; but then it did no good. How many useless members are there in the church of Christ! There they are standing idle all the day long. Others may toil, but they will not stir. Others may give, but they will not part with their cash. Others may mourn over the low estate of Zion, but they are not affected. They are mere church lumber, useless mile-stones, cumberers of the ground. Ah, they say, things were so different when I was young! When I first joined the church, I did so and so, and so and so! Well, but why not try and make things different now? Why not do something now, if you used to work once? No, I leave it to the younger members. Indeed! and who signed your discharge from service? Who gave you leave to retire into inglorious ease? If you are to remain a member of the church, you ought to work *for* the church and *with* the church; and if you do not, how can the Master at last call you a "good and faithful servant?" Notice,—

Fourthly, *What it needed.* It needed to be renewed. It wanted the iron chisel, the heavy mallet, and the mason's strong arm. Many a blow would be necessary before it would appear a useful, intelligible mile-stone. And what do these professors need? Need! they also need to be renewed. They want the power of the Holy Spirit to be put forth in their experience; they want the hammer of God's word brought down with force upon the conscience; and they need some iron dispensation to make them feel their condition, and engrave them afresh. And if they were placed where they are by the Lord's hand, they will be so dealt with. If gentle means will not do, severe measures will be resorted to. The Lord will melt and try them. He will turn his hand upon them, and will thoroughly purge away their dross, and take away all their tin. Our churches need the power of the Holy Spirit put forth in them. Many of our members require to be roughly handled, for they are settled upon their lees. We may warn them, exhort them, invite them, threaten them; but it is like trying to engrave the old hardened mile-stone with a feather. Nothing short of the power of God will do. The Holy Spirit must come upon us as of old, or there will be no effectual work, no permanent change.

Reader, where are you? In the church or in the world? Are you *standing* in the way, instead of *running* the race? Are you *idle*, instead of being *active*? Have you ever been different to what you are now? Were you once more lively, more spiritual, more zealous, more active, more entirely devoted to God? If so, how do you account for the change? How do you justify it? How can you be satisfied with it? Are you *useless*? If so, how can you be happy? How can you have patience with yourself? How will you face the Lord when he comes to take an account of his servants? What will you say for yourself? You dishonour God's cause. You dispirit God's servants. You mislead young professors. You do incalculable mischief by the course you are pursuing. "Repent, therefore, and be converted, that your sins may be blotted out." You need renewing, seek it. Seek it daily. Seek it heartily. Seek it, and never rest until you obtain it. Do not be like the useless mile-stone, and give occasion to your friends to say, "That is just like brother ——; but arise, repent, reform, and consecrate your energies to the Lord.

New Park-Street, London. JAMES SMITH.

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Biblical.

ORIGIN OF INFANT BAPTISM.

SECOND ARTICLE.

In our February Number, we presented our readers with some testimonies, from the first modern Pædobaptist scholars on the Continent, respecting the origin of Infant Baptism,* and illustrated the very great value of the argument, as testimony from the most competent judges naturally biassed the other way. Before the year closes, we insert a few more which have been sent to us, as our readers would like to have them in the same volume. We have had already ample proof that the opinions of Foreign Divines on this subject have shaken, and even awakened and enlightened, several candid Pædobaptists; and the miserable tinkering of Neander and Jacobi's article on Baptism in Kitto's valuable Cyclopædia, *after it was out of the learned editor's hands* —a subject we shall deal with again—shews how much they dread these necessarily *truthful* witnesses. The first, and it is a very valuable one, was sent us by J. E. Ryland, Esq. of Northampton; it is from the pen of the great Leibnitz. It is remarkable that our greater or equally great Newton, who was the compeer of Leibnitz, should have borne substantially the same testimony in his celebrated remark, that "the Baptists are the only denomination of christians who have not symbolized with the Church of Rome!" Certainly the concurrent opinion of two of the greatest philosophers whom the world ever saw, and great scholars too, is entitled to *some* consideration, an opinion given, too, in opposition to educational prepossessions. The remainder were kindly forwarded by Mr. E. B. Underhill.

From LEIBNITZ'S SYSTEM OF THEOLOGY, according to the Hanover Manuscript, translated into German (with the Latin text in parallel columns) by Dr. Räss and Dr. Weiss, with a preface by Mr. Lorenz Doller, formerly professor of Æsthetics at Heidelberg. Third enlarged edition, with an introduction by both the translators, with the approbation of the Right Reverend Grand Vicariate. Maintz, 1825:—

"We will now speak particularly of the Sacraments, and, first, of Baptism; but briefly, since the controversies respecting it, up to the present time, are not very numerous or important. *It must be confessed, that without the authority of the church the baptism of children could not be adequately defended. For there is no example in its favour in the sacred Scriptures, which appear, besides water, to demand faith also. To attribute faith, however, as some do, to those who cannot yet use their reason, is far too arbitrary and delusive, and quite destitute of probability.* For, as St. Augustine says, in his letter to Dardanus, 'If we wish to shew in *words*, that children who are not acquainted with human things, yet comprehend divine things, I fear lest we do injustice to our senses, since we use speech to persuade in a case where the evidence of the truth surpasses all the powers and purposes of speech.' Hence it appears to me, that *those who reject church authority, cannot sustain the attacks of the Anabaptists.*"

Dr. CHR. LUDW. COUARD of Berlin, says—

"'He who believeth and is baptized,' says the Lord, 'shall be saved.' As faith and baptism are constantly so closely connected together, men might reasonably hesitate to baptize infants, inasmuch as faith would with them be impossible. Neither has the Lord himself ordained Infant Baptism. As little also can we prove strictly and convincingly that the apostles baptized children, although we know that they baptized whole families, and we might justly† suppose that there were children among them." (*The Life of Christians during the first three centuries, p.* 202. *Clark's Cabinet Library, vol.* 33.)

CH. FRIEDR. RÖSSLER, says—

"Our first question is, Whether the ancient church in the times of which we speak (the first three centuries), generally baptized children, or deemed it essential to baptize them. I must truly confess, that so far as I have hitherto perused the fathers, no clear and certain proof has come before

* The article was republished separately, and may be had at a farthing each, or two shillings per hundred. "The Verdict of an Impartial Jury, on the Origin of Infant Baptism." London: Benjamin L. Green.

† "Justly!" See the admirable quotations on this subject from Mr. Noel's book on Baptism in our last Number.

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me, adequate to establish it, prior to Origen, although there are a few passages which render it not without probability." (*Lehrbegriff der Christlichen Kirche in den drei ersten Jahrhunderten, p.* 299.)

Dr. J. Aug. Starck, chaplain to the Court of Hesse, says—

"It cannot be denied, that no example can be cited from the books of the New Testament that the apostles and disciples of the Lord baptized children and babes; for though, again and again, it is said that the apostles baptized whole households, there is, nevertheless, in this nothing to constrain us to think that little children were baptized; rather, the contrary may with good reason be presumed, if we look back to those places in which assent is given to the preaching of the apostles. At least, in these places there is no stronger proof for Infant Baptism than is that which might be drawn from corresponding passages in favour of the participation of little children in the Supper of the Lord. Therefore have there been learned men who have esteemed Infant Baptism, no less than the admission of children to the Supper, as an institution which first arose *after* the times of the apostles." (*Geschichte der Taufe, &c. p.* 10.)

Dr. Lobegott Lange, Professor in the University of Jena, says—

"Would the Protestant Church fulfil and attain to its final destiny, the baptism of new-born children must of necessity be abolished. It has sunk down to a mere formality, without any religious meaning for the child, and stands in contradiction to the fundamental doctrines of the Reformers, on the advantage and use of the sacraments. It cannot, from any point of view, be justified by the Holy Scriptures, and owes its origin, as well as its retention by the Reformers, to the antiscriptural and irrational idea, that children, because of original sin, are born under the power of the devil, and exposed to eternal condemnation." (*Geschichte des Protestantismus, pp.* 34, 35.)

"It must now be granted by every unprejudiced reader [Kenner] of Holy Scripture and christian antiquity, that the baptism of new-born children was altogether unknown to primitive christianity." (*Ibid, p.* 221.)*

Dr. J. W. F. Höfling, Professor of Practical Theology at Erlangen, says—

"Truly an historical proof of Infant Baptism cannot be cited from the Holy Scriptures; for although children may have been baptized by the apostles in those passages in which the baptism of entire families is spoken of, there happens to be no mention made of the existence or presence of young children in them." [des Vorhandengewesenseyns unmündiger Kinder in jenen Häusern nicht zugleich Erwähnung geschieht]. (*Das Sacrament der Taufe, vol* i. *p.* 99.)

"As to the *history* of Infant Baptism, sure enough it cannot be denied that prior to Tertullian, nowhere is it mentioned in express and altogether precise terms, and even Tertullian himself speaks out against it." (*Ibid*, p. 104.)

Baumgarten—Crusius, say—

"Infant Baptism can be supported neither by a distinct apostolical tradition, nor by apostolical practice." (*History of Theology, p.* 1208.—*In Hinton's History of Baptism, p.* 223.)

Myers, of Gottingen, says—

"Baptism without faith never appears in the Scripture, and is contrary to Matt. xxviii. 19. The early and continued opposition to Infant Baptism, would have been inexplicable, if it had been an undoubted apostolical institution." (*Comment. New Test.* iii. 25.—*Hinton, p.* 223.)

Rheinwald, p. 313, says—

"The *first traces* of Infant Baptism are found in the Western church *after* the middle of the second century, and it was the subject of controversy in proconsular Africa towards the end of this century. Notwithstanding the recommendation of it by the Fathers, it never became a general ecclesiastical institution till the age of Augustine." (*Hinton, p.* 242.)

J. Jacobi, of the University of Berlin, and intimate friend of Neander, says—

"Infant Baptism was established neither by Christ nor the apostles. In all places where we find the necessity of Baptism notified, either in a dogmatic or historical point of view, it is evident that it was only meant for those who were capable of comprehending the word preached, and of being converted to Christ by an act of their own will. A pretty sure testimony of its non-existence in the apostolic age, may be inferred from 1 Cor. vii. 14, since Paul would certainly have referred to the baptism of children for their holiness. But even in later times, several teachers of the church,

* These testimonies are fuller than the one we gave in February.

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such as Tertullian and others, reject this custom; indeed, his church in general (that of North Africa) adhered longer than others to the primitive regulations. Even when baptism of children was already theoretically derived from the apostles, its *practice* was, nevertheless, for a long time, confined to a maturer age." (*Article, Baptism, in Kitto's Cyclopædia, vol.* i. *p.* 287). [*In more recent copies this passage is suppressed. Why?*]

We cannot answer this last question from certain knowledge. We *know* that the *honest* statements of Neander, through his friend Jacobi, are left out, and a worthless mass of uninteresting matter put in its place. Dr. Kitto, with admirable judgment, in order to give freshness to a topic on which little new could be expected from England, put the article into the hands of a foreigner, confessedly one of the most competent of his age to pronounce an opinion on a question of Ecclesiastical History. We understand that the pædobaptist interpolators who have substituted the *trivialties* of Dr. Halley, &c., for the valuable *information* from Neander, are probably an Independent divine and a bookseller at Edinburgh. We think the public ought to demand a revision of the whole Cyclopædia by Dr. Kitto; since if they have altered, in like manner, other Contributors' articles, *retaining the Contributors' names*, but giving us no warning of having altered their statements, we may be relying on the opinion of some prejudiced sciolist, while we *suppose* we have that of a first-rate writer.

Tales and Sketches.

OLD PETER.

Scarcely had the bell ceased ringing the second time when every one of Mr. Smith's slaves came crowding into the yard, and formed a large circle. Immediately a man appeared in the centre, carrying in his left hand some pieces of cord, and in his right hand a heavy lash. Shortly after, came two, bearing between them an aged slave who was about to be flogged. Every eye was instantly fixed on old Peter; with all he was a favourite, to every one he had been a friend, and each one loved him. Many tears started and trickled down their cheeks when, with corded hands, they saw their beloved teacher bound to the stake, and stripped to receive his lashes. Many prayers had that morning ascended on his behalf, that God would strengthen, support, and enable him to endure the punishment with Christian fortitude; and many there would willingly have suffered in his stead, but durst not offer themselves. At length Mr. Smith himself arrived, and a shudder went round the circle. Mounting the steps on which the executioner was to stand, he commenced, as usual on such occasions, to harangue the slaves. Pointing to Peter, he proclaimed, "This slave has served me longer and better than any of you. At length I find he is devoting his time to reading and praying—what I cannot allow, and for which he shall be flogged. But let me find any one else daring to read or pray without permission from me or my overseer, and their punishment, instead of fifty, shall be five hundred lashes."

At this moment his little daughter Jane, who had just finished dressing, hearing her mother and some one talking seriously in the next room, ran in and enquired the cause. "Ah," answered her mother, "Old Peter's being flogged." Without a moment's hesitation Jane flew down stairs into the yard, pushed through the slaves, and running up, threw her arms around his bleeding body, exclaiming, with a burst of tears, "Oh, Peter!" Her voice more than her presence surprised the executioner, whose uplifted lash was descending for the tenth time. That cry had unnerved his arm; its earnestness had awoke his feelings; although used to scenes of blood, tears filled his eyes, and scarcely could he refrain from repeating, "Oh, Peter!" Mr. Smith himself, with all his hardness of heart, was melted by his daughter's compassion; beckoning the executioner to come down, he again mounted the steps, and vainly trying to look harsh, proclaimed in an altered voice, "Unbind him, let one see to his wounds, and the rest take their work." Leading Jane by the hand, he quickly returned to the house, and for some minutes strove to conquer his kindling emotions. At length, looking her full in the face, he said, "But why, Jane, were you so interested in Old Peter?" "Oh, father," she

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replied, "last time you were from home, I went to hear them speak about the love of Jesus. And how he did tell of that love which made him leave heaven, come to earth, and suffer and die for you and me. After meeting was over, he came home with me, and all the way spake about the great Saviour—often repeating in thankful amazement—

'Oh, where was ever love like his,
Him die for nigger too.'

Although dark when we reached home, I would not go in, so we sat down together in a corner of the yard. After engaging in prayer, and asking God's blessing on you, and mother, and all our friends, he again told me the story of a Saviour's love. Before coming in, we kneeled together, and prayed unto that Saviour that he would make us his, make us like himself, and enable us every day to do as he did while here on earth. Since then I have seldom spoken to him; but every morning and evening, when no one hears me, I prky God to bless and keep him; and he also, I am sure, prays for you and me. Oh, father, were you only at the meeting,—did you hear him speak about the love and death of Jesus,—and see the slaves, not standing straight and looking firm as this morning, but every one holding down their head and crying, you would, oh, I know you would, look, tears would come to your eyes, you would hold down your head, and ever after praise God for bringing you to hear, to rejoice with, to worship with, and to love, Old Peter."

Just then the slave who had led him away, came cautiously in and whispered, "He is dead." Assuming an unwonted courage in his owner's presence, he continued, "And he died praying God to bless little Jane, and make her father as kind and good as she is." He then left the room.

Jane was silent, her heart was full, and she could not speak. Observing her arms yet red with his blood, she hid her face in her hands, and leaning on her father's knee, sobbed aloud. Next day she followed his remains to their last resting-place; few were present, little was spoken, they were mourning in silent grief. Jane stood close on the side of the grave; and the burning tears fell fast as the coffin was covered from sight.

Many flowers, planted by her hands, pointed out to the stranger and passer-by the sacred spot where was sleeping in death "Old Peter."—*The Dew-Drop.*

A CONTRAST.

PICTURE FIRST.

"There was a sound of revelry by night."—*Byron.*

In the saloons of a spacious mansion, in the fashionable part of town, was gathered, and gathering, a large company. It was a noble mansion. Wealth had been lavished upon it, and the inventions of art, for luxury and ease were grouped in tasteful array throughout its lofty rooms. The richly gemmed lamps threw a softened splendour over the carved and figured ceiling. All the various forms that the art of man could fashion from massive mahogany and stainless marble, for the ease of man, were there. Gorgeous tapestry, every heavy fold of which was studiously graceful, might put to shame the richest webs of Tyre. No footfall echoed from the soft and yielding carpet, though many on that night passed over it.

New comers were still pouring in; and as the night grew dark without, the life grew high within. There were men and women of different dispositions, but all of the upper grade, whose misfortune it was to be rich, and whose pride it was to be supercilious. No publicans and sinners were there. Sorry Poverty was not invited and of course did not come, though he cast many a wistful glance to the lofty portal, as he plodded on his way. Shivering Want sighed as he involuntarily halted in the blaze of light that streamed from the windows, and his wondering fancy pictured the comfort and joy within. Let us go in. The Babel of voices swells, and jest and sally are bandied about with untiring industry. The hoary head of age is almost cheated of its frost. The ear of beauty is flattered. The severity of matronly dignity unbends. Even the coxcomb expands his butterfly wings, secure at least in the sunshine of his own approbation. Good elder B. rejoices to see his magnificent rooms so well filled, and fosters the gaiety with well-bred art. Deacon C. has a ready jest for all. Miss D. draws most eloquent music from the splendid piano; and Miss E., the best voice in the choir of a Sunday, after much solicitation, entertains the company with a variety of sentimental and lively songs. The night wanes—the company whirl in the dance. Then comes the feasting, and still the hilarity is "fast and flowing." "Midnight!" sings the watchman; but still the lights flash, the tongues rattle. Dawn, and the party separate, and the clattering wheels go

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out in various directions to convey the tired revellers to their homes and to bed.

PICTURE SECOND.

"And it came to pass in those days, that he went out into a mountain to pray, and continued all night in prayer to God."—*Luke* vi. 12.

The dusky haze of a summer evening was gradually deepening into night. The tall spires of the temple, and its turreted roofs, and its light pinnacles, stood out with bold distinctness against the southern sky. The hum of the flowing multitude came fainter and fainter from the narrow streets, and the evening song floated from many a family group, gathered upon the flat roofs to enjoy the evening twilight. The darker shades of night had already veiled the rugged ravines, and were stealing up to the summits of the mountains. The song of the wayfaring man was hushed, and the distant tinkling of bells came clear and musical up the valleys. Earth, with its multitudinous sounds, was sinking to slumber.

On the way that leads from Jerusalem to Olivet was a single person, walking slowly. Silently he ascended the rough way, and leaving the road, turned aside into the more sequestered parts of the mountain. What would he there at this late hour? As he gazes with a look of benignity and sadness upon Jerusalem, what are his thoughts? But he goes farther, and falling on his knees, *he prays*. The stars come forth—those silent watchers—and still he is engaged in prayer. The chilly dew begins to moisten the leaves, and nought is heard save its faint dropping from some trembling bough. The hours pass. Clearer shine the stars in their cold brilliancy, and more heavily come down the dank dews—still that watcher prays; nought disturbs him. While the thousands of the quiet city, now hidden in the dark shadow beneath him, are slumbering, he is pouring forth the words of prayer. Higher climb the stars, and still he prays. The night wanes—*all night long he prays*. And not until the grey dawn ascends over the eastern mountains does he arise from his knees and begin to go down the mountain." *It is the "Son of Man."—Presbyterian Herald.*

GRATITUDE BEGETS JOY.

FROM THE GERMAN.

The sun had already sunk behind the wooded heights; the blush of sunset tinged the snow with a faint red, casting over it, as it seemed, a delicate rosy veil; the night breeze blew more keenly through the frost-clad branches of the trees, and a sparkling star was here and there to be seen in the heavens above them, as Father Gerard, with wife and children, returned from the frozen pond, whither the pleasant afternoon had enticed the whole family. Little Bertha was carried alternately in her father's and mother's arms; the others walked on, ran beside, or in front of them, and tossed many a snow ball into the air, or among the dark branches of the fir trees which, hung with icicles, stood singly by the wayside, and, at each well-aimed throw, rained down a shower of flashing sparks.

Thus the time passed pleasantly and quickly until they reached home.

"Dear mother," said Ferdinand, the eldest boy, "is not a bright winter's day like a glorious gift from God? and does not such a walk give us, as it were, fresh life?"

"It does in truth;" replied his mother, "we bring home with us a strengthened, and at the same time, a grateful heart, and we return to our labours with renewed willingness and cheerfulness. Thus, delight in God's gifts becomes itself a new gift to the heart."

"What do you mean by that, dear mother?" asked Maria, thoughtfully.

The mother clasped her darling to her heart, and said, "All that you see in nature, as well as in the life of man, is, if rightly viewed, a gift of God. The fir trees, with their snow clad branches, and the twigs weighed down with dazzling frost, as well as the ice which, like a crystal bridge, spans both pond and stream,—the little singing birds in the air, and the sweet-scented flowers upon the meadow,—the gay butterfly, with its wings of gauze, and the bold eagle, with an eye that can gaze at the sun,—the young morning, and the fading day,—the breeze that sports with the blossoms and leaves, and the storm that prostrates the oaks, and sweeps in fury over sea and land,—the joy that makes the heart leap, as well as the grief that brings the tear into the eye,—all these come from the hand of God, all are gifts from heaven.

But there are many who do not feel this, because they pass their lives in heedlessness, and do not mark the finger of God which is so often visible, or because their hearts are so entangled in the busy cares and traffic of the world, that they have no time to read the loftier lessons which life and nature

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teach; nay, sometimes, because, through hardness of heart and inward depravity, they scorn to ask after things which are a folly and a scandal to them. Such men are never truly sensible of the gifts of the Most High, for they think that all this comes of itself; and as they do not feel the impulse of gratitude in their hearts, they are deprived of a pleasure which may be numbered among the fairest and purest of life.

"Others on the contrary," continued the mother, "who gaze with attentive eyes upon the wonders of Omnipotence, and whose ears gladly listen to the tones which descend from above, find in every thing which they see and hear, the traces, more or less distinct, of eternal love. When in the spring time they walk out, when blossoms and leaves, grass and blades of corn, are spread out over hill and valley, and the woods and fields echo with the gayest notes, their softened and enraptured hearts then say, *the Lord has done this*.

"And when the blades of corn shoot into ears and swell with the golden grains, and the blossoms change into coloured fruit, and the grapes upon the hill-side put on their purple hue, they then exclaim, *God gives us this abundance*. And when they gather in the heavy sheaves, and the plenteous fruit, and the rich grape, and whatever else the harvest has ripened, they cry, *this blessing comes from above*.

"And when, as now, the winter has covered the earth with white snow-flakes, they still say, thinking of their own last sleep, *God lets the earth rest with her children until the spring returns again*.

"And when their hearts are happy and cheerful, and fortune smiles upon them, so that all which they undertake prospers, then with joyful lips they exclaim, *we thank thee*.

"And when sorrows come upon them, and their hearts labour with anguish, and their eyes shed tears of sorrow, they say, *these also come from the self-same hand which has hitherto dealt out our joys, from the hand of our Father in heaven*.

"And they have consolation and hope, abundance and peace always.

"Such men are truly happy. Gratitude and joy dwell ever with them, their constant companions. That which they see and hear is nothing lifeless, nothing foreign; they receive it, endowed with life, into their hearts, and there transform it and make it something of their own. That was my meaning, when I said that *delight in God's gifts becomes again a new gift to the heart*."

The children thanked their mother for the instructive lesson.

Father Gerard, who had sat by and listened with the rest, now said, "Yes, children, your mother is right. *A gift must not merely be received, it must also be thankfully enjoyed*. The gifts of God descend upon us in every season, every day, every hour, in youth as well as in old age. But many receive these gifts wituout bestowing a thought upon Him who dispenses them. These are lower than many of the brutes which are destitute of reason. *And is it not, then, a glorious privilege of man to be capable of gratitude, and of enjoying the gifts which he receives in the remembrance of the beneficent Giver?*"

Our Young Men.

THE USES AND ADVANTAGES OF ESSAY & DISCUSSION SOCIETIES.

BY THE REV. JOHN BIRT.

(Concluded from page 309).

III. The *treatment* of the subject brought before you, will, of course, much depend on the cast of mind and previous studies of the writer; to whom much freedom as to form and manner will be cheerfully conceded. Yet every writer will readily take into the account the *design* with which his paper is written, and *for whom* it is designed. Therefore, while he makes his essay weighty in its matter, and accurate in its statements and opinions, he will be equally desirous that it should be simple in its character, and popular in its address. Thus will he gain every point, by mingling the useful with the pleasing.

1. As the aim of every paper will be to *instruct*, so every *novelty* will be accompanied with sufficient evidence, and every *established truth* with appropriate illustrations. When *instruction* is offered in the *purely didactic form*, the ideas will be presented distinctly, and in due order; each of them clearly defined and elucidated, and each preparing the way for the reception of

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the succeeding one; so that the information afforded will come into the mind, as the daylight comes upon the eye, not dazzling it by a sudden outbreak, but gradually, and by shining more and more from the dawn to noon. If the *instruction* be given in the way of *exposition* and *argument*, the *exposition* will be carefully freed from everything that would *obscure* rather than *clear up* the subject in hand, and will be applied to its *difficulties*, rather than to those particulars which may be already *plain and easy;* while the arguments will consist of a selection of those which are most powerful and convincing, rather than of a multiplied accumulation of reasons, which only crowd and confuse one another, and hinder, rather than advance, the success of the author and the conviction of his hearers. In whatever form, indeed, instruction may be presented, the writer of the paper will not only have to make his *essay* true to the subject, but to vary its form and manner according to the nature and character of his address, whether it be *narrative*, *didactic*, *argumentative* or *statistical*. In some cases he will have to use *terms of art*, and in others *conventional denominations of science;* but these should never be unnecessarily introduced, and always, if possible, accompanied by an explanation. Then, indeed, those terms will be highly useful; as, being thus explained, the ideas they represent will be better fixed in the memory; and those very terms, *unintelligible* at first, will become guide posts and stepping stones in the way to knowledge.

IV. As to the *Language and Style* of the forthcoming *essays*, every writer may promise himself that, by practice in composition, he will gradually acquire a most desirable facility in the selection and use of words, in their arrangement in his sentences, and in the agreeableness and force of his style. For this, however, he must bear in mind that the indispensable requisites to a good style are *purity*, *perspicuity*, and *precision*. Without these, language may drag on, but it will be heavily; it may indeed convey information, but it will be vague and imperfect, and of little use. Where these qualities are, however, a foundation is laid for all the beauties, graces, and even sublimities, of "thoughts that glow, and words that burn." Where they are absent, no riches of thought, or treasures of knowledge, can compensate the deficiency; where they are found, they constitute the elementary principles of all that is eloquent in prose, and of all that is harmonious and lofty in verse.

1. By *Purity of Style* is intended that the sentences should be altogether free from barbarous, unusual, and obsolete words and forms of expression; but that every word should be thoroughly English, either native, or so generally and so long adopted as to have become a denizen of the soil. It means, too, that all words and phrases which suggest low and mean ideas, unworthy of, or uncongenial with, the subject, are carefully excluded; so that the language flows in a clear and limpid stream, undefiled by any foreign admixture, and unincumbered by sticks and straws, presenting to the sight only its own pure waters, shining and bright as the spring from which they gushed.

2. *Perspicuity* regards both the choice of words, and their arrangement; and intends the so placing them, as to render the style transparent and unmistakable, and at once to convey to the mind the meaning of the sentence. As everything that is perfectly transparent is also perfectly invisible, so the perfection of *perspicuity* of style is to present the ideas so immediately, distinctly, and impressively, that the medium through which they pass is unperceived. Just as when looking at external objects through a perfect specimen of plate glass, the eye cannot determine whether the window be closed or open. The most perfect writers are those whose words shine with meaning, rather than those whose meaning is adorned and set off by words.

3. *Precision* is another indispensable requisite; indeed, without precision, there cannot, strictly speaking, be perspicuity. This intends that the expression never falls short of, never exceeds, never varies from, the thought. Otherwise, all will be vague, ambiguous, and uncertain. The reader or hearer should never be required either to supply or interpret, much less to conjecture, the meaning of the author or speaker. A sentence should not only have a meaning, but it should have the very meaning of the writer in that place; otherwise, the reader may be amused, but he cannot receive instruction from the writer. A *map* or a *chart* may be a beautiful specimen of drawing and engraving; but of what avail is it, if the distances and its various points are not precisely and accurately laid down? Its very attractions will but increase its power to mislead and betray.*

* The Article, of which the above is the conclusion, is printed in a neat form, and may be had of Mr. Heywood, Bookseller, Manchester.

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A Page for the Young.

"KNOCK, AND IT SHALL BE OPENED UNTO YOU."

Alice. Well now, Betsy, I will try to make you understand why it is that we must always pray to God through Christ; and I hope, my dear, you will understand it well, or else you will never pray in the plain, holy, earnest way that the piece of poetry speaks of; nor, I fear, will you ever pray at all so as for God to hear you, for God never changes from what he says, and he has told us that through Christ is the only way of coming to him. So you see if we were to go in any other way it would be of no use, for it would be against God's mind.

Betsy. Then I suppose you mean, Alice, that God will hear us only through Christ because he has made it so, and won't alter?

A. That is one reason, Betsy; and it would be reason enough if there was no other. But you should say *can't* alter, rather than won't; for, you know, God could not alter and yet be true to his word; and he could not alter when he had the best reasons for making it so. But to say he *won't*, looks as if he could, but was not kind enough to do it.

B. I did not mean that God was unkind. Only I could not see any reason he had for it, and thought it was just because he had a mind to make it so. What reasons had he besides, Alice?

A. He might have a great many reasons besides, which we don't know of. But there is *one* great reason he has told us of, and it is a very plain and sufficient one, and that is, we are not worthy to come to him in any other way.

B. Not *worthy*, Alice! What do you mean?

A. I will explain. You know that God is a holy being. He loves goodness, and hates sin. He drove the devils, who were once holy angels in heaven, away from that blessed place, because they sinned; and he cast Adam out of Paradise, because he sinned; and he has said in his holy word that he will send all the wicked at the last day into everlasting fire, and this is all because he cannot endure sin. Well, then, you know, Betsy, that we are all sinful creatures; and how do you think God could let us go near him, and speak to him as we do when we pray, unless Jesus Christ were between him and us?

B. Well, but I wonder that he could let us go near him at all, if he hates sin in that terrible way. Did he not drown all the world once, and send fire and brimstone upon Sodom and Gomorrah, for their sins?

A. Yes; and so you see how much he hated it. But you forget, Betsy, who Jesus Christ is, and what he has done for sinners, when you say you wonder God will let us come near him at all. You forget that Jesus Christ the Son of God died to save sinners.

B. Well, I have often heard our minister say so, and the teachers too. But did his dying make God hate sin any less?

A. No, not at all. It shewed still more how much he hated it. But when Jesus Christ died he took our sin away from us; and you know when our sin was taken away from us, God would have nothing more to hate in us.

B. But how did he take it away, Alice?

A. By taking it upon himself, just as I might take your name upon me. Your name does not belong to me, you know, and our sin did not belong to Jesus Christ; but I could take your name, and wear it all my life, and for that matter you could have mine in exchange too. In that way Jesus Christ took our sin upon him and died for it, and so made an end of it. Do you know what the end of sin is, Betsy?

B. No.

A. Do you know what the end of sinners is?

B. It is to be cast into hell for ever.

A. Yes, the only way of making an end of sin is to suffer its punishment, which is death. As it is said in the sixth chapter of Romans and the twenty-third verse, "The wages of sin is death;" and in another place, "Sin, when it is finished, bringeth forth death." It is *eternal* death to those who are not saved through Jesus Christ, because they can never to all eternity suffer as much as is due to sin; but when Jesus Christ died on the cross he put an end to sin *at once* by suffering in his death as much as was due to the sin of men. The scriptures say, "in that he died, he died unto sin once." And thus Jesus Christ, by taking our sin upon himself, not only took away that for which alone God was angry with us, but by dying on the cross he suffered all that was due to us for our sin, and so

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cleared us from eternal punishment in hell. So you see, as God is love, and hates nothing but sin, he can and does love us, with a love full and free, and therefore is well pleased with us when we come to pray to him; but then it is all because Jesus Christ died for us, or, as the Scriptures say, that "he put away sin by the sacrifice of himself." Now, I think you will see that there is reason enough for our coming to God through Christ.

B. Why, I can see, Alice, it is our being sinful that would hinder our coming to God in prayer, and that Jesus Christ has taken away that hindrance by dying for our sins, and so has made our way to God clear.

A. Oh, yes, clear! How could we come to God in any other way than through Christ? Suppose, now, we had all our sins upon us yet, how could God, so holy as he is, do anything else with us than he did with the devil and his angels,—drive us from him into hell to suffer for our sins for ever? I think it is plain, Betsy, that we could never have come near to God at all had it not been for Jesus Christ; and, therefore, I think it is quite as plain that when we come to God in prayer it must be through Christ, and through Christ alone.

B. I see. Well, then, is that what you meant when you said that if we were to come to God in any other way than through Christ, it would be like as if the blind beggar-man had rapped with his stick against the wall?

A. Yes, that is what I meant. If we do not pray to God through Christ, we can no more expect him to hear us than the beggar-man could think to be heard by rapping at the wall instead of at the door. And so when God says, "Knock," we must remember to come to Christ, for only then will God hear and answer our prayers. If we pray for God to forgive us our sins, we must ask him to forgive them through Christ, or for the sake of the death of Christ for sin; and so if we want anything else from God, we must knock there till we get what we want, and keep knocking, as the beggar-man did, till we get it, and we have no need to fear but that God will open to us, and give us all we want; for the promise is, "Knock, and it shall be opened unto you." But is it not almost chapel time?

B. Yes, I believe it is, for I heard grandmother getting ready. Come, let us go, for I hate to be too late; and we can talk more about it as we go up the lane.

Obituary.

MRS. BROOKS, NEWARK.

The dispensations of the Divine Being, with regard to his church and his saints individually, while passing through this vale of tears, are often involved in the profoundest mystery. We have been led to make this remark in contemplating the removal, by the hand of death, to her Father's house above, of our late friend and sister, Ann, the beloved and lamented wife of Mr. Andrew Brooks, of the Temperance-House, Beamond-Street, Newark, who fell asleep in Jesus, June 25th, 1849, aged 49 years.

Were we not assured that the Judge of all the earth does right, the removal of one whose longer stay seemed to us so very desirable, both for her family and the church, might perhaps lead us to cherish a want of confidence in the rectitude of the Divine administrations. However, it is our happiness to believe, that what we know not now we shall know hereafter, and an unspeakable consolation to be perfectly satisfied that our loss is her eternal gain. Our deceased friend was brought to the enjoyment of personal religion early in life, and at the age of fourteen was baptized and united to the Baptist church at Newark, of which community she continued a most consistent and useful member until removed to the church triumphant above. She was a woman of no ordinary attainments in piety and intelligence, and eminently exalted in the talent of intellectual conversation, especially on religious subtects, which were her delight. In her principles as a Baptist and a Nonconformist she was uncompromising, and was not ashamed fearlessly to advocate them on all suitable occasions. She was always ready for every good word and work,—willing to spend and be spent in the service of her Redeemer.

She was married young and called to endure much family and personal suffering and trial, all of which she was enabled to meet and surmount with an uncommon

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degree of christian fortitude and courage: her mind being generally richly supported by the glorious doctrines of the grace of God; and frequently would she say with humble confidence, that the Lord had made with her, through the dear Redeemer, an everlasting covenant, ordered in all things and sure, and that this was all her salvation, and all her desire. She was the mother of a numerous family of children, all of whom except three preceded her, we trust, to glory, most of them dying in infancy. And we earnestly pray that the three who remain will not disregard the many pious admonitions and prayers of their now sainted mother, but instantly prepare to meet her in the skies to be separated from her no more.

For several months past our dear friend appeared to be rapidly sinking under that flattering but generally fatal disease pulmonary consumption, which has at length brought her body to the grave. But death to her had no terrors, Christ having taken away its sting. Not a doubt was permitted to trouble her mind. With Paul she could say, "O death where is thy sting? O grave where is thy victory?" And, with the same apostle, she was confident that the Lord would keep that which she had committed to him against that day. A short time before her departure, when taking leave of a dear friend, she pressed her hand and with a smiling countenance and confident tone of voice, said, "All is well."

As her end drew near her weakness and bodily suffering increased, and conversation was to her extremely difficult and painful. At lenth the hour of dissolution arrived, and at her request prayer was twice offered to the Divine throne by her weeping partner. After which she said, "My dear, you did not ask the Lord Jesus to receive my spirit." On his enquiring if it was her desire that he should, she instantly assented. When he had so done, she immediately repeated the words after him. "Lord Jesus receive my spirit," and she was shortly released from her clay tenement, and took her flight to the regions of everlasting life and glory.

Her death was improved on Sabbath evening, July 8th, 1849, by the Rev. J. Phillips, of Southwell, in a most impressive and faithful discourse from Eccl. xii. 1—7; a passage chosen by our late friend for the occasion.

Nothing in this very brief and imperfect sketch of one so greatly respected and sincerely lamented by a numerous circle of friends, has been said with a desire to exalt the creature, but to glorify the riches of Divine grace, as exhibited in the life and happy death of our departed friend and sister in the Lord.

May the writer and every reader of this narrative, follow her so far as she followed Christ. Amen.

Balderton. ROBT. PECK.

MRS. STOCK.

Fell asleep in Jesus, on Monday, the 5th November, 1849, Elizabeth Ashall, wife of Mr. John Stock, pastor of the Baptist church, Salendine-Nook, Huddersfield, Yorkshire. Her departure was peaceful and happy.

Miscellaneous.

CHRISTIAN UNION.—The bond of union between Christians is love. This is the evidence of our discipleship, that we love one another. The influence of mutual love is to make church fellowship at once our delight and our honour. Behold how good and how pleasant it is for brethren to dwell together in unity. Every member of a Christian church is under the most solemn obligations to endeavour to "keep the unity of the spirit in the bond of peace." How careful should Christians be not to give offence or to take offence. How lamentable is it to see members of churches absenting themselves from the table of the Lord, because of some difference with a fellow-disciple, as if the imperfect conduct of another would abrogate the command, "Do this in remembrance of me." Instead of first seeking reconciliation with an offended brother, and then approaching the table of the Lord with a broken and contrite heart, the humiliating spectacle presents itself of one professedly the Lord's, refusing to partake of an ordiance which is to shew forth the Lord's death till he comes. "Be kindly affectioned one to another with brotherly love; in honour preferring one another." In order to preserve this peace there must be prayerful sympathy. "You are to rejoice with them that do rejoice, and to weep with them that weep." "Be of the same mind

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one towards another." "Mind not high things but condescend to men of low estate." The poorest, the humblest in the church has a claim upon the sympathy of his brethren; the meanest as well as the most eminent should be honoured as dear to Christ, and as useful to the body. It becomes you as fellow-members to comfort the feeble-minded, to strengthen the weak, encourage the fearful, bear one another's burdens, and so fulfil the law of Christ.—*From the Bristol Association Circular Letter, by the Rev. C. J. Middleditch.*

THE FOLLY OF PERSECUTION.—No man ever did anything that was good, without meeting with terrible obstructions. The price you must pay for every kindness you bestow, is ingratititude; and the idea of a vicarious sacrifice or suffering seems to be perpetuated still,—one generation suffering that their successors may have privilege, or happiness, or peace; and when the noblest deeds were done, and the noblest lessons taught, the greatest persecutions then broke forth. But the anathema of the world never put down or scattered the children of God. It made them rise with greater energy, and gave to their spirits a nobler elasticity, and made their high souls capable of more heroic enterprises. In fact, persecution never yet, in the history of humanity, put down a good cause, and it never built up a bad one. It is a law which God himself has made, that the arrow which is shot from the persecutor's bow rebounds and pierces the persecutor's heart. And hence, if the sword and faggot are ever to be employed in our warfare, let the one be unsheathed and the other kindled by the foes, not by the friends, of Jesus Christ. The cause of Christ disclaims them. "For the weapons of our warfare are not carnal, but spiritual, and mighty through God."—*Dr. Cumming.*

LIVE FOR SOMETHING. — Thousands breathe, move, and live—pass off the stage of life, and are heard of no more. Why? They did not a particle of good in the world; none were blest by them; none could point to them as to the instruments of their redemption; not a line they wrote—not a word they spoke, could be recalled, and so they perished, their light went out in darkness, and they were not remembered more than the insect of yesterday. Will you thus live and thus die, O man immortal? Live for something. Do good, and leave behind you a monument of virtue that the storms of time can never destroy. Write your name by kindness, love, and mercy, on the hearts of the ten thousands you come in contact with year by year, and you will never be forgotten. No—your name, your deeds, will be as legible on the hearts you leave behind, as the stars on the brow of evening. Good deeds will shine as brightly on the earth as the stars in heaven.

Intelligence.

THE FLY SHEETS, AND THE PRESIDENT'S VINDICATION OF CONFERENCE.

Wishing to give both sides the fullest hearing our time permits, we have read both these publications. We wish our space allowed a full notice of the latter. It is to us a melancholy proof of the blinding and corrupting power of connexion with a *self-elected clerical corporation.*

"Hence charter'd *conferences* are such public plagues;
And *preachers*, men immaculate perhaps
In all their private functions, once combin'd,
Become a loathsome body, only fit
For dissolution, hurtful to the main.
Hence *preachers*, unimpeachable of sin
Against the charities of domestic life,
Incorporated, seem at once to lose
Their nature; and disclaiming all regard
For mercy and the common rights of man, &c."*

The *style* of the Fly Sheets may doubtless be objected to; still there is much to excuse its homely inartificial character. It is the style of *preaching* most valued in the "Connexion," and it is Dr. Bunting's own style of "putting down" the obnoxious in Conference. We fear the *gravamen* of their offence is not the style, but the unrefuted *matter* of their charges. They attack the High Tory Church and State Monarch of Methodism; attack his centralization policy, his clique policy, his rewarding of favourites, his punishment of remonstrants, and his engrossing for himself and agents all the most lucrative and important offices of the body. Now, seeing that all the time and zeal of the Methodist monarch and his cabinet have for several years been directed to find out the *authors* of the Fly Sheets, while one quarter of the effort would have sufficed to put an *answer* to them into the hands of all the ministers (and to them the circulation of the Fly Sheets was carefully limited), the public *must* conclude, that it was held a much easier course to stop the liberty of the press by punishing authors, than to answer their charges.

We do not for a moment suspect Dr. Bunting's pecuniary integrity, neither do we think £500 a year more than his abilities and diligence merit; but we object (if such be the fact) to *indirect* payment of salaries, and we have but too long seen with pain his success in imbuing the body with an ignoble Tory and *servile* spirit. Lord Glenelg's chastisement of the base servility of their missionary in Africa, in encouraging the colonial governor to murder the wretched

* See "The Task," Book iv.

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Caffres, can never be forgotten. Methodist missionaries in our colonies do even more civil and social mischief than at home. They are every where the ready tools of corrupt governors; and they teach a like spirit to their people, and that, too, in the name of religion; all which we trace to the centralization and monarchy denounced in the Fly Sheets.

But Mr. Jackson's Jesuitical pamphlet has filled us with deep pain. Though not Wesleyans, *we* could answer all worth answering in it. Even the attempt to justify the Conference *methodistically*, is an utter failure. The long extracts from its Minutes have no bearing on compelling a man to convict himself of crimes deemed worthy of ecclesiastical death. They only prove that *before* admitting young men as ministers, they were carefully—and often very properly—interrogated; and that others present at district meetings and Conference, might be asked if *they* objected to any minister, on his name being called over, not that *he* might be compelled by a *brotherly* (!) question, to accuse himself of an offence, against which 500 dependents of a monarch and his cabinet were, literally, raving furiously. Then as to the famous law of 1835 (the year which sealed the bondage of Wesleyans, whether laymen or ministers—see Eckett's unanswered pamphlet), the law whose preamble falsely states, that it is *merely* declaratory, and which authorizes the putting of these "brotherly questions," —even this *vile* law, the very implement for slanderers and informers, is acknowledged by Mr. Jackson to be applied in the case of Mr. Everett in a *novel* way. On the other hand, the expelled ministers have amply shewn that John Wesley, and Wesleyanism too, until this year of slavery, required, in case of suspicion, 1st, that the letter of Matt. xviii. 15—17, should be *strictly* adhered to; 2ndly, that any charge against a minister should, with the name of the accusers, be furnished to him in writing, and in time for him to prepare his defence. We think the expelled have fully shewn, that they have only stood by Wesleyanism and Methodistical Equality, and opposed Buntingism and Methodistical Monarchy.

Mr. Jackson attempts to shew that the "*brotherly* question" system is scriptural! Joshua asked Achan "a brotherly question!" Peter asked Saphira one! He might have added the still more convincing instance, that Caiaphas asked Peter's Master several, which *He* refused to answer, and repeated them before Pilate, but still He answered nothing! Perhaps, had the spiritual barristers on the platform of Conference, imitated Caiaphas, or an Old Bailey counsel, more closely, and added, "Now, upon *your oath*, Mr. Everett," they might have elicited an answer. But whatever becomes of Methodist "rules" for detecting christian "elders" opposed to priest-craft, has Mr. Jackson never read a rule given to one who was a kind of Evangelist President, and given too by one whose authority all other christian bodies think *equal*, to say the least, to that of John Wesley, or even to that of the Conference itself? It runs thus, "*Against an elder receive not an accusation but before two or three* WITNESSES." Now, since the accusation was received without one single *witness*, on Mr. Jackson's own shewing, we must think Methodist rules for discipline, and Pauline rules for discipline, to be at open variance. And, then, as to the whole spirit of the thing, imagine Paul directing the assembled elders of Ephesus or Rome, to ask each other annually "*brotherly* questions." Think of the apostle mounted on a platform with Silas and Timothy, and others as secretaries, putting brotherly interrogatories to those who accused him of making gain of his apostleship, and of lordliness! No, an *apostle* condescended (see 2nd of Cor. 10 chap. to the end) to *answer* the *really* slanderous Fly Sheet charges of his day, if they were at all calculated to injure the grand cause.

But Mr. Jackson has actually attempted to shew, that "brotherly questioning" is quite *English*. Mr. Offor, in a letter to the Nonconformist, has given this attempt its due. But on what would our readers suppose he lays special stress as his most valuable support? On the marriage service of the Prayer-book! the "brotherly question" *before* the ceremony, whether the parties know of any just cause or impediment, &c. Now, setting aside the question how far a half-popish service, legalized by half-popish parliaments and sovereigns, be *now* a worthy exponent of English feeling, what resemblance, we ask, is there between a question asked to *prevent* parties, of whom the clergyman may know nothing, from performing an *illegal* act, and asking known parties whether they *have committed* an illegal act. The question in the former case only implies, that amongst thousands of *unknown* individuals there *may* be those capable of doing wrong; it indicates no suspicion in a *particular* case. In the latter it implies a direct suspicion that the party *is* guilty; and English *law*, and the spirit of Englishmen everywhere, *except in Conference*, would reply, "If I have done evil, bear *witness* of the evil."

We may add, that *we* disapprove of the ante-marriage *questioning*. We, not having had a Methodist training, felt it un-English when addressed to us, and think that the marrying officer ought merely to enquire whether the parties are *acquainted* with the legal limitations of the right of marriages, to give them any requisite information, and not intimate suspicion even of strangers.

In concluding, we must proffer our thanks to Mr. J. for his putting the *Weekly Dispatch* at the head of the press in its righteous denunciation of spiritual tyranny, and the *Dissenting* press at the bottom; and for his assertion of our being piqued at the refusal of Conference to join the Anti-State-Church Association! Dissenters expect *that* of such fawning adulators of Toryism and the Church as the Wesleyan Monarch and

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his Cabinet! No, verily, we knew from the beginning that Conference was but too happy in being the very footstool of Episcopal Priestcraft! Never did a Dissenter dream of any aid in the cause of the people, of civil and religious liberty, from a Conference and cabinet of clergymen. All history has taught them that an organized assembly of ecclesiastics is the most hostile of all organizations to the rights of the people, as well as to internal reform.

MILLS HILL, CHADDERTON.

On Lord's-Day, Sept. 23, an elegant and capacious school and preaching room was opened at this place. Mills Hill is a country district with a rapidly increasing population, 2½ miles from Oldham, and 1½ from Middleton. About four years ago, a few of the members of the Baptist church, Oldham, came to live in this neighbourhood; it was thought desirable to commence a Sabbath school; and, in the absence of more suitable accommodation, the use of an old barn, situated over a coach house and stables, capable of holding 200 to 250 children, was kindly given by James Cheetham, Esq. of Fir Wood, for that purpose. Here the Sabbath school met morning and afternoon, and in the evening there was public worship, the pulpit being supplied chiefly by the pastor, the Rev. J. Birt of Oldham, ministers from the neighbourhood, and students from Horton-College. The place soon became too confined. The room was crowded to excess, and numbers stayed away, rather than subject themselves to the annoyance of a crowded room, and heated and impure atmosphere. A large and more convenient place was imperatively required, and an effort was made, which, chiefly through the generosity and influence of Jas. Cheetham, Esq. and other members of the church at Oldham, has resulted in the erection of the present noble building. It is an elegant, chaste structure, in the Gothic style, erected at an expense of about £1000, is capable of holding 400 to 500 children, and has in addition two large class-rooms, which will contain 40 and 60 scholars respectively. The day on which the opening services were held, was remarkably fine. H. Kelsall, Esq., S. M. Peto, Esq., and many other friends from Oldham, Manchester, and Rochdale, were present. In the afternoon every seat was occupied, and in the evening the room was so crowded that many had to stand, and every inch of room was taken up. In the afternoon, services were conducted by the Rev. J. Birt, pastor of the Baptist church, Oldham, with which the school is connected; and in the evening, by the Rev. F. Clowes, Classical Tutor of Horton College. The collections amounted to the handsome sum of £81. 4s. 3½d.

NEW BAPTIST CHAPEL, LEEDS.

On Thursday, Nov. 1, the foundation-stone of the New Baptist Chapel, Leeds, was laid by George Goodman, Esq., in the presence of a considerable assemblage of people. The weather proved favourable, and, therefore, although so far advanced in the year, no inconvenience was experienced by assembling out of doors. At 12 o'clock, the pastor of the new church, the Rev. R. Brewer, gave out an appropriate hymn, and, after reading Ps. 122, offered prayer. The ceremony of laying the stone was then performed, after which the Rev. H. Dowson delivered a suitable and highly interesting address, in which he touched upon the great fundamentals of christian truth, upon our views as Dissenters and as Baptists, and expressed his conviction, that in this large and populous town, there was "room and verge enough" for a second Baptist chapel, without in any way trenching upon the welfare of others. The chapel, which is to be erected in the Gothic style, will be capable of accommodating 750 persons on the ground floor, and we understand that at present it is not contemplated to erect galleries. The building and land together are estimated at somewhat above £2000, and we sincerely hope it will be opened unencumbered with a heavy debt.

SION CHAPEL, BRADFORD, YORKSHIRE.

On the 4th of November, two sermons were preached by the Rev. J. E. Giles, of Sheffield, and on the following day a tea-meeting was held on occasion of the opening of the new School-rooms. The old ones had long been found too small as well as dark and incommodious. They have been taken down, and two very spacious and handsome rooms, together with three class-rooms, also an excellent vestry and library, erected, and the approaches to the chapel much improved, at a cost of under £700. The late Mr. Brogden had given £150 to the object before his death; to this nearly £300 had been added by the friends at Sion, and the remainder was raised within £50, at the services. The tea-meeting was a very interesting and enthusiastic one, and must have been highly encouraging to Mr. Chown, who has recently become the pastor. The Dissenting ministers and tutors of both colleges were all present, and probably "*an effort*" was never made with more hearty good-will, and general pleasure. Mr. Cobden is preaching a crusade, in which he has our hearty goodwishes, against loans to Governments, in aid of manslaughter (vulgarly called *war*). We should, with equal heartiness, wish success to any chapel-building Cobden, who should successfully denounce chapel and school-room debts; so denounce them as not to encourage those who could spare thousands, hundreds, or even tens and fives, in keeping their wealth for hoarding or ostentation; but so as to stir up all "to make to themselves friends of the mammon of unrighteousness," by investing it in the Lord's service.

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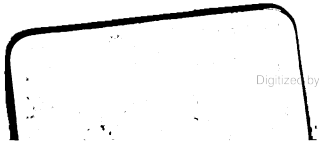
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